POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 27-JULY 4 · 1964 25c

NIXON SPEAKS OUT: L.B.J. SHOULD DEBATE ON TV

A NEW SERIES
America's Great Industries:
STEEL

THE PLOT THAT STARTED WORLD WAR I
An assassin's story

"WHAT WE WOMEN MUST DO" By Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson

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Now! Color only the gray

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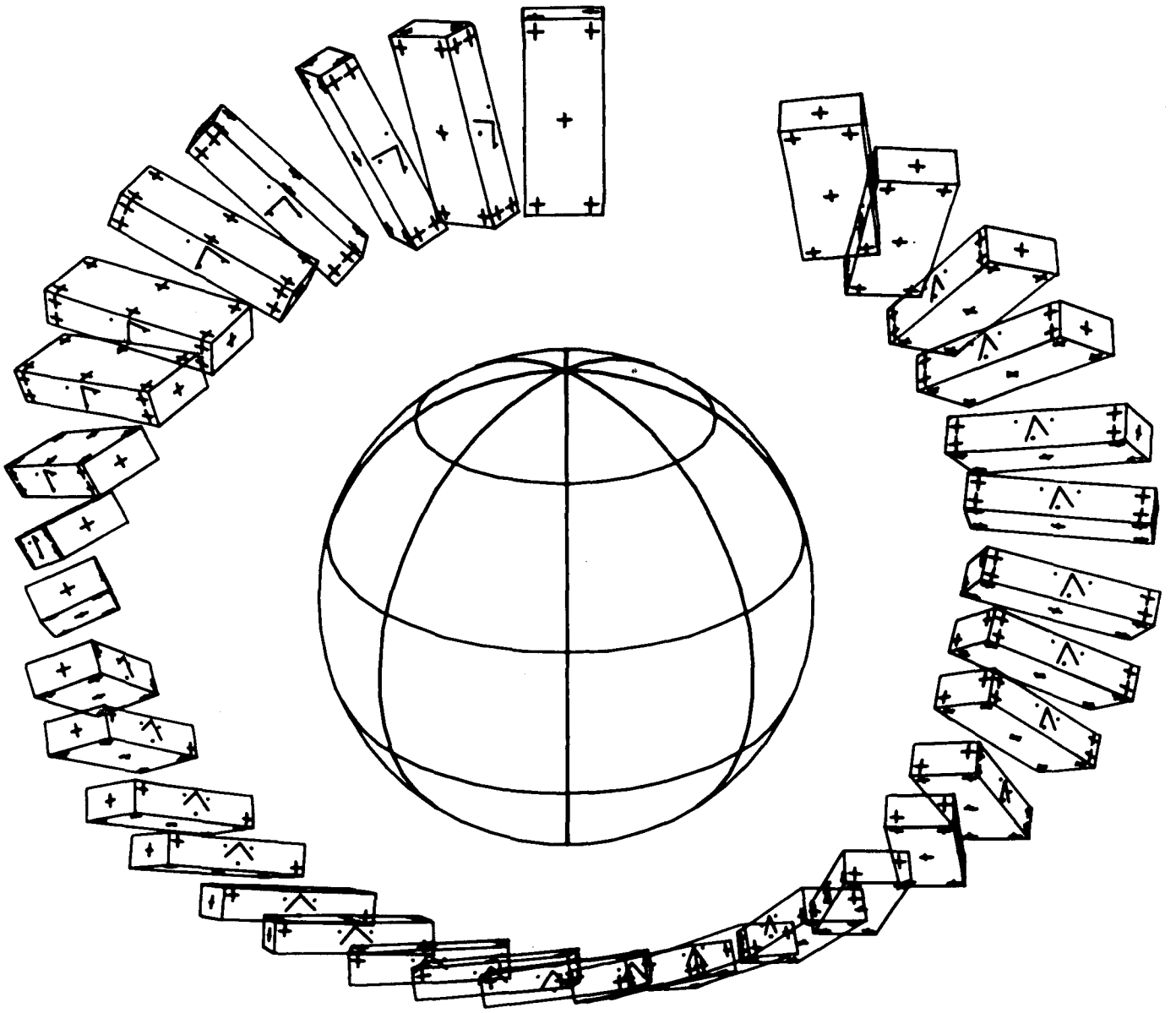

Picture of a satellite in orbit—as drawn by a computer

The domino-shaped box in the drawing above represents a communications satellite orbiting the earth.

The various angles and positions of the box show the relative positions of the satellite during one orbit.

The drawing was made, not by a man, but by a computer at Bell Telephone Laboratories to help scientists visualize how the satellite would behave.

What the computer did is called *simulation*. Working from data given it, the computer calculated, or simulated, the satellite's position at various instants and produced the picture on microfilm. The picture told us what we needed to know.

We use such simulation a great deal to save time and hold down costs in developing and testing new products and services.

Computers help us plan coast-to-coast transmission systems, new switching logic, and data systems. They also help us study problems relating to telephone usage at given times of the day or year.

Not all of our simulation is done on computers. Often we can simulate by other means.

We test new kinds of undersea telephone cables in buried, brine-filled steel pipes that duplicate the pressures and temperatures of the ocean's bottom at various depths.

Ingenious equipment in one of our laboratories sends test telephone pulses racing around an electronic ring that simulates a 6000-mile circuit containing 5300 repeaters to boost voice volume.

Many additional examples of simulation could be cited. Often they help us spend our time and money more efficiently in developing new services and improving present ones—in making sure that America continues to enjoy the world's finest telephone service at the fairest possible prices.

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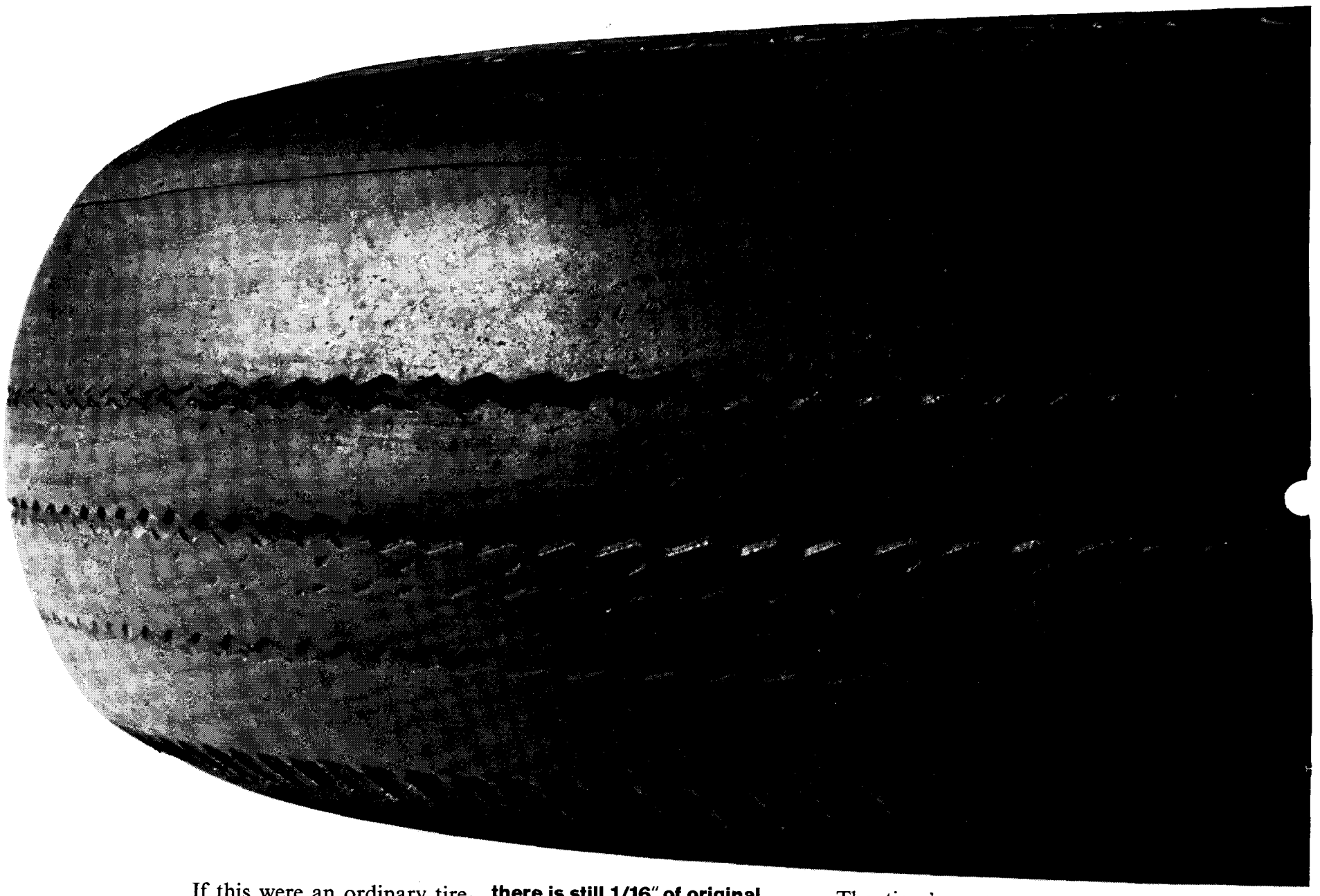

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The tiger's paw
(Red-circle Super Safety 800)

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POST

JUNE 27-JULY 4, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 25

Articles

L.B.J. should debate on TV *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *Richard M. Nixon* 12
Remembering Rac *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 19

Steel: The giant under fire . . . . . *David R. Jones* 21

Big, wealthy and essential to the nation's economy, the American steel industry for years considered itself almost above competition. But the customers have stopped waiting in line, domestic and foreign rivalry has become fierce—and the lords of steel have finally been forced to get out and fight for their business.

Steve Lawrence, a guy from Brooklyn . . . . . *Richard Atcheson* 30
The Maccabees ride again . . . . . *Alfred G. Aronowitz* 32
Can the manatee save Florida? . . . . . *Lewis H. Lapham* 38
Gems that grow on command . . . . . *Rafael Steinberg* 70
Floyd Patterson's fight to save his pride . . . . . *Pete Hamill* 76
The murder that started World War I . . . . . *Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht* 80
L.B.J.'s hunt for womanpower . . . . *Peter Lisagor and Marguerite Higgins* 86
A challenge to women . . . . . *Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson* 88

Fiction

The 480 *(Conclusion)* . . . . . *Eugene Burdick* 40

Departments

Letters 4
Post scripts 68
Hazel 85
Editorials 90

The authors. A newspaperman who has covered the steel industry for a half dozen years, **David R. Jones** is Detroit correspondent for *The New York Times* and formerly was Pittsburgh bureau chief for *The Wall Street Journal*. Last year he won a Loeb Award, a prize the University of Connecticut presents annually to outstanding business and financial writers. . . . Two other prizewinning journalists collaborated to report on the President's search for women to take an active part in government. *Newsday* Washington columnist **Marguerite Higgins** won a Pulitzer Prize for international reporting in 1951, when she was the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Korea correspondent. Chicago *Daily News* Washington bureau chief **Peter Lisagor** won the American Newspaper Guild's Page One Award in 1948 and 1949. . . . **Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson** began her article at the LBJ ranch and finished it in Washington during a busy week in which she entertained the Premier of Israel and the Shah of Iran, and wrote a speech for commencement at Radcliffe. . . . Free-lance writer **Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht,** who has written children's books, found aging assassin Dr. Cvjetko Popović brusque and standoffish until she took her 18-month-old son along to one of the interviews. On seeing the youngster, Doctor Popović broke into a wide grin and chucked the little boy under the chin. From then on he talked freely about his life. . . . Free-lance writer **Richard Atcheson,** formerly theater editor of the now defunct *Show Business Illustrated,* conducted part of his interview with Steve Lawrence while trembling in a vibrator chair that Lawrence keeps in his dressing room. . . . Contributing writer **Pete Hamill,** who was once an amateur boxer himself, has known former heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson for many years.

The cover. Steelworker Leo Siarkowski shouts directions to crane operator at Jones & Laughlin's Cleveland plant. Photograph is by **John Launois.**

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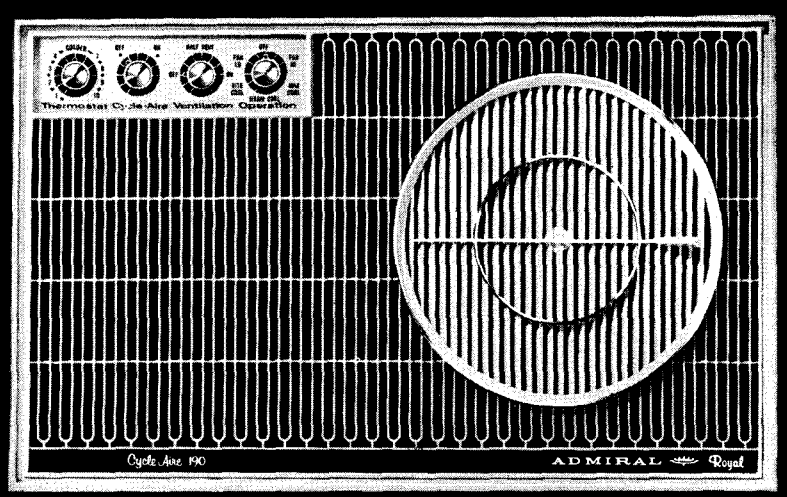

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LETTERS

"Travel" tales

I have never in all my born years (79) read such an asinine article as Shirley Jackson's NO, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO EUROPE [June 6]. I have been in Europe three times and around the world once, and feel better qualified to make statements about Europe than someone who hasn't been there. My world tour was on jets with nothing holding them up except air and high speed. The sights were marvelous. The food was good. Our guides were educated—Oxford, no less. It was all very rewarding, and I think Miss Jackson should try it.

LULU L. ADAMS
Arlington, Va.

• I have enormous respect for Miss Jackson's abilities as a novelist; as a travel writer, though, she is not exactly reliable.

MRS. ELIZABETH P. HART
Tryon, N.C.

• What kind of people has Miss Jackson talked to about their travels? Going to Europe, for my husband and me, and many friends, was the climax of years of anticipation—a joy to be remembered for the rest of our lives.

MRS. MILDRED BEDFORD
San Bernardino, Calif.

• Preconceived attitudes such as Shirley Jackson's are easily recognized, naturally resented and apt to be met with exactly the service and reactions she complains about.

MRS. BARBARA DONALDSON
Astoria, Oreg.

• I consider it a blessing that Miss Jackson stays home!

H. NEIL MECASKEY JR.
Lawrence, Kans.

• Heaven help the State Department if she changes her mind.

MRS. CAROLYN E. WILHITE
Hiawatha, Kans.

• I found a lot of truth in Miss Jackson's observations, having taken the Grand Tour. Besides, as she is now living in Vermont, where there is scenic beauty comparable to that found abroad, why should she want to travel anywhere?

MRS. SARA MANNING
Derby Line, Vt.

• I'm just a plain Midwestern farmwife, mother of five, with no desire to meet a "contessa," so perhaps that explains why everywhere I went in Europe I found loveliness, beauty, and friendship. England was a delightful surprise, since I had been led to believe that the English are cool and reserved. I remember one man with a great handlebar moustache giving us directions from the top deck of a bus in London. After a few "take a left, then take a rights," he said, "You know, I wish I didn't have to go to work—I'd like to show you the way."

MRS. PAUL CHRONISTER
Abilene, Kans.

• Without much money, but with interest enough and time, one can wander through Europe with reasonable comfort and much pleasure. It takes a workable knowledge of English and French, an easy and friendly approach to things foreign, and a genuine interest in them. Two summers ago, we took our four children on a three months' freighter, bicycle, train and bus trip through France and part of Spain. Expense: $6 per day per person plus freighter transport.

JAMES HEWITT
Brooklyn, Mich.

• Shirley Jackson complains about freighter travel. I found it delightful, the most wonderful relaxation imaginable; that is, if you like the sea, gorgeous sunsets, starry nights, and beautiful sunrises—sometimes with rainbows in the distance—not to mention the flying fish, porpoises, etc., that show up for entertainment.

E. K. JONES
Melrose, Mass.

• Europe doesn't need me to defend it—just a gal from the provinces at that. But how can one not appreciate the fine housekeeping, the quiet, courteous service, the beautiful linen, the huge bathrooms? And the food! I shall leave France out, not being culinary artist enough to do it justice. But the simple foods, marvelously done: Dover sole at Wheeler's in London; boiled salmon with mayonnaise in Norway; lobster bisque with a soupçon of anise at Horcher's in Madrid; the small red oranges in Zurich; the heavenly Chinese food in Hamburg, with a dessert of bananas baked in honey; the tender perfection of Kopfsalat with oil and vinegar anywhere in Germany—I could go on and on.

MRS. BERTHA F. SPAETH
Jackson, Mich.

A living for the Axes

Father-of-the-quads Phil Axe's attitude is hard to understand [HOW TO BE A LOSER WITH FOUR ACES, by Myron Cope, June 6]. There are hundreds (probably thousands) of families throughout the United States with more children and less income than the Axes and yet those families don't feel that the world, or any particular town, owes them a living—to say nothing of luxuries.

MRS. JOHN L. GREEN
Lima, Ohio

• It's not really much of an accomplishment to father multiple children. The real test comes when the father has a chance to show that he can give his children something more than material things. Come on, Phil, society owes you nothing. But let's see what you can do for society.

MRS. EVELYN SCHRIER
Binghamton, N.Y.

• I think it's awful that the Axe quads are getting so little attention from sponsors, etc. Those little girls are adorable.

EVELYN BEIGEL
Arlington, Va.

• I wish to take exception to some of the facts and figures in your Axe quad story. I was the babies' Lima pediatrician and, as such, watched many kindnesses being extended to them and their family. Mr. Cope's statement that "monthly visits to the pediatrician . . .

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How can you teach your child the value of money?

New free booklet helps solve an age-old problem.

Children quickly learn the *importance* of money—but teaching them its *value* is a long, slow process. So says child expert Suzanne Strait. And to help parents guide their youngsters towards this worthwhile goal, she has written a booklet especially for New York Life. "Teaching Your Child the Value of Money" is packed with informative, practical suggestions . . . and it's yours free!

LET THEM LEARN BY DOING. The author, mother of four, and a respected writer on child matters, points out there's no educational device like an allowance: "Let children handle money for *themselves*, make their own mistakes, and learn for *themselves*. Do not use money as a punishment or a reward, but rather as a practical lesson in getting, choosing and spending."

EXAMPLES AND PRACTICAL ADVICE. There are numerous examples throughout this booklet, illustrating how youngsters at various ages often react to money and the problems it poses. In addition, Suzanne Strait offers tips to help parents set a good financial model. Above all, *trust your children*, she says, and give them leeway. Just as in learning to sew or saw, they'll make mistakes, but they will learn in the long run.

GET THIS HELPFUL FREE BOOKLET. No matter what age your children, there's something of value for you in "Teaching Your Child the Value of Money." For a free copy, send the coupon or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

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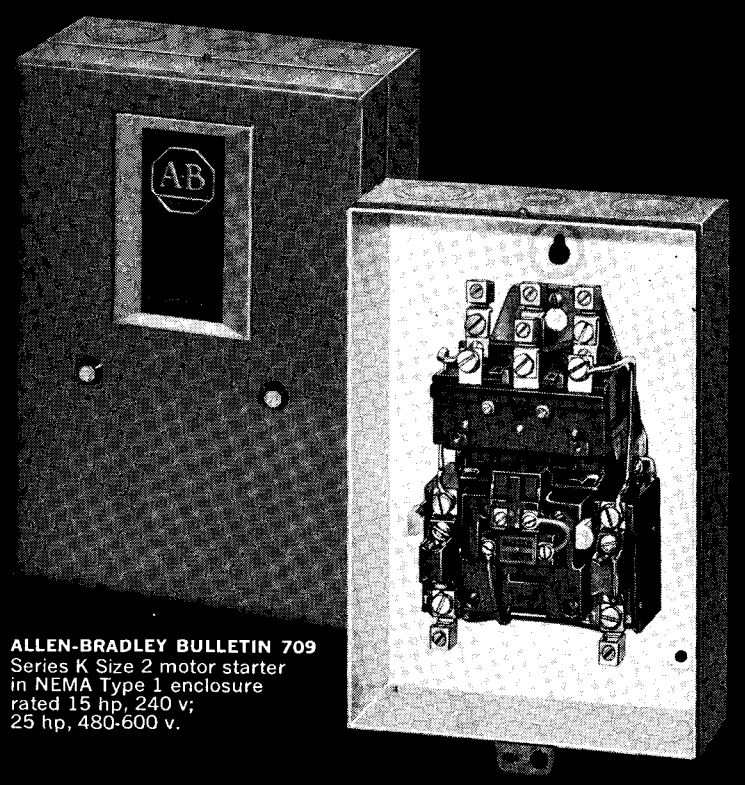

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LETTERS

cost $46" was in error. After considering the unusual nature of the case, my bill for all services rendered the quads over a 13-month period (the length of their stay in Lima) totaled $55—an average of slightly over $4 per month. I doubt that this figure affected Mr. Axe's "nest egg."

C. JOHN STECHSCHULTE, M.D.
Lima, Ohio

● Mr. Cope's statement that "the Lima *News* took no notice of the most unusual birthday in the city's history" is quite untrue. The *News* did right well by the quads on their first birthday, running a two-column, front-page picture of them with their parents and birthday cakes.

STAN WYMAN, *Staff Writer*
The Lima News
Lima, Ohio

With Sandburg

I have been an ardent reader of the *Post* for the past 15 years—here and in India—and, having just read Helga Sandburg's beautiful piece on her father [A VISIT WITH SANDBURG AT SUNSET, June 6], would like to express my admiration. I think this article is good testimony to why the *Post* is different from other magazines and why the people like it.

MOHAMMED H. SIDDIQUI
Graduate Student
University of Minnesota
St. Paul, Minn.

Answered prayer

In response to your reader, G. Benedict, who renews his "offer of a reward of $500 to anybody who can prove he has ever had a prayer answered" [Letters, June 6], I will double his $500 if he can prove that some of mine have not been answered.

MRS. MARY LOU DERKSEN
Rapid City, S. Dak.

● Surely reader Benedict must realize there are two possible answers to a prayer—yes and no.

MRS. BETTY HERR HALLINGER
Wyncote, Pa.

● I've had prayers answered. Yes indeed. However, I don't require a reward for telling others about our Lord and what he can and will do for you if you believe and have faith.

MRS. M. MORRIS
Canton, Ohio

● I am sure Mr. Benedict has never seen the wind, though he may believe he has seen the results of its existence. Answered prayer is much the same.

CAROLYN FURST
Spencer, Iowa

● If I were to receive a check in the mail for $500, my prayer will have been answered!

JOHN H. LEWIS JR.
New York, N.Y.

● What Mr. Benedict is really saying, or should say, I think, is that there is no such thing as an answered prayer so far as he knows.

J. O. STROTHER
Pecos, Tex.

COMING SOON... in The Post

Behind the scenes with

RICHARD BURTON

in

NIGHT OF THE IGUANA

(with LIZ, AVA and SUE LYON)

What now for the G.O.P.?

THE WOMAN WHO KILLED SCHOOL PRAYERS

ON TOUR IN IRELAND WITH TEDDY KENNEDY

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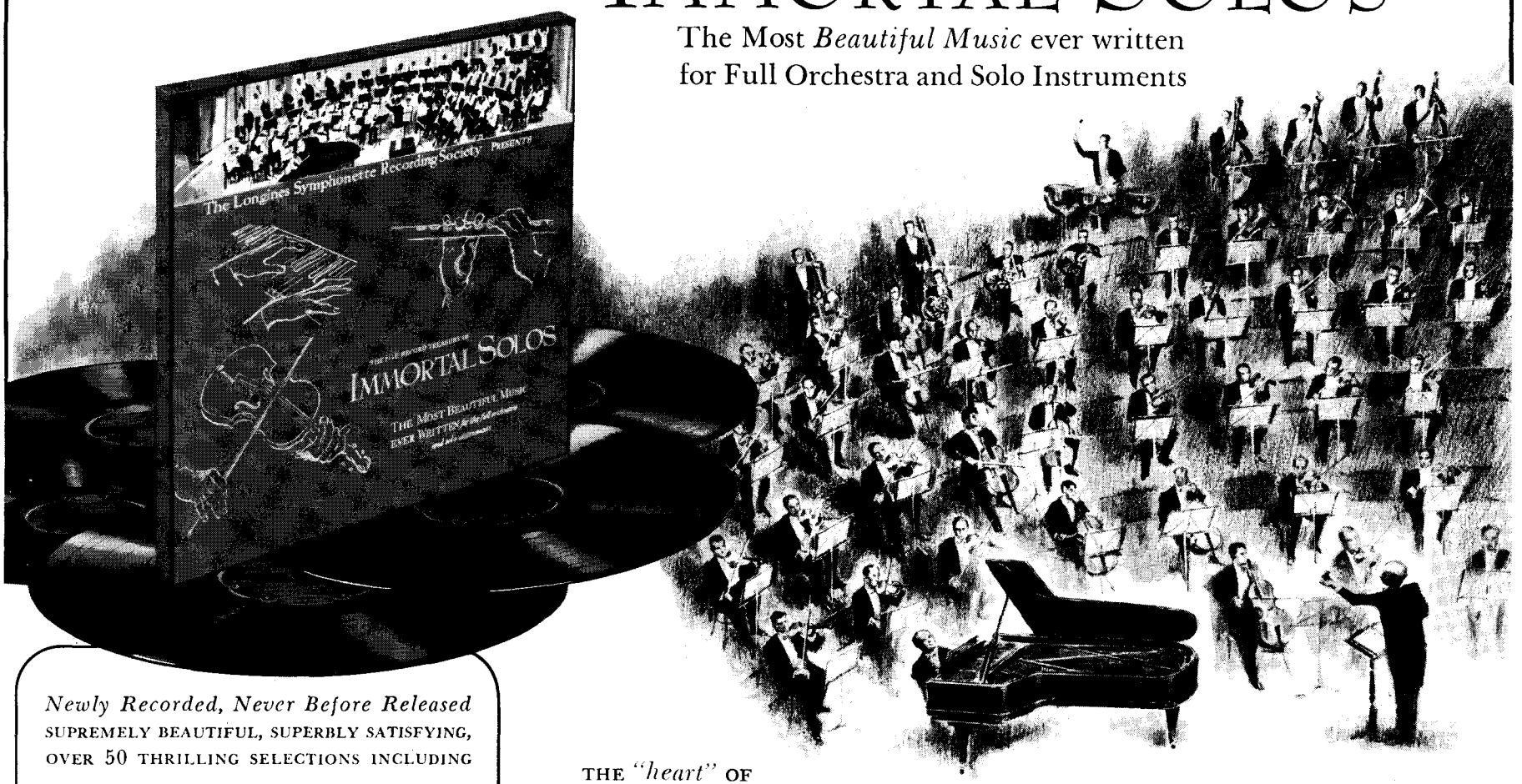

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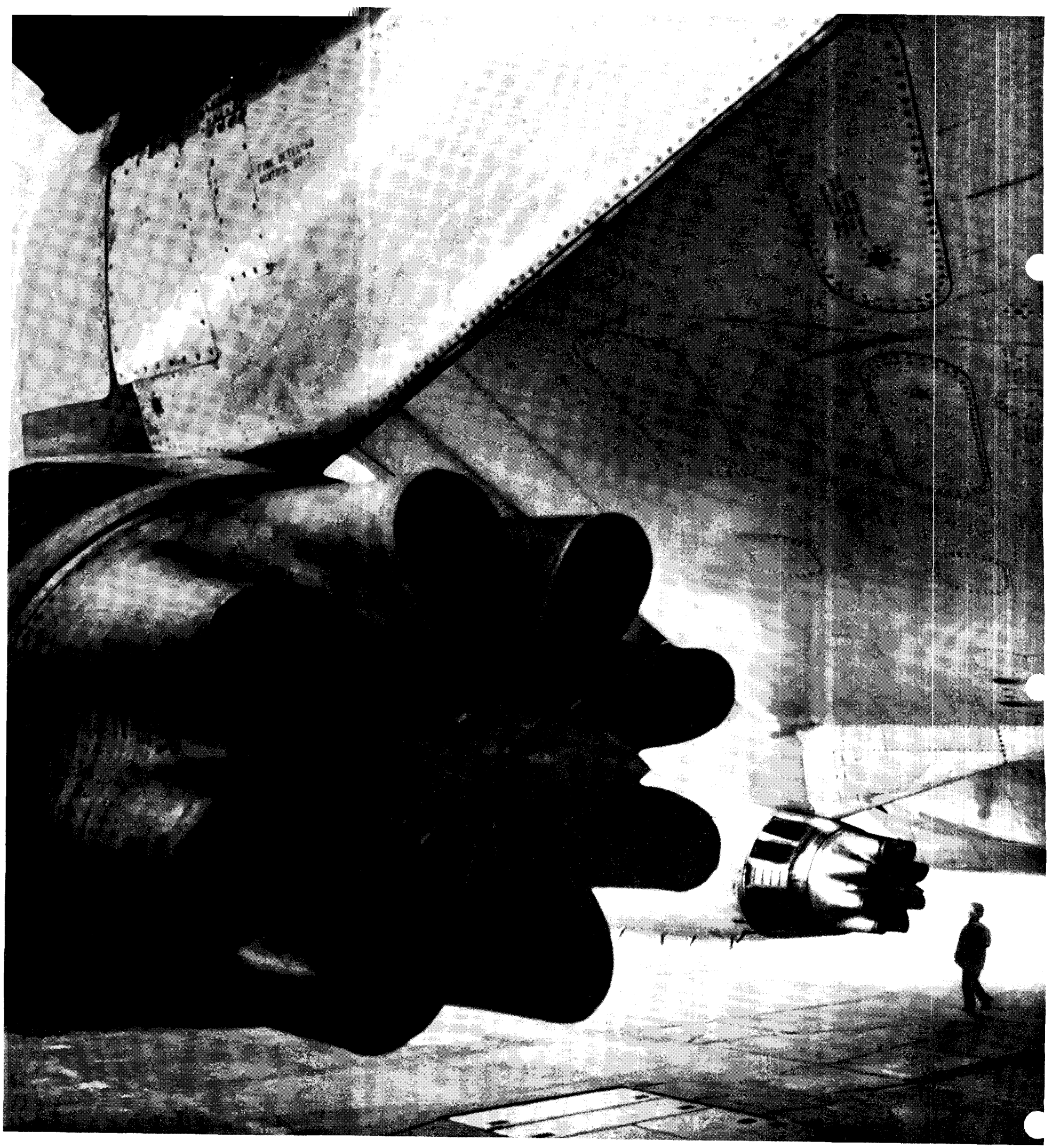

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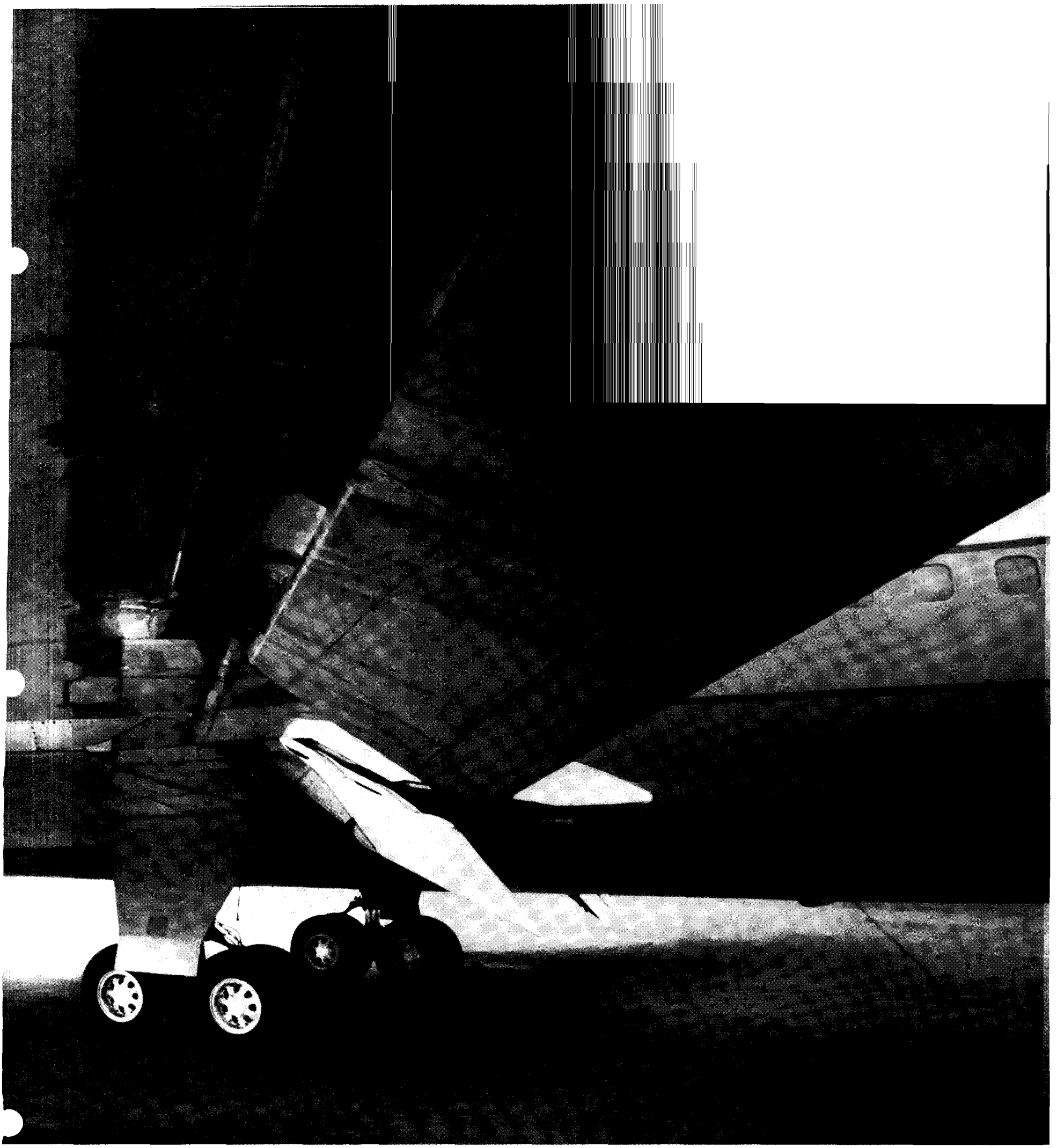

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SPEAKING OUT*

As the G.O.P. candidate in 1960, Mr. Nixon participated in the nation's first presidential TV debates. A former congressman, senator and Vice President, he now practices law for the firm of Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie and Alexander.

L.B.J. SHOULD DEBATE ON TV

A man who admits that a TV debate cost him the Presidency attacks Lyndon Johnson for refusing to confront the Republican candidate this fall.

By Richard M. Nixon

A reporter at President Kennedy's second press conference, held on February 1, 1961, called the President's attention to some remarks that his campaign manager, Robert Kennedy, had made just after the 1960 election. Robert Kennedy, said the reporter, had "expressed some doubt that one who was already President would agree to debate with one who wants to be President."

"Could you tell us," the reporter asked, "to clear the air on this, whether, if you are a candidate in 1964, you would agree to debate?"

The President replied, "I would, sir."

On two other occasions before his death, President Kennedy stated unequivocally in press conferences that he would participate in television debates with his Republican opponent.

A recent Gallup poll shows that 71 percent of Americans want to see the 1964 candidates debate on television. The networks have offered free time, and Congress has removed the last legal obstacle by waiving the equal-time requirement. But at this writing it appears that there will be no debates, because President Johnson has repeatedly refused to participate in them.

Mr. Johnson's position is difficult to understand, not only because it is a repudiation of President Kennedy's decision, but also because it is a complete flip-flop from his own position in 1960, when he urged me to debate and even called for more than four debates.

On this issue I believe the great majority of the American people would agree that President Kennedy was right and President Johnson is wrong.

I suppose I should be the last person to advocate television debates, in view of what happened in 1960. Most observers agree with Earl Mazo of *The New York Times*, who wrote, "If there had been no debates on television, Nixon would have been elected President." As the late Claude Robinson, who did the polling for our campaign, pointed out in a confidential memorandum to me, "Kennedy started the campaign as the less well-known candidate. By participating in debates with him, Nixon gave him the opportunity to remove that liability and to fight the campaign out on even terms."

President Johnson faces the same problem I did. He is better-known than any one of the potential Republican nominees. He will be urged, as I was, not to give up this advantage by participating in television debates. Or as Julius Duscha of the Washington *Post* reports, he may feel that "he can do without debates because he believes he does better in other kinds of campaign appearances."

But the issue of debates this year, as in 1960, is much bigger than whether they will help the Democratic or the Republican nominee. Television debates were not designed to serve a candidate for office; they were designed to serve the public. As Roscoe Drummond recently wrote, "President Johnson . . . would, I believe, be doing a great disservice to the cause of bringing the campaign closer to millions of voters if he stands out against the debates."

America's most distinguished political observers have expressed similar views with regard to the public interest in television debates. "The country gained in a unique and promising experiment," wrote columnist James Reston. Walter Lippmann saw the debates as breaking down "the synthetic candidates, the men who communicate with the public only by reading speeches that other men have written." And, to Dr. Malcolm Moos of Johns Hopkins, the debates "presented an opportunity for the voters to make judgments between the half-tints, the semitones, the frequently small, but significant, nuances that make up the difference in American politics."

I believe that television debates contribute significantly to four major objectives which are in the public interest: a bigger vote, better-informed voters, lower campaign costs, and, in the end, a better President.

It has been estimated that over one hundred million people saw at least part of the Kennedy-Nixon debates. Interest in the campaign, according to polls, rose 12 percent from the time of the first debate on September 26 until the last one on October 21, compared to a one percent increase in interest during the same period in the campaign of 1956. Almost seven million more people voted in 1960 than in 1956, whereas less than half a million more voted in 1956 than in 1952. This spectacular increase in the number of voters, according to most observers, was due in large part to the interest created by the television debates.

Moreover, millions of Americans who would never go out to hear a political speech, or even listen to one on television, tuned in to the debates to see a fight and stayed to learn about the issues. As a result, the electorate in 1960 was probably the best-informed in the nation's history.

As one who has been through the rigors of a presidential race, I am convinced that television debates are essential if we are to have less costly and more thoughtful campaigns. In 1860 Abraham Lincoln ran for President without ever leaving Springfield, Ill. One hundred years later John Kennedy, from the time of the convention to the election, traveled 44,000 miles in 43 states. In that same period I traveled 65,000 miles through 50 states. As the nation approaches the 200 million mark in population, only television holds the key to less frantic and more contemplative campaigns.

But television has become almost prohibitively expensive. It now costs $11,000 to buy 10 one-minute spots on a New York City station; the same time sells for $3,150 in Portland, Oreg., and $3,500 in Dallas, Tex. A large part of the almost $20 million that was the reported cost of the 1960 campaigns went for the purchase of television time. Such an addition to the already astronomical expenses of running for office has menacing implications for a society that should be concerned with the potentially corrosive influence of money in politics. It was this

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One result has been an unparalleled record of industrial effort and achievement. The investor-owned electric light and power industry is just one example. Financed in the traditional way of American business, it provides the best electric service in the world.

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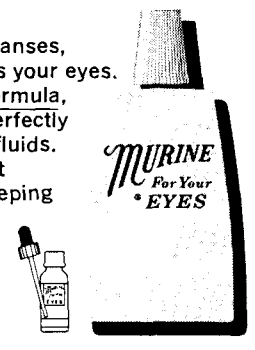

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L.B.J. Should Debate

concern that caused President Kennedy to appoint a blue-ribbon panel headed by Chancellor Alexander Heard of Vanderbilt University to find ways to improve the financing of presidential campaigns. The Heard Commission, aware of the $6 million worth of free time given by the television industry for the 1960 debates, recommended that the law again be changed to allow debates in 1964. Congress has voted to change the law, but unless President Johnson changes his position, there will, of course, be no debates.

I believe the strongest argument for debates is that they make candidates put on a better campaign, with the result that the man who wins becomes a better President. As Prof. Harvey Wheeler pointed out: (1) Debates prevent a candidate from waging a campaign on the basis of special-interest appeals—no longer can he say one thing when addressing labor and something else when addressing business. (2) Debates force a candidate to present a systematic program; it becomes increasingly difficult, for example, for a candidate to promise a welfare program that is inconsistent with his tax program. (3) Debates tend to make election issues out of problems for which there is no organized lobby, such as foreign policy.

And, as Professors Elihu Katz and Jacob Feldman concluded, "The debates might make for a greater acceptance of the winning candidate." The reason for this, they say, is that "voters learned something about the candidate they opposed—they learned that he was human!" Voters also have the opportunity to see the real man, not the synthetic product of public-relations experts. For example, in our four, hour-long debates, President Kennedy and I discussed over 50 major national and international issues without benefit of notes or ghost-writers. The voters could justifiably conclude that they were hearing our own views on each issue, rather than the views of someone else.

Some who oppose debates argue that it would not be in the best interests of the country for the President to participate because, having knowledge of so much secret information, he might be forced into making a statement that would be detrimental to the national interest.

President Kennedy obviously did not share this view and, in 1960, when I was Vice President, a member of the Cabinet and the National Security Council, I also did not share this view, although I, too, knew all the nation's top secrets.

I cannot see how a President's engaging in debate differs significantly in this respect from his weekly encounters at press conferences. When faced by his political opponent or newsmen, he always has the option of turning a question aside and saying, "No comment." And, in view of the fact that President Johnson has offered complete briefings to the Republican nominee on all secret information, his opponent would not try to gain an unfair advantage in case the President was forced to answer a question involving classified information in this manner.

Some object that when two candidates confront each other on television, one may have an unfair advantage—if only because some people look better on television than others do. I certainly can sympathize with this objection. I will never forget my frustration after my first debate with Senator Kennedy, when I learned how arbitrary factors of this sort had affected the result.

I had left the studio confident that I had driven across my arguments and successfully met my opponent's. Polls later indicated that a majority of those who heard us on radio or read the debate in the newspapers felt that Nixon had outscored Kennedy. But of those who saw the debate on television, a solid majority felt Kennedy had won. What irritated me was that while I had put all my emphasis on content, the thing that influenced the television audience was my appearance.

I suppose I should have anticipated that I might look worn and washed-out on camera. Laid up for two weeks with a serious knee infection, I had left the hospital four or five days before my doctor wanted me to and embarked on two weeks of intensive campaigning, prop-stopping across the country, making six and eight speeches a day. Two days before the debate I got a bad case of flu and was still running a temperature during the program. I had lost so much weight that my shirt collar hung loosely on my neck, and my suit looked baggy. But although I was physically exhausted, I didn't feel tired. As my doctor explained to me later, when your morale is high, you can go on fighting battle after battle, even though you are physically spent.

I was so intent on the battle that I never stopped to think about how I looked. I have always detested makeup. I don't like the feel of it or the idea of wearing it. All I did before the program was to shave as closely as I could and apply some powder with a "beard stick." If I had had a makeup man—as my opponent quite properly did—he could have predicted the result: The powder failed to hide my beard but made my skin look even paler.

A diet of milkshakes

After the program, as the unfavorable reports on my appearance began to come in, I changed my attitude. TV experts explained that makeup for television is not the same as makeup for the stage. Its purpose is not to make a person look better than he really does but to correct for unnatural effects produced by the TV cameras. So for the other debates we got the best TV makeup people we could find. My doctor put me on a diet of milkshakes, and by the next program my weight was up, and I looked a great deal better.

But even if I hadn't been able to correct my televised appearance, I still think it wouldn't have made a crucial difference. It is the man himself and what he says that ultimately affect people.

In this connection, I recall my first impression of Khrushchev. He is decidedly not an attractive-looking man. The first time you see him, you wonder how a man who looks so unprepossessing could run a mighty nation. But, whatever we may think of him, his strength gets across to you. You feel the power of his personality.

Some people object that a meeting of candidates on television puts too much emphasis on debating skill. Perhaps it does. But a President today must be quick on his feet, must be able to respond to questions under pressure, must be articulate. It may not have been necessary in the world of 50 or 100 years ago, but it is today. Voters want to see the way a man handles himself under fire. A confrontation on television is an excellent test of a candidate.

One might wonder who would have won if Eisenhower and Stevenson had debated on television. Some think Stevenson—but I'm not too sure. Stevenson might have won the first debate, but over three or four debates Eisenhower would have worn better. The force of his personality would have come through.

A very clever debater does not necessarily make a good President. On the other hand, he is not likely to be elected, if debating skill is all he has. It's easy enough to debate well, but on television other things come through. The TV camera shows the man, and the people sense his qualities.

As a result of our experience in 1960, I believe there could be some improvements in the format for the television debates in 1964.

1. In 1960 the candidates were questioned by newsmen. I believe that, in addition to this format, the candidates should participate in some debates where they alone appear and are given the opportunity to question each other.

2. Instead of having all the debates cover the waterfront, it would sharpen the discussion to limit the debates toward the end of the campaign to single subjects of greatest interest. One debate might be devoted entirely to the subject of civil rights; another might be devoted to the subject of our policy in Vietnam.

3. To assure that the debates are decided to the greatest extent possible on the basis of what the candidates say, rather than how they look, arrangements could be made to place the candidates in separate studios so that lighting and other technical factors could be adjusted to suit each one's needs. (Such an arrangement might have prevented an awkward situation that arose during my debates with Senator Kennedy. I tend to perspire in a warm room, and I perspired all too freely in the first debate. So before the second debate, my staff arrived at the studio first and got the air-conditioning going strong. When Kennedy's staff discovered this, the two sides almost came to blows. I remember that Bobby Kennedy had a fine row with our TV man, trying to get the room warmer.)

4. There should be at least one debate between the two candidates for Vice President. President Eisenhower's three serious illnesses, together with President Kennedy's assassination, have brought home to the American people with shattering impact the immense importance of the Vice Presidency. This year, more than any other time in American history, the voters will be giving the qualifications of the vice-presidential candidates the same thoughtful study that they give those of the presidential candidates. A television debate between the vice-presidential candidates will assist the voters in making that evaluation.

Four years ago the United States took a bold new step forward in political campaigning. While the Kennedy-Nixon debates were compared to those of Lincoln-Douglas in 1858, the analogy was faulty. Lincoln and Douglas were running for the Senate; 1960 marked the first debate between American presidential candidates. The Japanese even did us the honor of copying our innovation, though with a slight variation—when Prime Minister Ikeda and his opponent debated before TV cameras, they paused to sip green tea between questions! America has given the world a new and exciting technique in democracy, and we should not allow it now to be discarded in our own country.

Richard M. Nixon

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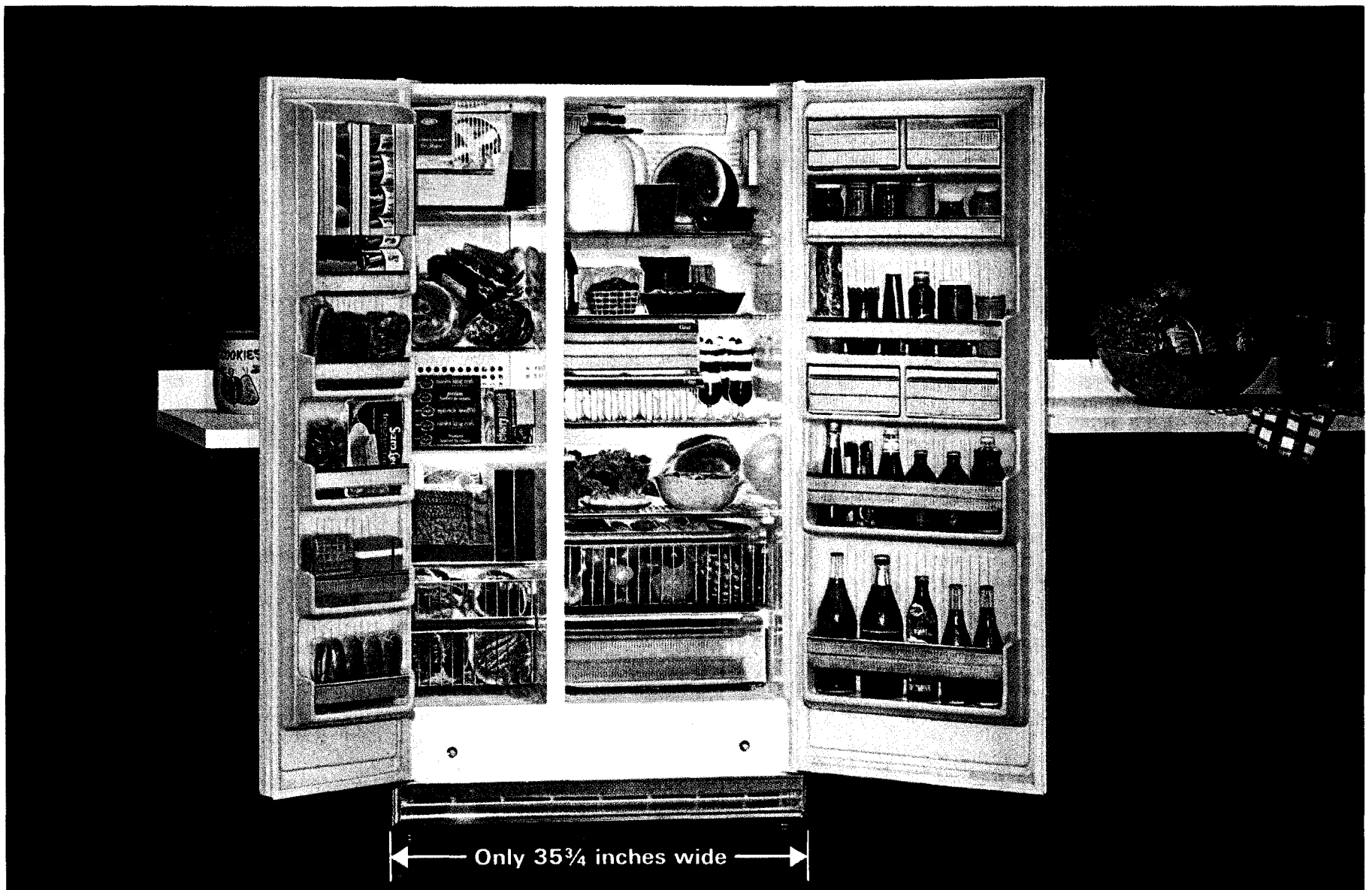

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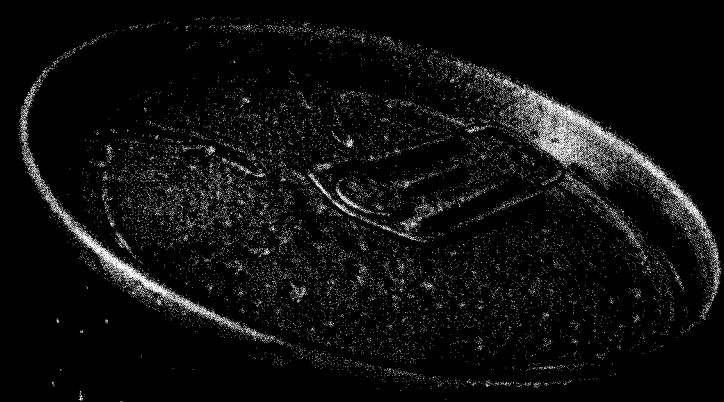

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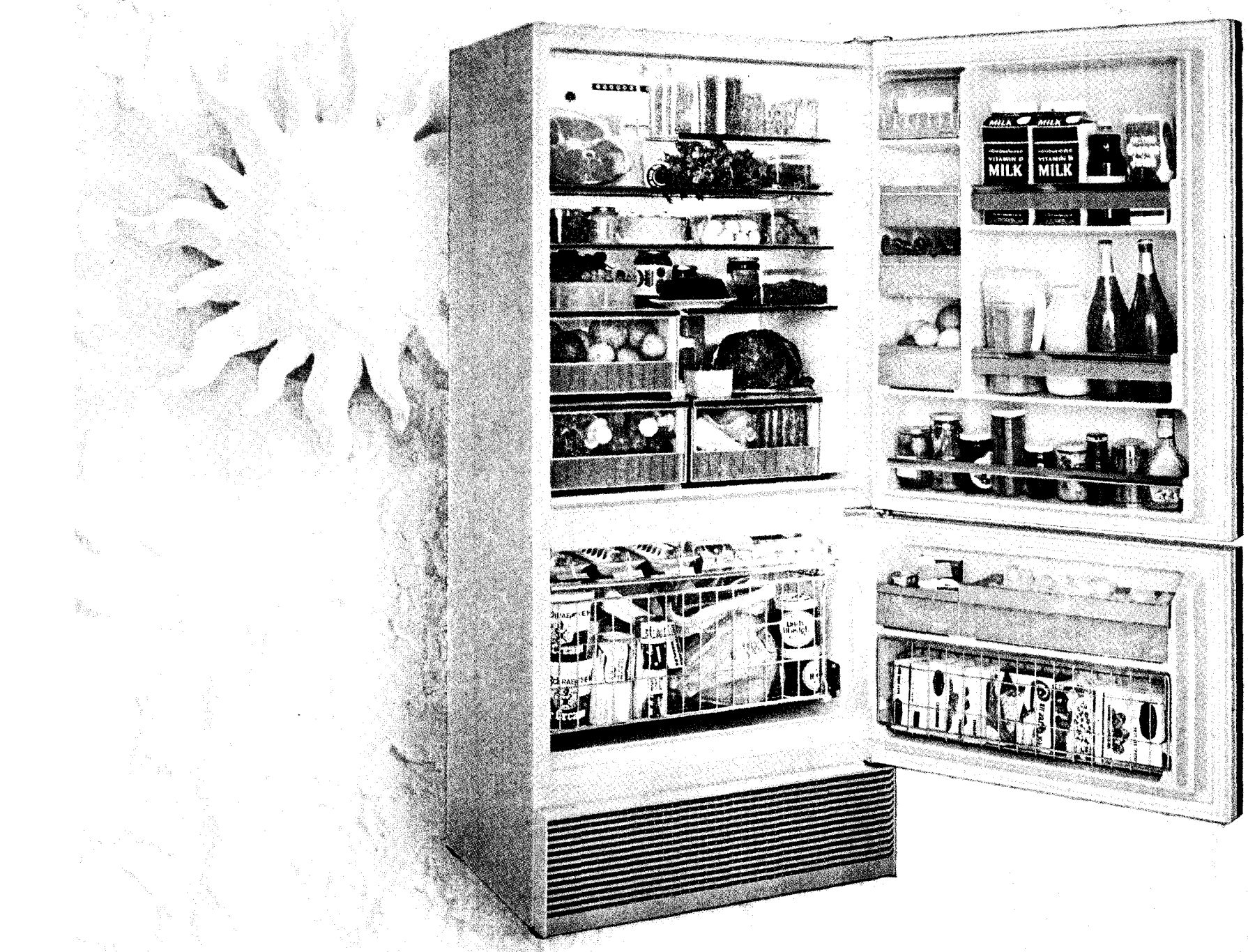

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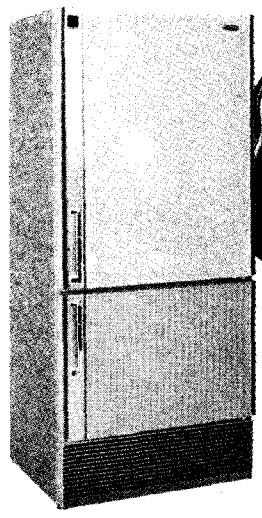

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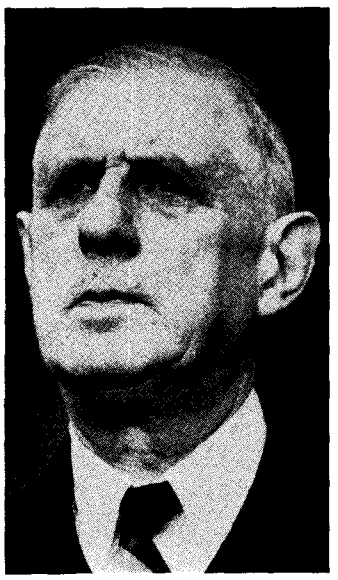
Remembering Rac



Gen. Charles de Gaulle

WASHINGTON: The policy of President Charles de Gaulle of France is, quite simply, to undercut and eventually eliminate all American power and influence in Asia. Therefore, as the crisis in Southeast Asia deepens, the little cold war between this country and its oldest ally will become colder. Meanwhile, for purposes of perspective, I find it useful to remember Rac.

Rac was the leader of a maquis group behind the German lines in France during the last war. Rac may be a fat, middle-aged bourgeois type by now. For that matter, he may be dead. It's almost 20 years since I've seen him, and I've wholly lost touch with him. But for a couple of months in the summer of 1944, Rac and I were friends.

Rac was about 27 in those days, but he looked older. He was very thin, handsome in an angular way, with high cheekbones and peculiar eyes—they were oddly expressionless eyes, like a cat's, and also oddly compelling.

A handsome French regular officer, Richard Thouville, an American radio operator, Sgt. Norman Franklin, and I were parachuted into occupied France in the summer of 1944. The three of us landed almost in the courtyard of a château occupied by a French count, Manouche de Balincourt. Manouche instantly gave himself the title of "Secrétaire de la Mission Franco-Américaine," and he somehow obtained a miraculous Citroën, which operated on any liquid with a high alcoholic content. "La Mission Franco-Américaine" attached itself to Rac's maquis of several hundred men.

Rac's motto was "*surprise, mitraillage, évanouissement*," roughly translatable as "surprise, shoot, vanish." By August, 1944, after the Normandy break-out, all central France was a vast trap for the Germans, and they were frantic to escape from it. By that time, our part of France was like a turkey-shoot, and hardly more dangerous. In our miraculous Citroën, the "Mission Franco-Américaine" went dashing about the lovely countryside with Rac, as he and his maquisards liberated Périgueux (pretty girls and truffles), Angoulême, Cognac (a notably bibulous liberation) and finally the town of Saintes, on the west coast. It was fun, that summer. In a way, it was more fun than I've ever had in my life.

There was the companionship—we all used the intimate *tu-toi* with each other, and we were friends, the kind of friends a man makes only at school or in a war. There was also the queer, unexpected sense of freedom behind the German lines. There were no laws, no state authority, no one to shove you around in maquis country. There was only Rac.

In a Communist maquis, the party supplied the discipline—dissidents were labeled "*collabos*," and shot. But in a non-Communist maquis like the "Brigade Rac," discipline was a matter of the force of the human personality. Some resistance groups, because that force was lacking, disintegrated. Not the Brigade Rac.

When chaos threatened the Brigade Rac, as it did every day, Rac would look around quietly with his cat's eyes, and then shout "*Alors*." Silence would instantly ensue, and Rac would ask in icy tones, "*Qui commande ici?*" The question was always met with a chorus: "*C'est vous, Rac*," and order was at once restored. Rac was, in fact, a genuinely extraordinary man. He was a brave man, a strong man and a patriot, and although he was a couple of years younger, I developed a certain hero worship for him.

In September the authority of the state suddenly appeared, in the person of Gen. Charles de Gaulle himself. After Paris was freed, de Gaulle embarked on a tour of the liberated parts of France, and in due time he came to Saintes.

In Saintes at the time there was an agent of the British Secret Intelligence Service, who had jumped in long before D-day. He was a small man, and like most spies, very vain. He had had a phony British major's uniform run up by a local tailor, and on the day General de Gaulle arrived, the agent sought me out.

"I say, old boy," he said, "as representatives of the Anglo-Saxon powers, we ought to be first in line at the reception for the general. If we're not, I'm prepared to make a bloody great row."

As it turned out, I was second to last in the line, and the little British agent was last. De Gaulle, even then a bit paunchy, moved down the line, looking like a disdainful giraffe. Each maquis leader in turn would salute, de Gaulle would return the salute, then shake hands, perhaps murmur a few words—"*merci pour la France*." When he came to me, he gave my American uniform a fishy stare, but he rather languidly returned my salute.

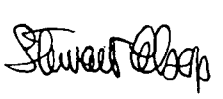
Then he came to the British agent. The little agent clicked his heels, saluted smartly, and held out his hand. De Gaulle looked coldly down at the hand. He did not shake it, did not return the salute. "You will have left France within twenty-four hours," he said, each word a whiplash, and he turned on his heels and walked off. The insult was as brutal as a slap in the face. There was a murmur from the maquisards—"Why did he do that?"

There was a perfectly sensible reason why de Gaulle did what he did. France was then crawling with British and American secret agents. Quite understandably, de Gaulle wanted them off French soil. But in that gratuitous insult to a man who had risked his life for France there was also an emotional and irrational element—de Gaulle's raging fury at "les Anglo-Saxons," who had refused to treat with him on equal terms.

That fury permeates de Gaulle's brilliantly written war memoirs, and it permeates French policy today. There are entirely rational reasons for much of de Gaulle's policy—it is perfectly sensible, for example, for de Gaulle to wish to escape total dependence on American nuclear power. But, notably in de Gaulle's Asian policy, there is an emotional content as irrational as a child's game of tit-for-tat. Because this is so, as one high American official has said, "There's no way to *reach* de Gaulle—he's a phenomenon we just have to live through somehow."

Shortly after de Gaulle visited Saintes, I was recalled to London. By this time, a pompous French regular-army general had descended on the area, with a full retinue of underlings, and Rac had been placed under his command. When I went to say good-bye, I found Rac in an office, surrounded by piles of official papers, and he was actually wearing a tie. "*Eh, mon vieux*," he said, gesturing at the papers, "*ce n'est plus une rigolade*"—"it's no fun anymore."

But it was fun once, and Rac and the Frenchmen who fought with him against the Nazi tyranny were brave and good men who loved freedom. Perhaps, as we "Anglo-Saxons" suffer de Gaulle as best we may, that is something worth recalling.



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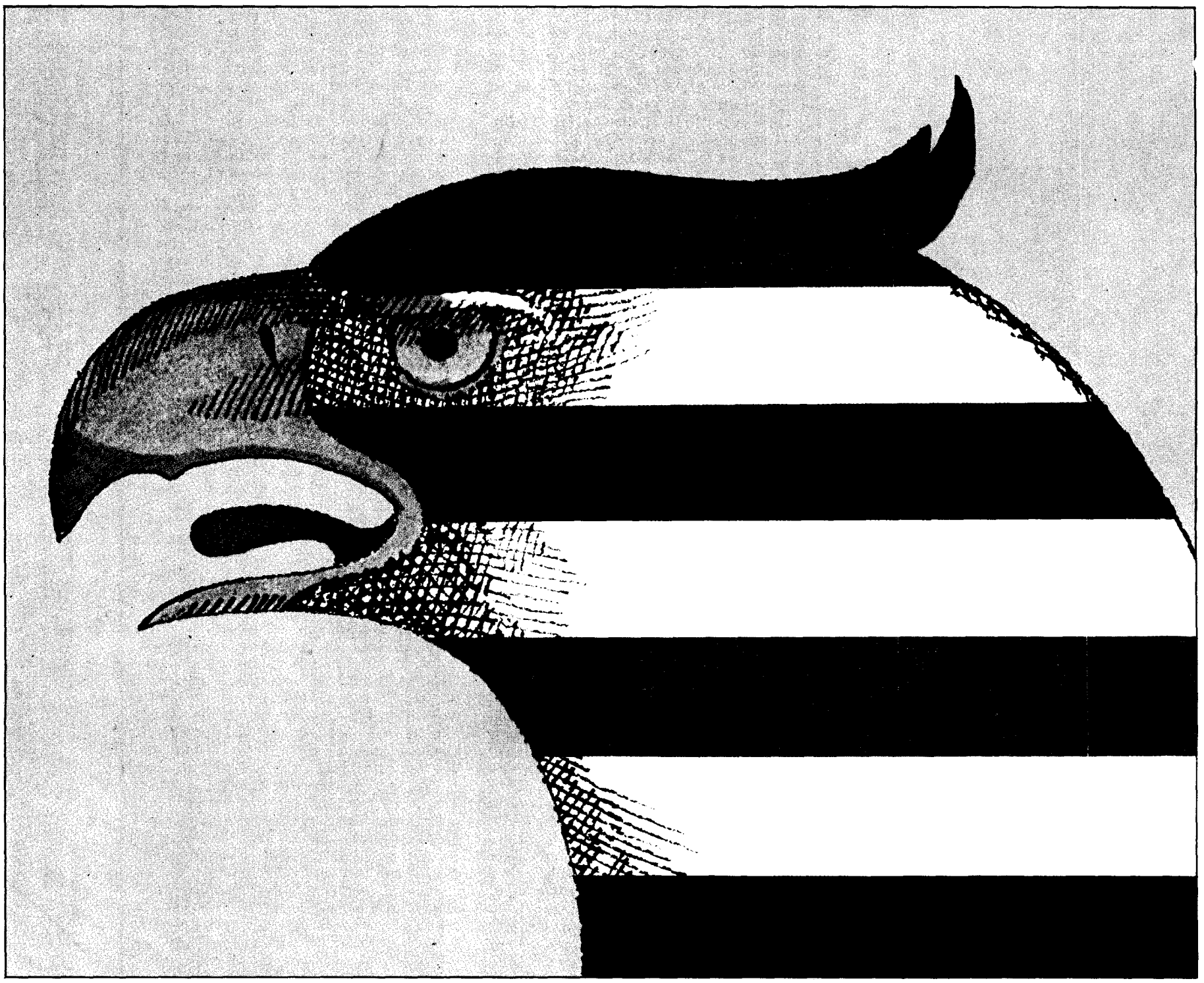

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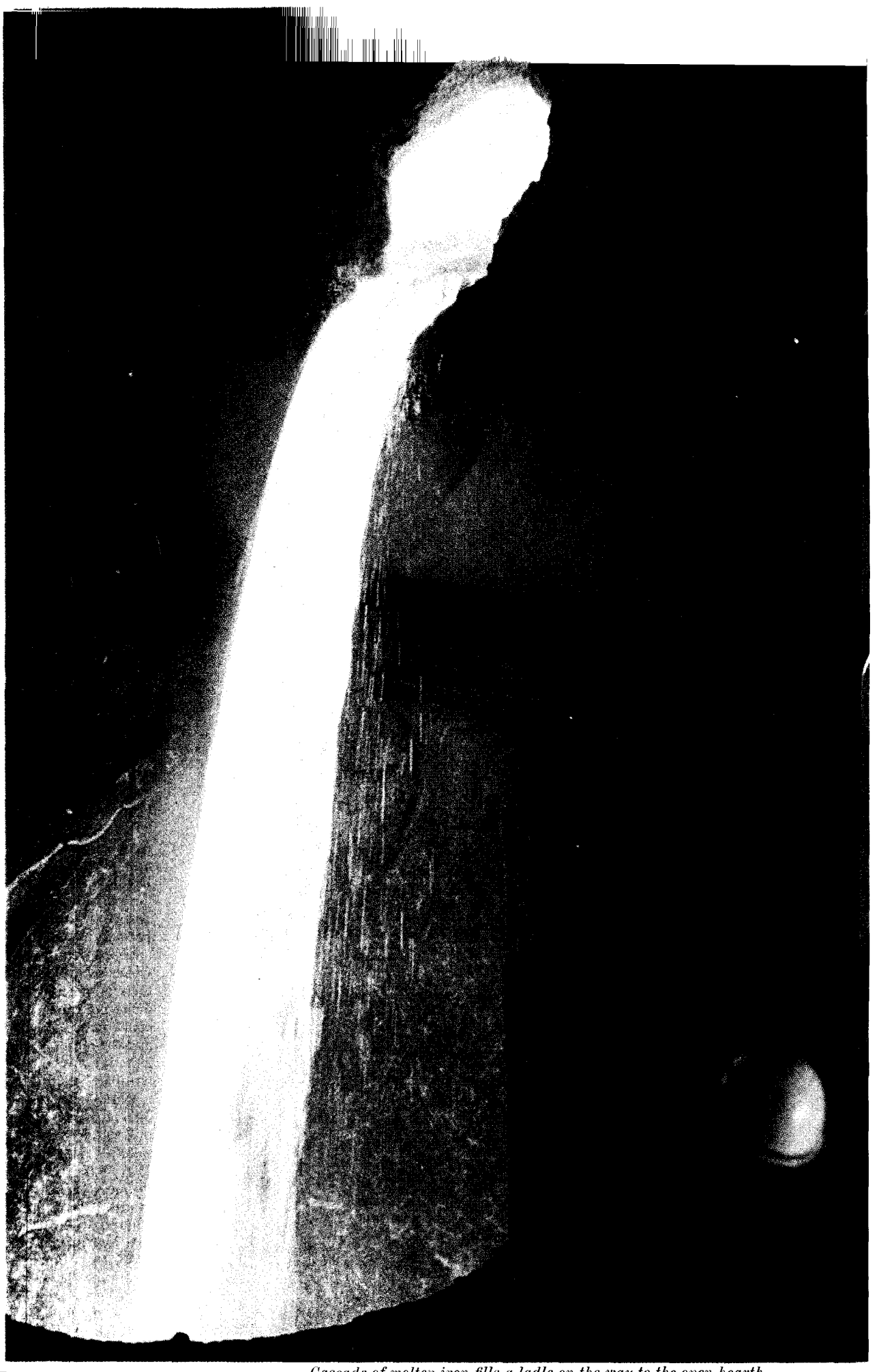

Cascade of molten iron fills a ladle on the way to the open hearth.

AMERICA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES

STEEL

THE GIANT UNDER FIRE

Photographs by John Launois

THE CUSTOMERS NO LONGER WAIT IN LINE—AND THE LORDS OF STEEL ARE LEARNING HOW TO SCRAMBLE FOR BUSINESS.

By David R. Jones

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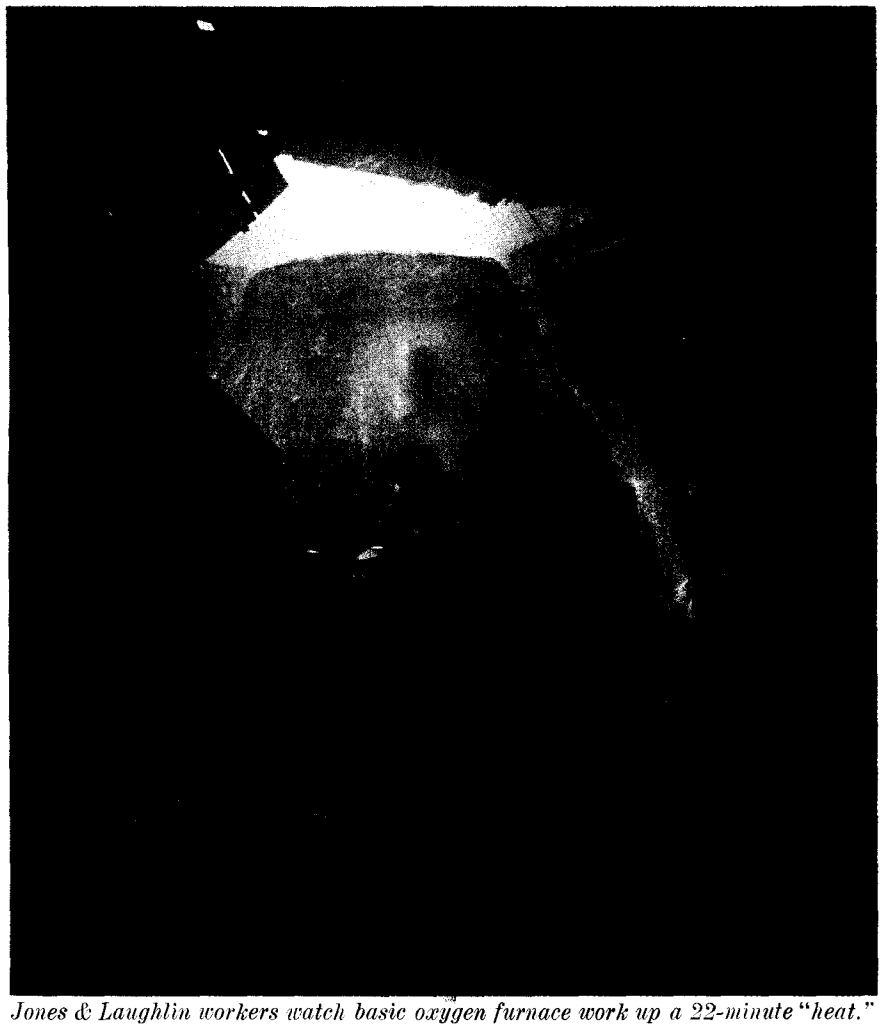
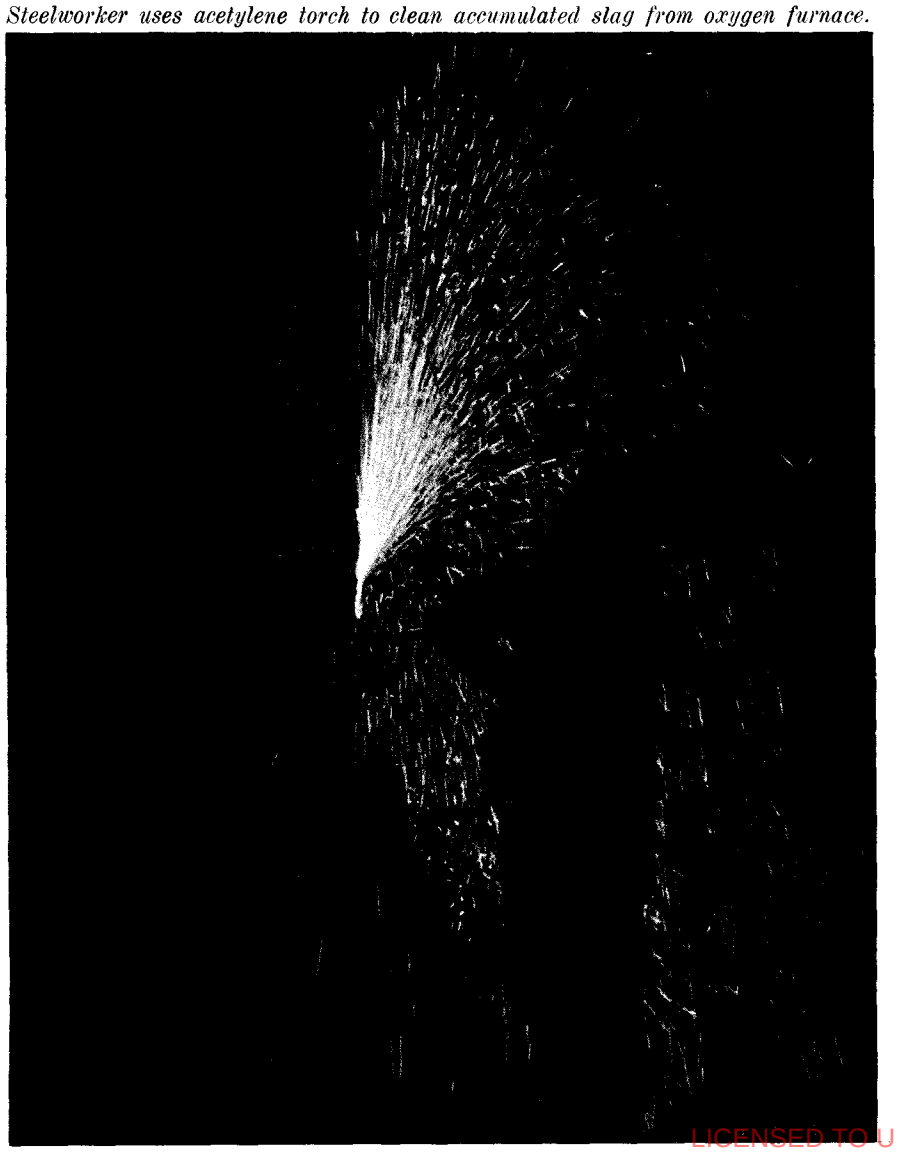
"WE'VE TAKEN OUR LUMPS. NOW I THINK WE MAY DISH OUT A FEW OURSELVES."



Jones & Laughlin workers watch basic oxygen furnace work up a 22-minute "heat."

Steelworker uses acetylene torch to clean accumulated slag from oxygen furnace.

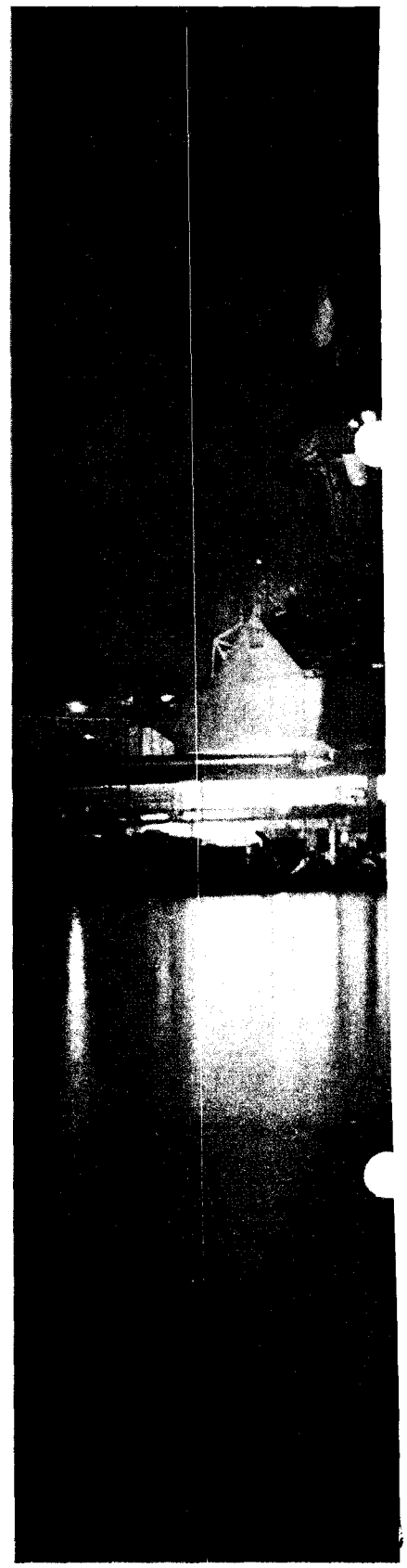


"Some time ago I asked each American to consider what he would do for his country, and I asked the steel companies. In the last twenty-four hours, we had their answer . . . A few gigantic corporations have decided to increase their prices in ruthless disregard of their public responsibility."

With these bitter words, a little more than two years ago, President Kennedy made a national issue of a matter most Americans hardly ever stop to think about—the going price for a ton of steel. Hoping to hold down inflation in the economy, the Administration had pressured the United Steelworkers union into accepting a modest contract settlement; in return, the President felt that steel management had tacitly agreed to hold prices steady. But the United States Steel Corp., denying any such understanding, responded by raising its prices $6 a ton (more than enough to offset higher labor costs), and most of the other steel companies promptly followed suit. When U.S. Steel's bland, bespectacled chairman Roger Blough came to the White House to give the President the news, he was stunned by the icy reception, and shocked even more by the uproar that followed. President Kennedy went on TV to excoriate the "tiny handful of steel executives" and their "pursuit of private power and profit." There were hints that the Defense Department might withdraw business from the offending firms. The Justice Department routed reporters from bed at hours like 4 A.M. to get evidence for antitrust actions against steel companies which seemingly acted as one in setting their prices. But a few major producers, including Inland, Kaiser and Armco declined to go along with the price increase, and the industry's almost-solid front collapsed. Roger Blough and his fellow steel barons reluctantly reinstated the old prices.

Rarely has the American Government intervened so directly and dramatically in a matter most businessmen would consider a strictly business affair; the dispute scarred the public "image" of the steel business and badly damaged the Administration's reputation in the business community. Yet it was not the first time that the issue of steel prices had been propelled from the financial pages into resounding front-page headlines. Nor was it the last. Just a few weeks ago, a federal grand jury indicted two sales executives and eight major companies on a charge of meeting in New York hotel rooms between 1955 and 1961 to rig the prices of sheet steel. The steelmen insist they were just working out uniform "standards" for special processing services and extra-high quality sheet. The Justice Department maintains they were agreeing on how much should be charged for these "extras."

There are good reasons why the affairs of the steel industry are a matter of public interest. For about 95 percent of all the metal in use in the U.S. is steel. The price of steel influences the price of everything from bobby pins and "tin" cans to automobiles and skyscrapers. The steel industry itself is *the* basic heavy industry in the economy. Its 275 companies, with plants in 37 states, sell about $14 billion worth of their wares each year and directly or indirectly provide jobs for six million Americans.



Free world's largest blast furnace, t

Steelmen themselves have been so convinced of the indispensability of their product that for decades they accepted orders as their God-given due. In just the last few years, however, there have been some surprising changes in the industry.

In contrast to their traditional reluctance to change, steelmen today are mod ernizing at an unprecedented pace. The industry will spend a record $1.8 billion this year on its plants and equipment, most of it to reduce costs and improve efficiency. After a half century of severe labor problems (five strikes, 13 rounds of wage increases and four government fact-finding boards just since World War II), it has suddenly emerged as a pacesetter in enlightened labor relations. And after endlessly raising prices and treating customers like petitioning serfs, steelmen are

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234-foot "Amanda" (left), roars through the night at Armco's Ashland, Ky., works on the Ohio River. "Amanda" can turn out 3,340 tons of iron a day.

showing signs of rejoining the competitive economy. Some are going so far as to suggest that lowering prices might be a good way to sell more steel.

It was not criticism from Washington nor worry about their public "image" that impelled steelmen to change things. The real cause was a series of shocks and setbacks to their business—shocks all the more painful because they followed a stretch of almost unlimited prosperity.

All through the 1940's and early 1950's, American steel mills sold metal as fast as they could produce it, and apparently at any prices they cared to set. An air of good feeling and mutual cooperation prevailed in the darkly paneled rooms of Pittsburgh's Duquesne Club and other spots where steel executives meet and fraternize. A general price increase announced by one company—customarily No. 1 producer U.S. Steel—would be adopted by everybody. Year after year, as business boomed and the union pressed for more and more contract gains, the steel companies unanimously passed on the higher labor costs to customers and tacked on extra profit for good measure.

And then, in 1958, all of this began to come apart. Just as the industry was bringing vast new production capacity into operation, its business began to slack off; it was suddenly evident that the postwar demand for steel was finally satisfied. At the same time, steelmen discovered that their price-boosting spree had priced them out of some markets. Many customers had defected to such materials as plastics and aluminum, and more bridges and buildings were being made from reinforced concrete. The railroad and ordnance markets had declined with the advent of missiles and the growth of airline and auto travel. In the auto business itself, a trend to compact cars, requiring less metal, cut back orders from the steel industry's No. 1 customer.

The hardest blow came in 1959, when the union again pressed for big contract gains and the industry—with its profits already shrinking—took a firm stand. The result was the worst steel strike in history, which shut down all mills for 116 days. Damage to the industry far outlasted the strike. The shutdown accelerated customers' switching to substitute materials and also sent them to foreign steelmakers—whose steel, they found, was just as suitable and considerably cheaper.

The cumulative impact of these events has been considerable. Americans' per capita consumption of steel dropped from 910 pounds a year to 758 pounds between 1958 and 1962, the lowest level in 20 years; steel production fell from 89 percent of the mills' capacity to less than two thirds of capacity. Steelmen found they could no longer raise prices with impunity, nor pass on rising labor costs to customers. By 1962 steel profits were at a postwar low of 4.1 cents per sales dollar.

The steel industry invited this disaster; there has seldom been a more convincing demonstration of the deadening effects of complacency and non-competition. "The industry always felt that there was very little it could do to increase the nation's total steel requirements," notes Republic Steel Corp. President Thomas F. Patton. But steelmen accustomed to watching the economic tides do their work for them were shocked to see steel output drop 17 percent between 1958 and 1962, while the general economy was *expanding* 16 percent.

"We're on the road back now," says Patton, who is convinced that the old complacency has been shattered for good. U.S. Steel President Leslie B. Worthington puts it more strongly. "We've taken our lumps, and now I think we may dish out a few ourselves."

The industry is finally showing some initiative in a field where it has traditionally brought up the rear. In the 1950's

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Looking for better ways to control steelmaking temperatures, J & L scientists work with a miniature oxygen furnace that achieves same 2,900 degrees as full-scale model.

Comeback in Steel

steelmakers invested only about half of one percent of their sales dollars in research and development, compared with a three percent average for all industry. But within the past three years all of the eight largest steel firms have either built new research laboratories or made major additions to existing ones. Bethlehem opened a $40 million facility in mid-1961, for instance, while Jones & Laughlin has more than doubled the size of its Graham Laboratory near Pittsburgh.

One important return from the laboratories has been the development of a can-making metal roughly half the weight of conventional tinplate; it was used last year for 40 percent of all packaged beer, and steelmen think it has a good chance of recapturing the oil and frozen-juice can markets, which have been largely lost to aluminum laminated cardboard. U.S. Steel a few weeks ago began marketing tinplate foil, a tin-plated steel no thicker than the pages of this magazine; the company sees good possibilities for the foil in such things as frozen-dinner trays and shipping containers. National Steel Corp. is designing a mill to produce an even lighter foil by 1965.

Steelmen are concentrating on developing lighter structural steels to stop the inroads of such materials as reinforced concrete, which alone is taking away one million tons more volume annually than in 1958. They already have reduced the weight of some structural beams by 20 percent since then without any increase in price. All this means a builder can construct a building with less steel without sacrificing strength (and is more likely to pick steel over competing materials). Republic Steel figures the Empire State Building could be 13 stories higher with no increase in weight if it were built today.

"In our company alone, we have developed an average of more than one new or improved product per month for the past five years," says U.S. Steel President Worthington. "More recently, we have stepped up the rate to two a month. I think American steel producers, in the next decade, will do more to develop and improve their products than they have done in the past fifty years."

Steelmen are making a push to raise the amount of steel used in the home. U.S. Steel, for example, recently stepped up its work with designers to get them to utilize more steel in kitchen cabinets. Inland Steel estimates that the average house, which now uses 2.5 tons of steel, will use 4 tons by 1973 in such new areas as steel sidings. There are also programs to help the customers sell more steel products. The American Iron & Steel Institute last year ran a campaign to promote the sale of soft drinks in tin-coated steel cans, which helped boost summer sales 25 percent over 1962.

Customers who had to wait six weeks or longer to get delivery in the mid-'50's now find the steel available in two weeks. Mills that used to charge customers for extra finishing and processing (the kind of charges the government claims were rigged a few years back) now provide some of these services free. Steel users are also pushing for—and getting—better quality. "They want coils that are perfect," says an Armco Steel man. "We may run a 25-foot section in a 1,500-foot coil of sheet that has some seams or slivers in it. Customers would have accepted it before—but they won't take it now."

"The whole industry has become more aggressive," says an appliance buyer who has been dealing with steelmen for years. "We were going to use aluminum for an air conditioner frame, but the steel boys worked out an improved galvanized frame for us and got the order. Five years ago they wouldn't have cared."

Five years ago, says executive vice president Frederick Close of the Aluminum Company of America, his own aluminum salesmen "didn't worry too much about the steel industry. But as of now, they are much tougher."

"Production, production"

This tough counterattack is being led by sales-minded executives, a contrast with the past when production experts ruled the steel giants. "It used to be the emphasis was on production, production, production," says one steelman. "Many of the earlier executives came up from the ranks, were drilled in the production end, and were only concerned with turning out the steel, because it all was being sold anyway. But competition has made it necessary to change."

At the moment, half of the top 16 executives at the eight major companies are men with a sales background. The same trends have produced personality changes in the executive suites which may alter the industry's entire image. "Steel executives today are strictly organization men," says one official. "They were a lot tougher in the old days. In every company, there was the one rugged individualist, the hard-nosed old bastard who put the company together. Now they are gone."

The man who most epitomizes the new breed is probably Roger M. Blough, the 60-year-old chairman of U.S. Steel, whose position makes him the industry's unofficial spokesman. A tall, trim man with a long jaw and a professional air, Blough speaks in a somewhat stilted manner with a painfully deliberate choice of words that reflects his legal training. He is essentially shy and withdrawn; he is also an extremely tolerant and understanding man, with hardly a trace of anything that could be described as crustiness.

U.S. Steel President Worthington, a small, balding man with a somewhat boyish look, projects all the easy affability of the ex-salesman he is. Jones & Laughlin has something of the same combination at the top—a tall, shy, bespectacled chairman in finance expert Charles M. Beeghly, an affable, soft-spoken president in William J. Stephens: Armco's dapper president Logan T. Johnston masks a decisive personality with a thoroughly easygoing and genial manner. Perhaps the only top executive who wields the strong control that stamps his personality on his company is Inland Steel president Joseph L. Block, a diminutive (5′4″), dynamic man who is somewhat of an intellectual and a political liberal. ("One way to get ahead at Inland," says a subordinate, "is to go out and work for civil rights.") Block, too, is sales-trained, and takes a special interest in public and industrial relations.

The tact and salesmanship needed to expand steel's markets will be needed even more for the delicate task of controlling costs—a job which may call for automating a large portion of steelworkers' jobs out of existence.

Steel's plants and equipment would cost $60 billion to replace at today's prices, and they are massive beyond compare. Bethlehem's mill at Sparrows Point, Md., sprawls over 4,000 acres, has 1,000 miles of railroad track and enough power lines to cross the country three times. U.S. Steel's new "Dorothy" blast furnace near Pittsburgh (named after the wife of president Worthington) is half as high as the Washington monument. One Pittsburgh steel plant uses enough fuel to heat all the homes in the city.

The industry has been gradually modernizing these ponderous tools for some

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"FIVE GUYS AND A COMPUTER" TO REPLACE 230 WORKERS AT THE ROLLING MILL.

time, and now the whole process is being greatly speeded up. New-model blast furnaces are producing iron from iron ore for $31 a ton against $35 or more five years ago. New basic oxygen furnaces like those at Jones & Laughlin's Cleveland plant, which force oxygen through a tube at supersonic speeds into a pear-shaped cauldron of bubbling metal, can make steel from iron twice as fast as the conventional open hearth. Steel made by the oxygen process accounted for eight percent of production last year and will account for 13 percent this year. With such improvements lopping off the man-hours needed for steelmaking, the industry has already stopped the spiral of labor costs and actually reduced these costs by seven percent since 1961.

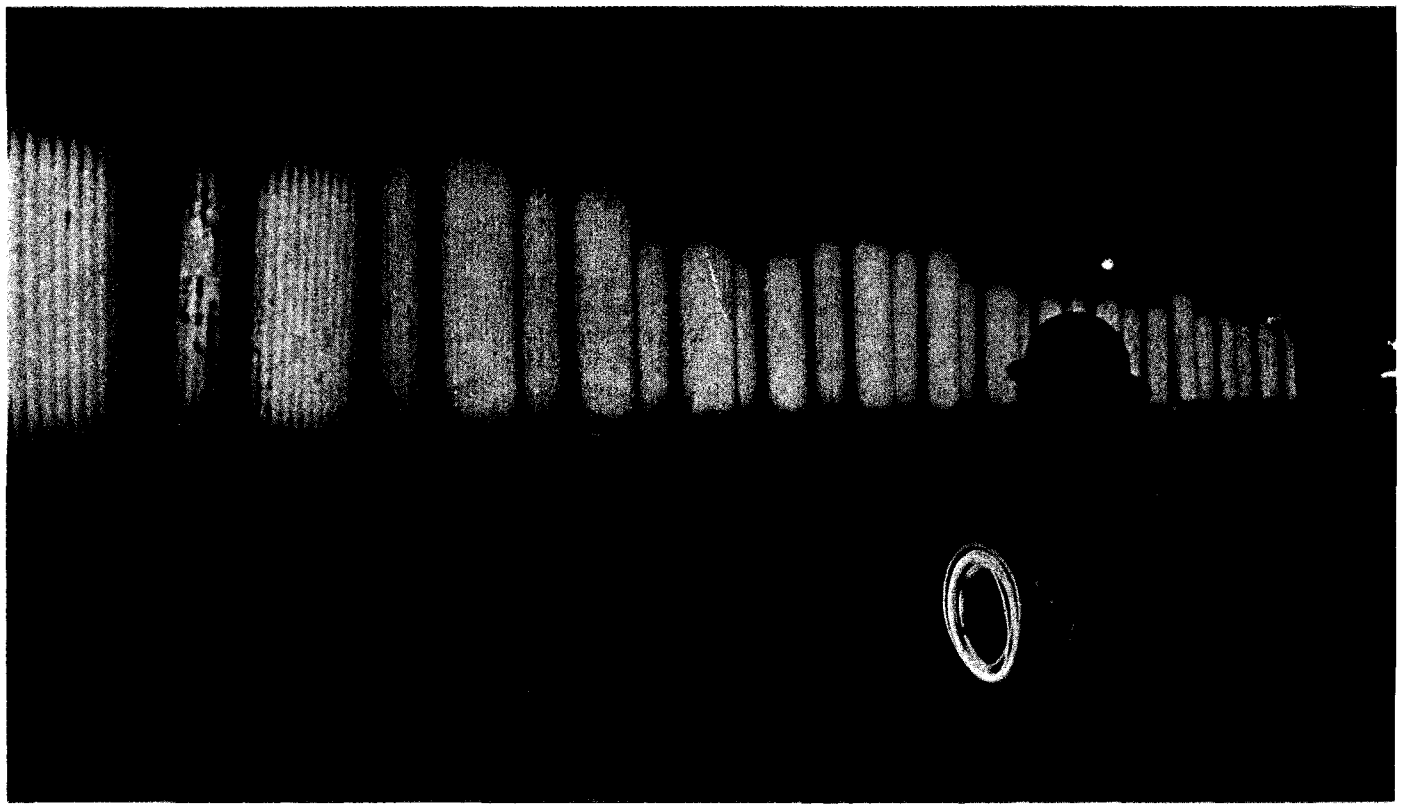
Steelmakers say this is only the beginning. Only a couple of rolling mills so far are fully automated with computer controls, but as this spreads the savings will be fantastic. "They're going to be able to run one of our mills with five guys and a computer instead of the 230 working there now," confides one official.

Steelmaking may someday be a truly continuous process controlled almost completely by computers. The biggest recent step in that direction has been the introduction of continuous casting, a European process for casting molten steel directly into semifinished shapes. In U.S. Steel's South Chicago works, an experimental continuous-casting machine pours white-hot steel into a mold at the top of a high tower. As the mold bottom is withdrawn, semi-liquid steel oozes down through cooling spray chambers and "pinch" rolls that control the descent, and is cut into lengths like a strip of taffy. This eliminates the process of running ingots back and forth through the rollers of a blooming mill to squeeze them into slabs, and bypasses several other steelmaking steps. It could conceivably cut as much as $20 a ton from costs—and eliminate thousands more jobs.

All this is having a profound effect on relations with the United Steelworkers. Five years of increasing mill efficiency and slack steel production have reduced the union's membership by a third; some 200,000 workers laid off in recent years will probably never return to the mills. Instead of being at each other's throats over the issue, however, labor and management have been working together to soften the impact—and setting an example for other industries facing the same painful problem.

Shattered by the experience of the 1959 strike, and resolved to avoid a repetition, the steel union and steel management in 1961 set up a joint group called the Human Relations Committee. The committee has provided a forum for what amounts to continuous bargaining. Under the ground rules, each member of the committee can take a stand on any question without prejudicing his position later. This gives members the freedom to abandon doctrinaire positions common to standard bargaining (where, as one negotiator puts it, "if you make a slip of the tongue, you're stuck forever"), and makes it possible to dig out all the facts on an issue before actual bargaining even begins.

In 1963 the committee produced a



Signalman clears the track for ingot train carrying massive hot slabs to the rolling mill at U.S. Steel's Homestead, Pa., works.

Glowing steel bars just squeezed from ingots in the Homestead rolling mill are stacked like hot loaves in a storage hangar.

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CONTINUOUS BARGAINING TO SOFTEN THE BLOW.

Comeback in Steel

settlement which raised labor costs by only 1.5 percent to 1.9 percent annually, probably the lowest increase in history, and won the union a number of job protection measures (including a 13-week vacation every five years for the senior half of each company's work force, an arrangement which may create 5,000 new jobs as men are hired to replace those on long vacations).

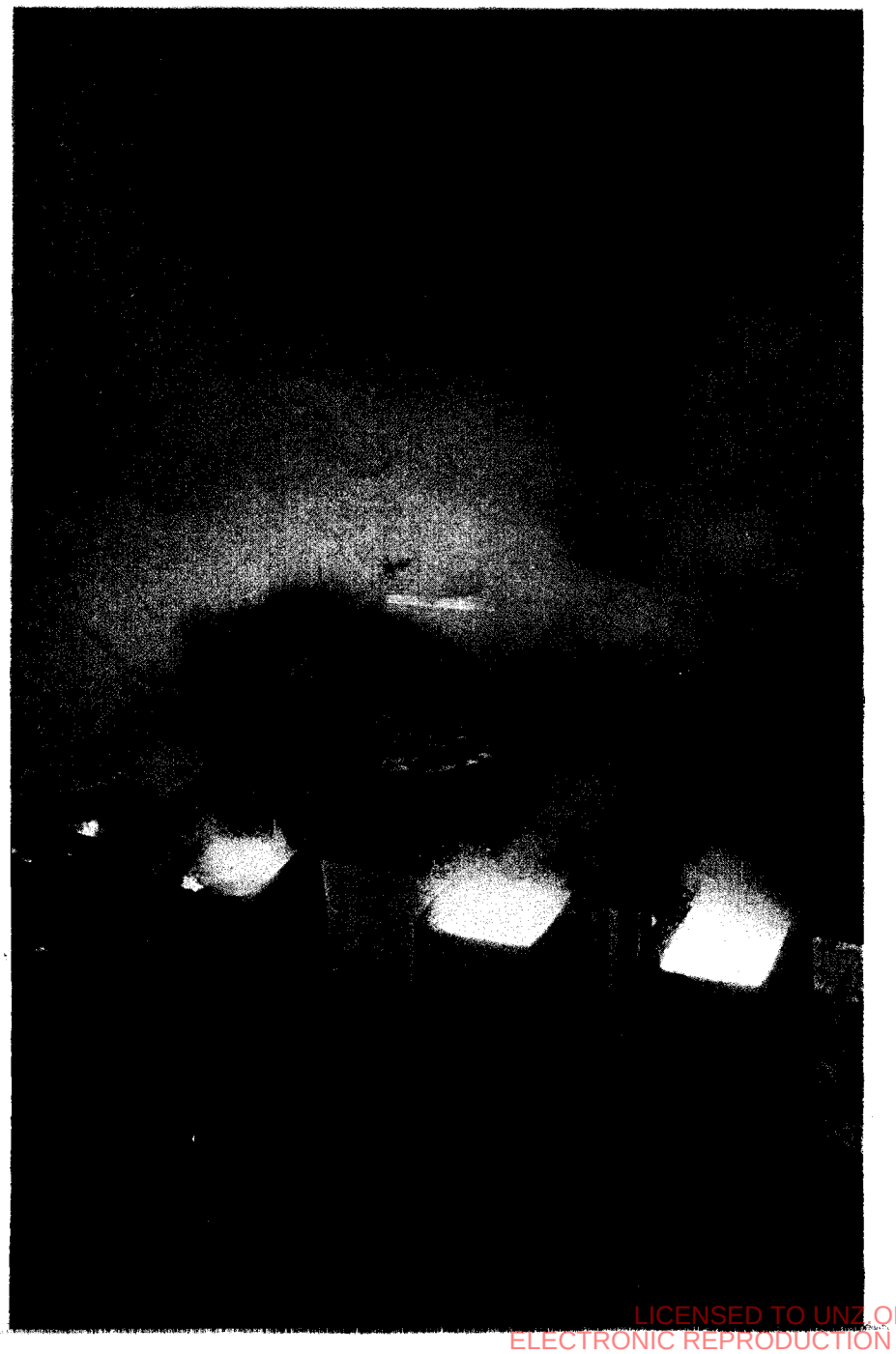
R. Conrad Cooper, U.S. Steel executive vice president and the industry's top negotiator, thinks the committee has "made the union more aware of the problems of the industry than it has ever been." Significantly, the union has been supporting the industry's fight against foreign steel imports, and remained silent when the government approved faster depreciation allowances for plants and equipment, instead of raising the usual cry that this would only hide real profits.

David J. McDonald, the white-maned, pipe-puffing president of the Steelworkers, believes the new approach has "brought labor a degree of job and income security I doubt would have been seriously discussed under the old conditions. The only things anybody has yielded are rock-fast attitudes and built-in hostilities."

For all its progress in labor relations, in technology and in salesmanship, however, the steel industry is still a long way from solving its No. 1 problem—the competition from abroad. Steel imports last year totaled 5.6 million tons, or 3.3 million tons more than exports, and amounted to about 7 percent of the total U.S. steel consumption of 79 million tons. Where imports were originally confined to such specialty items as barbed wire and nails, they are now encroaching on the big "flatrolled" markets which make up the heart of the domestic business.

In some cases, European and Japanese steelmakers are selling steel here for less than they charge in their own countries, and U.S. steelmen are trying to get the U.S. government to enforce "anti-dumping" laws to stop this practice. But even without dumping, the price competition is brutal. "Imports are coming in at $20 to $25 a ton under our prices," says one market analyst. "And the minute you'd tried to cut prices, they would meet it and there would be no end to it. If you can

Steel is "teemed," or poured into molds. Workers at rear scrape slag from mold tops.



With a fierce whine and a multicolored explosion of sparks,

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A circular "hot saw" lops off production pieces to customers' requirements from a newly milled, red-hot steel bar at U.S. Steel's big Duquesne, Pa., plant.

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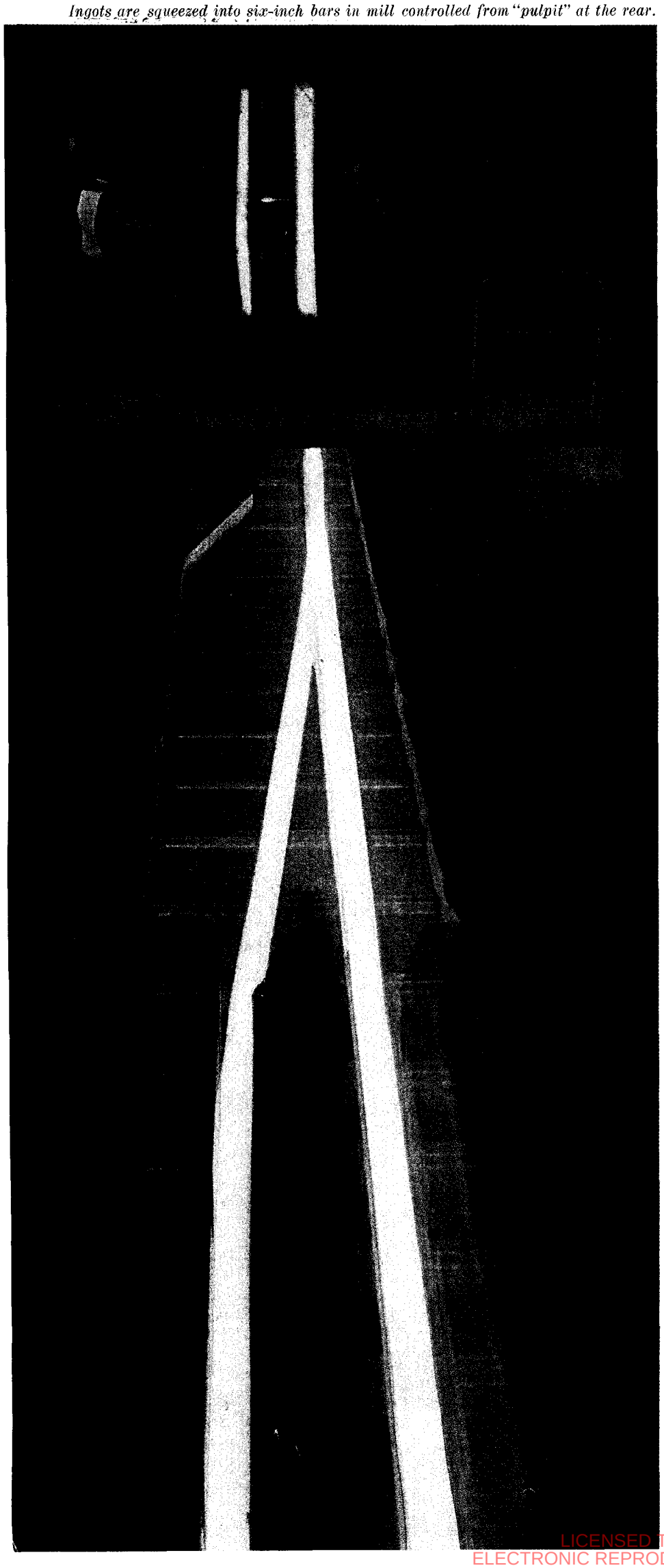
THE UNANSWERED QUESTION: HOW MUCH COMPETITION CAN STEELMEN STAND?

Ingots are squeezed into six-inch bars in mill controlled from "pulpit" at the rear.



Comeback in Steel

ship 75 million tons at a profit, why cut prices to get back five million?"

The import problem may produce the ultimate test of the steel industry's most basic business dogma. The vast majority of U.S. steel executives have always felt—and still feel—that price-cutting is self-defeating. If they lowered their prices, they argue, competition from abroad would be just as severe, total sales of steel would not be greatly increased and nothing would really change—except that everybody would make less money.

Lower prices, in short, would mean lower profits, and this is what steelmen feel they can least afford. As Roger Blough states the industry line: "Our ability to compete with foreign steel in terms of prices depends on acquiring new and better tools of production [which depends] on our ability to generate funds to buy them with. Profits breed tools and tools breed profits."

Some steelmen privately admit that their "need" for profits is far more important than the forces of supply and demand in determining what price they set on their wares. To steel's critics, this is a tacit admission that true price competition within the industry is limited, at best.

Few phenomena in American business have been so roundly and persistently criticized as steel companies' custom of "following the leader" to set more or less uniform, industry-wide prices. The procession moves consistently upward, by unanimous consent, since the "need" to reduce prices never seems to be recognized. Three firms did decline to follow U.S. Steel's "leadership" in 1962—not only because of pressure from the White House but because sales were slow and they felt customers would balk at the price boost. A year later, however, with business improving, and no political commitments at stake, everyone followed the lead of Wheeling Steel Co. to raise prices about $4 a ton.

Non-competition in steel is a tradition going back to the turn of the century when J. P. Morgan merged his steel interests with those of Andrew Carnegie to avoid a head-on clash. The resulting United States Steel Corp. was the nation's first billion-dollar company. Elbert H. Gary, the Illinois lawyer Morgan tapped to run it, realized U.S. Steel's size was its main weakness; fearing the government might try to break it up, he shunned rapid expansion and adopted a policy of tolerance toward competitors. At industry meetings called "Gary dinners," prices were "stabilized" by gentleman's agreement at a level high enough for everyone to make a profit. When the government did try to break up "Big Steel," the courts refused because its compassionate competitors rushed to testify in its behalf.

Gary's death in 1927, coupled with changing market patterns, brought an end to this peaceful coexistence. Companies embarked on unilateral price-cutting sprees that brought many close to ruin, and not until the war started business booming again was the status quo restored.

There is something to be said for what one steelman calls "the natural marketplace discipline enforced by fear of reprisal"; if prices were governed only by supply and demand, unrestricted price-cutting could bankrupt dozens of smaller companies and badly maul even the biggest. Yet foreign competitors are disciplined by no such fears, and their challenge can hardly be met by the "better tools" unless the tools ultimately make it possible to reduce the price of steel.

In fact, there are already signs that entrenched price policies are weakening under pressure. There was no general price increase in steel for five years up to 1963 (there was even a scattering of price reductions), evidence that the industry is becoming somewhat more responsive to the forces of supply and demand. For the first time in decades, some steelmen are talking of actually lowering prices. One is president Edward J. Hanley of Allegheny-Ludlum Steel Corp., whose business in "specialty" steels is particularly vulnerable to outside competitors. "Even though price reductions do cut down on total revenue," declares Hanley, "we have to recognize the long range beneficial effects they have on broadening markets for our kinds of steel."

At best, however, it will take time and considerably more improvement in steelmaking efficiency before the industry has any real chance to narrow the price gap. "Maybe two years from now we will have costs down to the point where we can do something about meeting the challenge," says one steel analyst. "But not now."

Offsetting these worries is the fact that domestic steel business is once again on the upswing. Last year's total production of 109 million tons was the highest since 1957. Last month, Republic's Thomas Patton told a meeting of the American Iron & Steel Institute that his company was raising its estimate of this year's output to 117 million tons, equaling the all-time record set in 1955.

Yet this improvement is mainly an offshoot of the boom in the economy, and the biggest question is still unanswered. Will steel in the '60's merely rise and fall with the business cycle—or can it shape its own destiny?

The answer probably lies somewhere in between. Steel has yet to prove that it can permanently reverse the erosion of its markets. Its fortunes still are closely tied to the auto industry, which takes 20 percent of all steel shipments; and booming auto sales played a big role in steel's recent turnabout. Steel's past growth has been buoyed by the rise of huge new markets such as autos and appliances, and no such market bonanzas are apt to appear in the future.

Steelmakers concede their future growth won't be as rapid as it was in the years after World War II. But they point out that any growth at all would be a big improvement over steel's recent fortunes—and the mood in steel's executive suites is plainly confident.

"Our civilization is built on steel," says Big Steel's Leslie Worthington. "And as if its present tens of thousands of uses were not enough, we are coming to realize that we have only been treading on the periphery of its vast potential." THE END

Coils of sheet are checked for shipment at Bethlehem's Sparrows Point mill.

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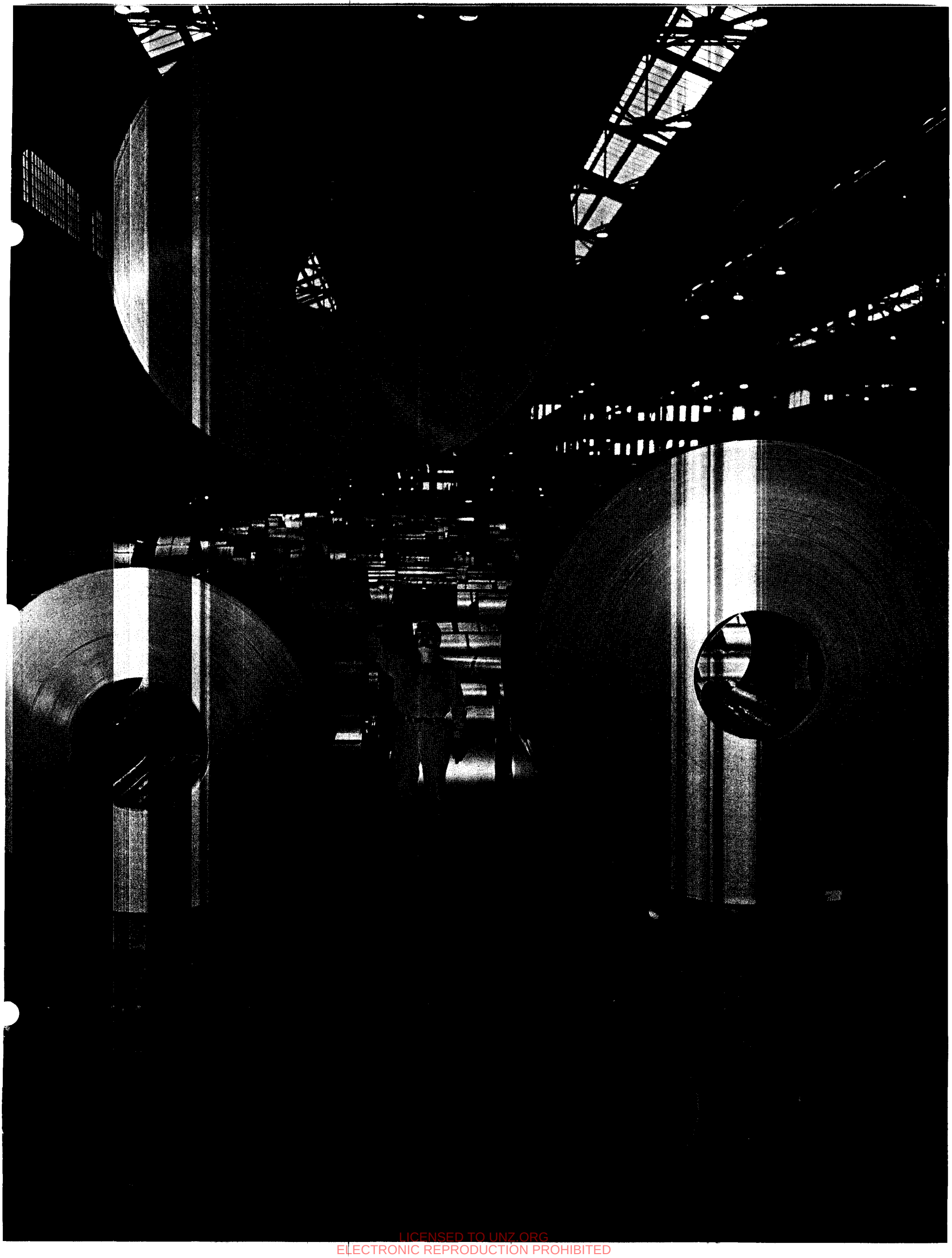

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STEVE LAWRENCE, A GUY FROM BROOKLYN

At 28, he shuttles wildly between two worlds. In one, he's just plain folk

EYDIE GORME, wearing blue jeans and a shirt, was dashing around her new kitchen, trying to get dinner on the table. Across the foyer and down the hall of the vast 10-room apartment, the kids, four-year-old David and two-year-old Michael, were already buttoned into their sleepers and bouncing on their beds, waiting for Daddy to come home.

Then a key turned, and the voice of Daddy was heard in the hall. "I'm home already," said Steve Lawrence, flinging his jacket onto a chair. The kids shrieked, and Steve went to the nursery to administer good-night kisses. He caught up with Eydie at the kitchen door, she with a pot holder in one hand and a cigarette in the other, and they exchanged connubial pecks. Steve washed up, went to the bar in the living room and fixed drinks—a Cinzano on the rocks for Eydie, a bourbon and ginger for himself. He sat down at the kitchen table in a movie-director-style chair stenciled STEVE on the back, lit a cigarette and sipped his drink. Eydie brought on the meal—veal scallopini, string beans in tomato sauce, a salad and stacks of matzos, without which Steve feels no meal is complete.

Suddenly Eydie broke into song. "People who need people . . ." she warbled, choosing a tune from *Funny Girl*. Steve picked it up and sold it back: ". . . are the luckiest people in the world."

"So eat it while it's hot," said Eydie, sitting down in *her* movie-director-style chair stenciled EYDIE on the back. And they talked and sang to each other over the veal and beans and matzos for 40 minutes, until the management at the 54th Street Theater, where Steve is starring in *What Makes Sammy Run?*, called up to point out that it was time he was in his dressing room.

This domestic scene may seem excessively quaint for so public a pair, but the fame of Steve and Eydie has been heavily based on their being "just folks." As their agent, Ken Greengrass, proudly puts it, "They are true children of TV. The whole country saw them grow up, get married and have children" on Steve Allen's old *Tonight* show. As such, their life has become a video serial, a kind of *hamishe Dick Van Dyke Show* on-screen and off.

With and without Eydie, the 28-year-old Steve has had a phenomenally successful career in show business. His record sales place him in the front ranks of America's pop singers, and his night-club engagements with Eydie have been enormously popular—for one four-week date in Las Vegas last year they received $100,000. *Sammy*, a stodgy show, has proved a smashing personal triumph for Lawrence, and he now is set to head a series of NBC-TV specials in the fall.

Outside the public eye Steve is also a busy man, and the demands of *Sammy* put some strain on his business life. He's not only a recording artist but a record producer and music publisher. The time he puts in onstage is small compared to the time he devotes to other activities.

One recent and typical afternoon, after the final matinee curtain of *Sammy*, went something like this: First, a couple of friends dropped into Steve's tiny, barren dressing room, lit cigarettes and chatted about how the show was nothing but he was everything. Then came a photographer and two ladies from Nashville, and Steve posed with the ladies in a corner, while everyone else hugged the walls. Suddenly in walked Steve's Aunt Helen and Uncle Vic and about a dozen of their family and friends from The Bronx, and Steve grabbed each one tightly around the neck to exchange kisses. Aunt Helen produced a photograph. "Here is a picture from Irving's *bar mitzvah*," she told Steve, "and you were there." "I remember, I remember," Steve said. "And here is Irving," said Aunt Helen, indicating Irving in the crowd. "Would you believe it, how he's grown?" Steve said he

"They are true children of TV," says one friend of Steve and wife Eydie Gorme. "The whole country saw them grow up, get married and have children."

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In the other, he plays the millionaire boy wonder.

BY RICHARD ATCHESON

wouldn't. "So how's Eydie?" Aunt Helen asked, and Steve said she was fine. Then he gave his personally autographed picture to everybody in the room, including the Nashville ladies, and they all left, utterly transported. Steve popped a honey drop into his mouth, lit a cigarette, sipped at the dregs of some ginger ale and cold-creamed away his makeup. Then he changed into a trim checked suit ("I change my clothes so much, I feel like a stripper," he observed), perched a checked hat rakishly over one eye, glad-handed his way through a writhing throng of teen-agers and old ladies at the stage door, and taxied a few blocks to a recording studio.

Within a control room, agent Greengrass and singer Don Cornell were listening to tapes Cornell had cut that day for GLG Productions, Inc., which is the record-producing company run by Steve, Eydie and Greengrass. As Cornell's voice sobbed the lyric of a new Johnny Mercer song, *You Know You Don't Want Me*, Cornell and Steve mouthed the words. They played the tape four times, and each time they liked it better. Then Steve took off for the GLG offices, nicely housed in a penthouse on Times Square, for an hour-long meeting involving Greengrass and a handful of oval-shaped men in sharp blue suits. Steve finally had to duck out early to make supper with Eydie at home.

Their marriage, now six years old, has thrived. Eydie and Steve are still, in their own minds, a girl from The Bronx and a guy from Brooklyn, and they show no disposition to forget it. Put them against any middle-class backdrop, and they would look completely at home. The outgoing Eydie is all big eyes and freckles. Steve, quieter, less articulate and spontaneous, faces the world with a broad, pushed-in, friendly sort of face, a new, improved version of the frog prince. He is squat, she is plump. But all this has been no drawback. Their stage manner, like their singing style, is warm, informal, comfortable. Audiences believe in them.

In fact, Steve and Eydie are very believable, but their careers have placed them in an unbelievable situation for people otherwise so average. They are very rich ("I guess I'm a millionaire," says Steve), and as a result, find themselves cut off from people of their own age. One of their few close friends is Judy Tannen, their secretary, who works all hours, takes dictation from Steve through bathroom doors, plans luncheons and goes to temple with Eydie.

Sensing their social isolation, Judy introduced them to Don Kirshner, a former song peddler who enjoyed a lightning rise in the record business. He was a millionaire before he was 27, and is now, at 30, head of music operations for Columbia Pictures. Kirshner and his wife are frequent tenants of the Lawrence living room, which converts into a movie theater, complete with wide screen. "This is where we spend a lot of weekends," says Steve. "The Kirshners and a couple of other couples, we're all horror and science-fiction nuts—*The Monster of the Blue Lagoon*, that kind of stuff."

The Lawrence living room, lavishly upholstered in blue and green, reflects the splendors of the rest of their apartment. The den is paneled in aged rosewood, has wall fixtures with bare-breasted ladies, and a massive desk lined in gold-stamped green leather. It also has an electronic console for records and tapes, with speakers plugged into all 10 rooms. The bedroom, undergoing renovation, will have an entire wall devoted to closets. "The nice thing about being a success," says Steve, his hand gently smoothing the wood of a closet, "is that you can have the things you've always wanted." He put it another way one night to some of his colleagues, who were lamenting the awful privations of success. "Listen," he said, plucking at his chest. "You see this sweater? I paid forty dollars for it, and bought five more just like it. Once in my life I didn't think I'd ever be able to afford one sleeve. What have I got to complain about?"

It is not unusual for Steve to compute success strictly in dollars and cents. He was poor a long time before he was rich. He was born Sidney Liebowitz, the son of an immigrant Jewish cantor. The family lived in the tough Brownsville section of Brooklyn, where Steve's father doubled as a housepainter to keep the family eating. By the time Steve was 12, he and his brother Bernie, then 16, were writing and trying to peddle their songs, and competing in bars on amateur nights. Bernie, now in the record business, was originally the singer, and Steve played the piano, but when Bernie was drafted, Steve dropped his real name and, borrowing the first names of two nephews, became Steve Lawrence, vocalist.

At the age of 15 Steve won first prize on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* and appeared for a week on Godfrey's morning radio show. "I thought I was a big star already, and M-G-M would call me up and put me in a picture with Jane Powell or something," he recalls, "but nothing happened at all." By this time Steve was picking up a few dollars doing demonstration records. Eventually he graduated to jobs in roadhouses and strip joints where he was paid as much as $150 a week. "Everybody in my family was working hard for no more than forty to forty-five dollars a week," he says, "and here I had a chance to make some real money." So he quit school in favor of hard knocks in third-rate joints. "I'm not sorry," he says. "I really learned my business." Within two years he moved to Steve Allen's *Tonight* show, to fame, and subsequently, to Eydie.

The Lawrences share a busy breakfast among the elegances of Eydie's city kitchen.

Though he was highly successful for many years in television, on records and in nightclubs, Steve hungered for Broadway. He was dying to get the role of Sammy in *What Makes Sammy Run?* but he wasn't going to crawl for it. "I auditioned once, twice, then they wanted me to audition again," he recalls. "Well, I'm not exactly unknown in this business, and I said, 'Listen, I get a lot of money when I sing. I audition a third time for you, you gotta pay me $10,000 a week.' They said, 'That does it! You're Sammy!' "

When Steve started rehearsals, his way of doing things shocked some Broadway regulars. "It was pretty weird for us," said one member of the company. "He went everywhere with a big entourage—his wife, his agent, his secretary, a couple of out-of-work musicians. And when he'd come out to rehearse a number, his crowd would always be in the wings chanting, 'Go, Tiger, go!' Maybe that's OK in nightclubs, but we're not used to it. I'm not knocking him though. He's the only reason we're still in business." That is true. The show is more or less a turkey, but Steve Lawrence keeps it alive. Abe Burrows, who directed him in *Sammy*, says, "He's got buttons he hasn't thought of pushing yet." Steve thinks so too. "Now it's not a question of can I do a Broadway show," he says, "but what show do I want to do. And there's Hollywood. I've never done a movie."

What Steve Lawrence doesn't seem to realize is that he sometimes seems to be living a movie, very much the way Hollywood would do it. Every night when Steve leaves the theater, he says, "G'night, Pop" to the doorkeeper. "I don't know what that guy's name really is," Steve says, "but for years I saw in the movies how the actors always said, 'G'night, Pop,' when they left the theater, and now I can't resist doing it myself. I hope he doesn't mind." THE END

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Members of Crown Heights Association patrol streets at night. Although the patrols were started by Hasidic Jews, both non-Jews and nonwhites now participate.

THE MACCABEES RIDE AGAIN

By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ
Photographs by Ted Russell

With terror stalking the quiet streets of one Negro-white Brooklyn neighborhood, a group of ultra-Orthodox Jews has set up its own police force to combat local crime.

The Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn is just a stone's throw from Crown Heights. The distance has also been measured with sticks, bottles, knives and an occasional bullet. This April, when a gang of about 50 Bedford-Stuyvesant teen-agers invaded the yard of a Hebrew grade school, they used garbage-can covers and bicycle chains. Bedford-Stuyvesant is known as Brooklyn's Negro ghetto. Jews, of course, don't live in ghettos anymore. They live in neighborhoods like Crown Heights.

"Let's get those matzo balls!" shouted one of the Negro gang, a boy.

"Let's kill those Jews!" shouted another, a girl.

There were about 150 pupils in the yard, most of them sons of Hasidim, a sect of ultra-Orthodox Jews who take their name from the Hebrew word for "pious" and who believe that nothing on God's earth is bad, although things could be better. In the tradition of Jewish orthodoxy, all of the pupils were wearing hats, some of them the broad-rimmed crowns of blackness, which are part of the Hasidic armor against sin, and others the simple *yarmulkes*, or skull caps, which serve as a token reminder that there is always a greater Being overhead. Several of the pupils were even wearing the traditional Hasidic *peyos*, long curls of knotted sideburns. It was lunchtime, and the pupils were playing punchball, indulging in a game called peg, arguing about Mickey Mantle and discussing the best ways to steal second base, a transgression which, after all, is not specifically prohibited by the Torah. None of the pupils was older than 11, and they were no match for the marauders from Bedford-Stuyvesant. The attackers, swinging the chains and slashing with switchblades, mowed down the younger children. When the attack was over, 16 of the Jewish students were left with bloody wounds and one of their teachers, a 100-pound rabbi, had been trampled underfoot.

As Rabbi Schrage, administrator of the school says, "This is a serious story." But then, as he also says, "I'm a Hasid. When I'm suffering, when I'm feeling bad, I must be able to stop it and say, 'Now it's time to be happy.' No matter how distressed I may be one minute, the next minute I can be extremely happy, even singing a joyous song. You know, this is a very healthy thing. Oh, is this healthy! You don't have to eat your heart out. I've got no time for anxiety or any of that jazz."

His full name is Rabbi Samuel Schrage, but everyone calls him simply "rabbi," or sometimes just plain "Schrage." Even at five feet, seven and a half inches, he is one of the most formidable figures of Crown Heights, walking down the one-way avenues in his *yarmulke*, beard and shirt sleeves, smoking cigarettes when he isn't puffing on a bummed cigar, greeting passers-by with "*Shalom Aleichem*" ("peace be with you") as if it were a command, and dispensing advice out of an authority that seems to have been handed down from King Solomon. "Make

At their headquarters in ex-corset shop, Maccabees check a map and man the radio.

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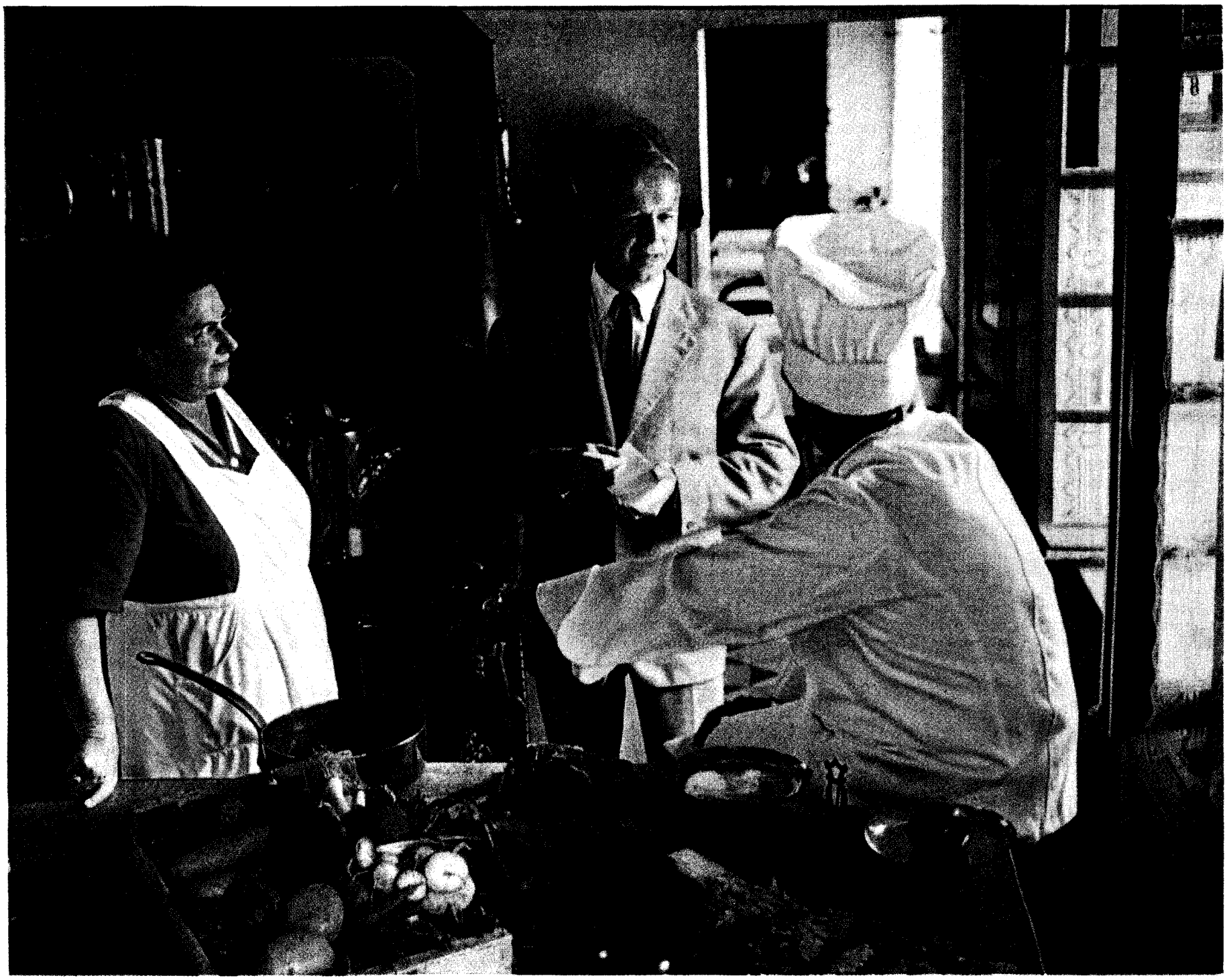
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



A Campbell Flavor Scout visits a kitchen in Normandy

Since 1904, our "cook's tours" have helped us bring you the best in flavors

Most good home cooks are always on the lookout for a unique flavoring idea that can make one of their favorite dishes taste even better.

So is Campbell's. The men we call our Flavor Scouts, for example, taste their way through many parts of Europe, and North America too, just in the hope of discovering some little touch that makes good dishes even better.

They visit the great and famous places of cuisine. And often, the little known, too. With their sensitive and educated palates, they examine and compare unusual blendings of flavors. They develop to a high point an appreciation of the art of cooking in many countries. They're stimulated and inspired by ideas for new products and by ways to add new flavor to old favorites.

If you enjoy good food yourself, you might well say that this is one of the most pleasant kind of jobs. But it has this very practical purpose—to help us keep in touch with good cooking everywhere to be sure the foods we bring you are as unfailingly fine as we want them to be. You see, no matter how far afield it takes us, nothing is too much trouble if it helps us live up to the spirit of this motto: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

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THE MACCABEES EMBARRASS N.Y. POLICE.

Maccabees Ride Again

no mistake," says Rabbi Schrage, who is 28 and who has a girth which is only an inch or so short of making him look roly-poly. "I'm not a big rabbi—a *rebbe*. A *rebbe* is like a prince, he's a member of a dynasty. They have big, big *rebbes* here in Crown Heights, but I'm not one of them. Me, I'm some sort of a kosher district attorney."

He is not really a D.A., but he is something almost as good—chief of his own police force. Although there are 26,135 policemen in New York, Rabbi Schrage felt there weren't enough of them in Crown Heights, a middle-class neighborhood engulfed by a crime wave. Purse snatchings, muggings and burglaries have become common in the area. Rabbi Schrage and other members of the Crown Heights community became particularly outraged after the wife of a Hasidic rabbi was slashed with a knife by a Negro who also tried to rape her.

Deciding that it was time to be happy, Rabbi Schrage moved into an empty corset shop around the corner from his house, equipped it with a two-way radio, borrowed four cars from a rabbinical student who also happened to own an auto rental agency, and set up a system of dusk-to-dawn patrols in Crown Heights. Some of the equipment was donated; what little preliminary money was needed came from the rabbi's own pocket.

He offered free taxi service to worshipers leaving Saturday-night services at the synagogues, to the nurses traveling to and from duty at Crown Heights hospitals, and to housewives coming home from late-night mah-jongg games. "It's pretty funny, isn't it?" he says. "I mean, to see a bunch of guys with beards and *yarmulkes* riding around like kosher cops—with two-way radios, no less. This whole thing is crazy, but it had to be done."

Officially, Rabbi Schrage's unarmed patrol force calls itself the Crown Heights Association. But in the neighborhood candy stores, where kids snitch free looks at comic books while drinking sodas; in the supermarkets, where Hasidic women with turbans over their shaved heads shop for kosher frozen TV dinners; in the *mikvahs* or ritualarium baths, where the religious immerse themselves for spiritual purification; in the synagogues, one, two and three to a block, some of them in reconverted private homes, Rabbi Schrage's night-riders are known affectionately as the Maccabees. The nickname, applied by the New York newspapers, refers to the Biblical followers of Judas Maccabeus, who roamed the Holy Land in the second century before Christ, resisting Greek and Syrian efforts to force idol worship on the Jews. As for himself, Rabbi Schrage refers to his movement as *Zelbstshutz*, or self-protection. "*Zelbstshutz* is a European idea," he explains. "In Europe, at the time of persecution of the Jews, you couldn't look to the police because they were more anti-Semitic than anybody else. Fortunately," he adds with a condescending nod, "that's not the case here."

Zelbstshutz, in fact, is the greeting used by Rabbi Schrage when he answers the telephone in his Crown Heights corset-shop headquarters. New York police, obviously embarrassed by the Maccabees, have asked them to join the city auxiliary police force. But, in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Negro leaders are more than embarrassed by Rabbi Schrage's group. "They're vigilantes, that's what they are," says Negro Assemblyman Thomas Russell Jones. "Vigilantes are vigilantes, whether they are white, Negro, Jewish, Japanese or anything else. They take upon themselves the determination of who is a criminal. This is a police function." In reply, Rabbi Schrage has asked his neighbors in Bedford-Stuyvesant not to make a racial issue out of Crown Heights' problem. "Crime," he says, "is color-blind." Besides, the Hasidim know all about civil rights. They never had to sit in the back of any buses, but one of the reasons for the emergence of their sect some 200 years ago was that certain Jews had to sit in the back of the synagogue.

The founder of Hasidim was an 18th-century Eastern European rabbi named Israel Baal Shem Tov, who delved into the mysteries of the Hebrew Cabal and who drew out of it a belief that wealth and scholarship might entitle a man to a front seat in the synagogue, but only joy and piety could earn him an audience with God. "There are two kinds of Jews," explains Rabbi Schrage. "There are the Hasidim and then there are the Misnaged. Do you want to know the difference? I'll tell you. A Misnaged is always worried, always sad, always aware of his transgressions. He always keeps a correct account of them in his mind, like on a balance sheet. And on the other side of the balance sheet he keeps an account of what punishments there are for what sins he's committed. When the time comes to go to *Jehinnom*, to Hell, he knows he's going to have to pay, and he's worried sick about it. The Hasidim, on the other hand, are joyous."

Crown Heights is what real-estate men describe as a changing neighborhood. When the prosperous Hasidim began moving in 15 years ago, the neighborhood was made up mostly of middle-class Jews in search of a Brooklyn suburbia who lived in Siamese-twin homes with flaking stucco, in red-brick, one-family castles, or in middle-aged mansions on 100-foot lots. There were also apartment houses with doormen. Nowadays the plaster is cracking in the apartments, and the doormen are gone. And the Hasidim—15,000 strong—are part of the landed gentry of Crown Heights.

Of the 400,000 inhabitants of Crown Heights, the Negro population now comprises some 25 percent, and adjacent Bedford-Stuyvesant seems to be enlarging its boundaries constantly. "We're being overrun," said Rabbi Schrage one night recently in the corset shop. He was sitting on a soda-pop box while a procession of bearded and behatted Hasidim approached him and held quick and urgent conversations in Yiddish.

On the walls, there were signs that said THINK SAFETY. There was also an American flag and large maps of Brooklyn with the Crown Heights section outlined in heavy black ink. "Out, out, everybody out, we're getting too crowded in here," said a young man in a zippered jacket. He wasn't wearing a hat. Over his heart, he wore an identification badge that said CROWN HTS. ASSN. "Cornell Beverages is going to donate $100," a man named Mendel reported to Rabbi Schrage. Rabbi Schrage peered up at him. "Some company is giving us seven more radios," reported a man with a black fedora and a long black beard. This time Rabbi Schrage nodded. "With all the publicity, people are sending me money from nowhere," he said. "I don't even have time for thank-you notes."

The corset shop was divided by a partition decorated with artificial green vines and white flowers. Above the doorway to the rear was a sign that said, COMMUNICATIONS PERSONNEL ONLY. Behind the partition a 19-year-old rabbinical student named Sidney Gordon sat hunched over a transmitter the size of a cakebox with a microphone in his hand. The transmitter had been placed inside a large corrugated box so Gordon could hear the calls better. His head, with a fedora and a beard, was half inside the box with the transmitter. "KBG4903 to Unit *Shomer*," said Gordon in a mechanical voice. "What's your 1020? That means what's your location." Unit *Shomer* reported back that it was on Empire Boulevard.

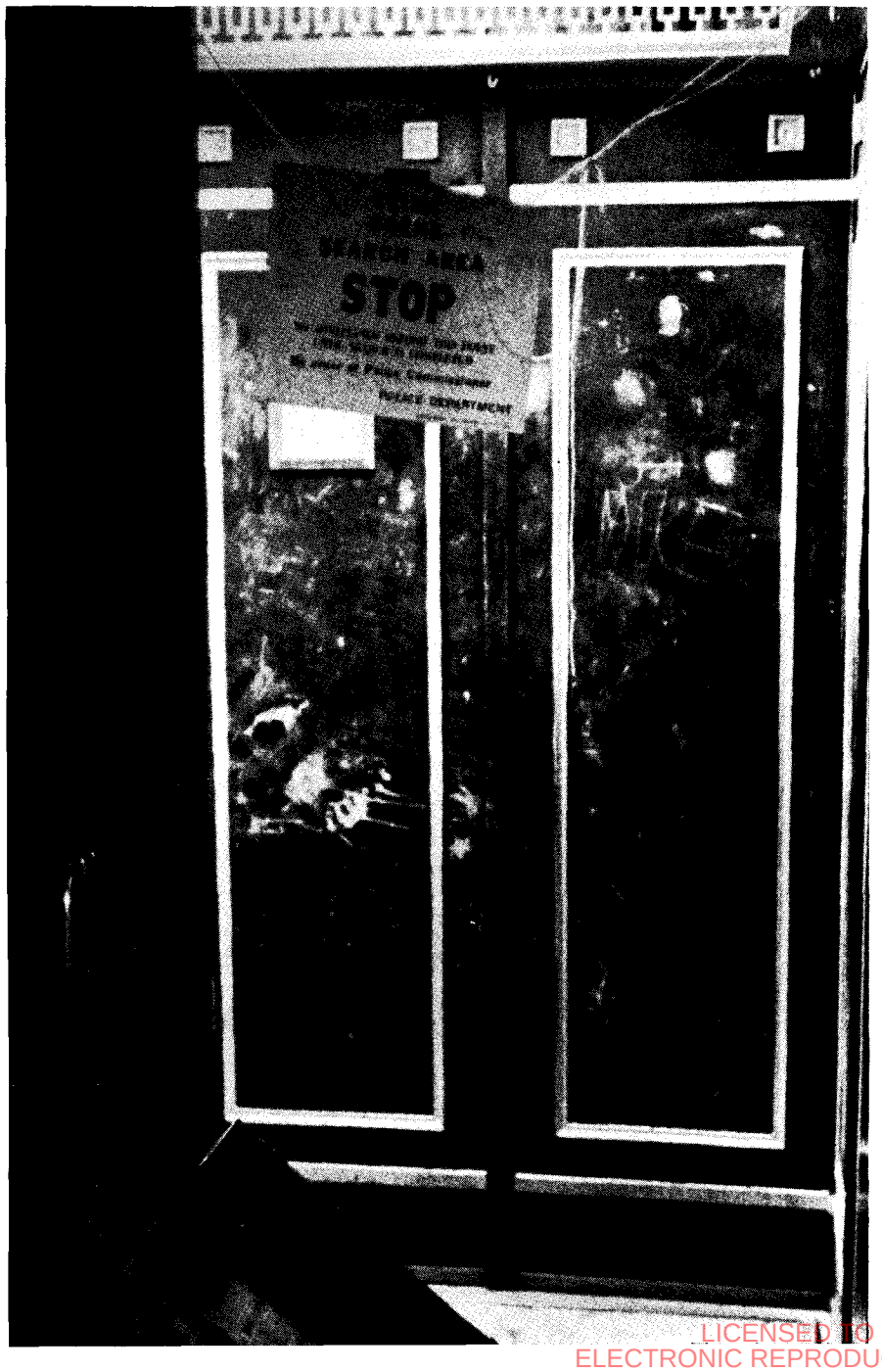
Prowler scared mother

Later, Gordon explained that *Shomer* is Hebrew for "watchman." He also explained that when he isn't a rabbinical student or a Maccabee, he owns a construction company. "The other night," he said, "I was on patrol and my mother called and there was a prowler in the back of my own house. My mother got so scared, she wants to move out. He was gone when we got there. I was so mad, I could have killed him."

The phone rang and Rabbi Schrage answered it. "*Zelbstshutz!*" he said. The caller was a woman who complained that a 10-year-old girl in her apartment building had been attacked in the hallway the week before. The woman said that the girl's parents were mutes and were too frightened to call the police. "If they have this trouble again," Rabbi Schrage answered, "tell them to call this number and tell them to scream three times. We'll know who it is. In the meantime, we'll watch that building." Rabbi Schrage hung up. "You don't get that kind of service from the police, do you?"

The radio crackled. Next to the transmitter was a pile of papers with squares mimeographed on them. They represented maps of the 100 blocks in Crown Heights. Gordon took one of the papers and marked the location of the two policemen in red ink. "We keep a record of where the cops are," he said. "That's so when we call police headquarters, we can tell them where the nearest cops are."

Rabbi Schrage, this time with a cigarette, was pacing in the anteroom, greeting



In heart of area patrolled by Maccabees, police sign hangs at scene of a murder.

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the stream of visitors who ventured inside from the crowd in front of the store. "The community is behind you 100 percent," said one of the visitors, another rabbi. He wasn't a Hasid and he wasn't wearing a beard. "I'm going to ask in *shul* tomorrow for a donation for you." Rabbi Schrage thanked him. "Tomorrow is Friday," Rabbi Schrage said, "tomorrow is *Shabbos* (Sabbath). We don't ride on *Shabbos*. Tomorrow night, we'll have our Christian division on duty."

Rabbi Schrage turned toward a slim man wearing glasses, a business suit and a fedora. It was his next-door neighbor. "Morty," Rabbi Schrage said, "who do we have tomorrow night? We'll have the Italian fellow, won't we?" The Italian fellow was Tony De Sario, a 250-pounder who worked five hours a day in a gas station and who spent the rest of his time playing with his ham radio in his Cadillac convertible. Twenty-four years old, he had heard the Maccabees talking back and forth on their citizens'-band wavelength, and he had decided to offer his services. "I thought I could help out," he said. "I've got a couple hundred dollars' worth of equipment—fire extinguishers, all kinds of emergency stuff. I've got things even the cops don't carry."

A call came over the radio from a patrol. "We ran out of gas on Empire Boulevard," the voice crackled.

"Where are they?" asked Tony. "I'll bring them gas. I always carry a few extra gallons in a tank in my car." Later that night Tony radioed the Maccabees when a mysterious car full of men began trailing his convertible. It turned out that the mysterious car belonged to another ham operator with a mobile radio who had been arguing over the airwaves with still another ham, and who had mistaken Tony for his antagonist.

Meanwhile, back at the corset shop, Rabbi Schrage warned his men, "Don't overuse the radio." In a corner of the anteroom, a rabbinical student with a blue embroidered *yarmulke* chuckled. "What good is a radio if you can't talk on it? We're all—you should pardon the expression—ham operators."

The Maccabees have divided Crown Heights into four districts, one for each patrol car. "I want to get it down so that a patrol passes by every house in Crown Heights once every two minutes," explained Rabbi Schrage. "Sometimes you can stand on a corner and not see a police car for an hour." In Unit *Shomer*, everyone was wearing a *yarmulke* except a reporter and a photographer. In their first week of operation, every Maccabee patrol car carried at least three Maccabees plus a reporter and a photographer.

Clinging to a suction cup on the dashboard in front of one driver was a Bible. "It's *my* Saint Christopher," the driver said. "Do you see this street? This is Kingston Avenue. It used to have stores open all night. Now it's dead. Everybody closes early because they're afraid of holdups. The other night there was a blind soap dealer who got off a subway train and two kids said they would take him home. They took him, all right. They took him home, and stabbed him and took all his money. A couple of weeks ago, we had a meeting with the captain of the precinct. He promised added police protection. But while he was talking, a block away a kid was snatching a woman's purse."

Next to the driver, a second Maccabee was on the microphone, radioing in the car's location every several blocks. "You better start heading down Utica—we haven't been there for a while," he told the driver. "I can't," said the driver. "I can't make a right." A reporter asked the third Maccabee if it was true that Hasidim often burst into song without provocation. "This I don't know," he said. "My father owns a toupee factory. If I have a good day in the factory, I sing. If I have a bad day, I scream."

Suddenly, the driver slowed. There were two men, a Negro and a white man, sitting in a parked car with the overhead light on. They were reading newspapers. "You know," said the driver, "that doesn't look kosher." He stepped on the gas to speed around the block. "That's the first unkosher thing I've seen tonight." They rode around the block several times, finally abandoning their observation when the suspicious pair in the car continued to just sit and read. The patrol car then turned into a back alley, part of its regular beat, shining flashlights into darkened yards and reporting "all quiet" to headquarters.

Accused of vigilantism, Rabbi Schrage, Maccabee leader, says: "This whole thing is crazy, but it must be done. We're being overrun."

In the first few days of their patrols the Maccabees claimed credit for leading the police to three arrests. "They were minor," Rabbi Schrage said, "but it shows what we can do." One of the Maccabee cars also reported a man "dead or drunk" lying on a front stoop, but when a group of Maccabee cars rushed to the scene, they found the man to be a 15-year-old boy sleeping under a coat. Another Maccabee patrol car got into a fender scrape when it made a right turn from the wrong lane. The drivers exchanged license information. Another time, a Maccabee car reported a prowler. "He was a Negro," said Schabse Gordon, an 18-year-old rabbinical student who is Sidney Gordon's brother. "He kept walking up to the front door of every house. So we identified ourselves and asked him who he was, and he said he was looking for St. Johns Place. He was drunk. We gave him a dollar, put him in a cab and sent him home."

On Friday night, the Jewish Sabbath, Rabbi Schrage's Christian division was under the command of the Rev. J. Bryan Griswold, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, which is located six blocks from Maccabee headquarters. "My congregation," he said, "although integrated, is about 80 percent West Indian and American Negroes. When I heard about this, I came right over and offered my help. As a Christian priest, I feel it's a matter of conscience. We have here in Crown Heights one of the most polyglot neighborhoods in New York City, and if we can't make it work here, is it going to work anywhere? Or are we constantly going to have racial and religious groups fleeing one another?" Father Griswold is white, but several of his Negro parishioners had volunteered to help him. So had a friend from another church, the Rev. Paul E. Borune, who took over the radio-dispatcher's job for a while.

Still another volunteer was Willie Johnson, a 31-year-old Negro six-footer. "I don't even live in this neighborhood," he said. "But I work here and I have friends here. My 15-year-old brother was once stabbed to death by a bunch of kids. It was a terrible and senseless thing.

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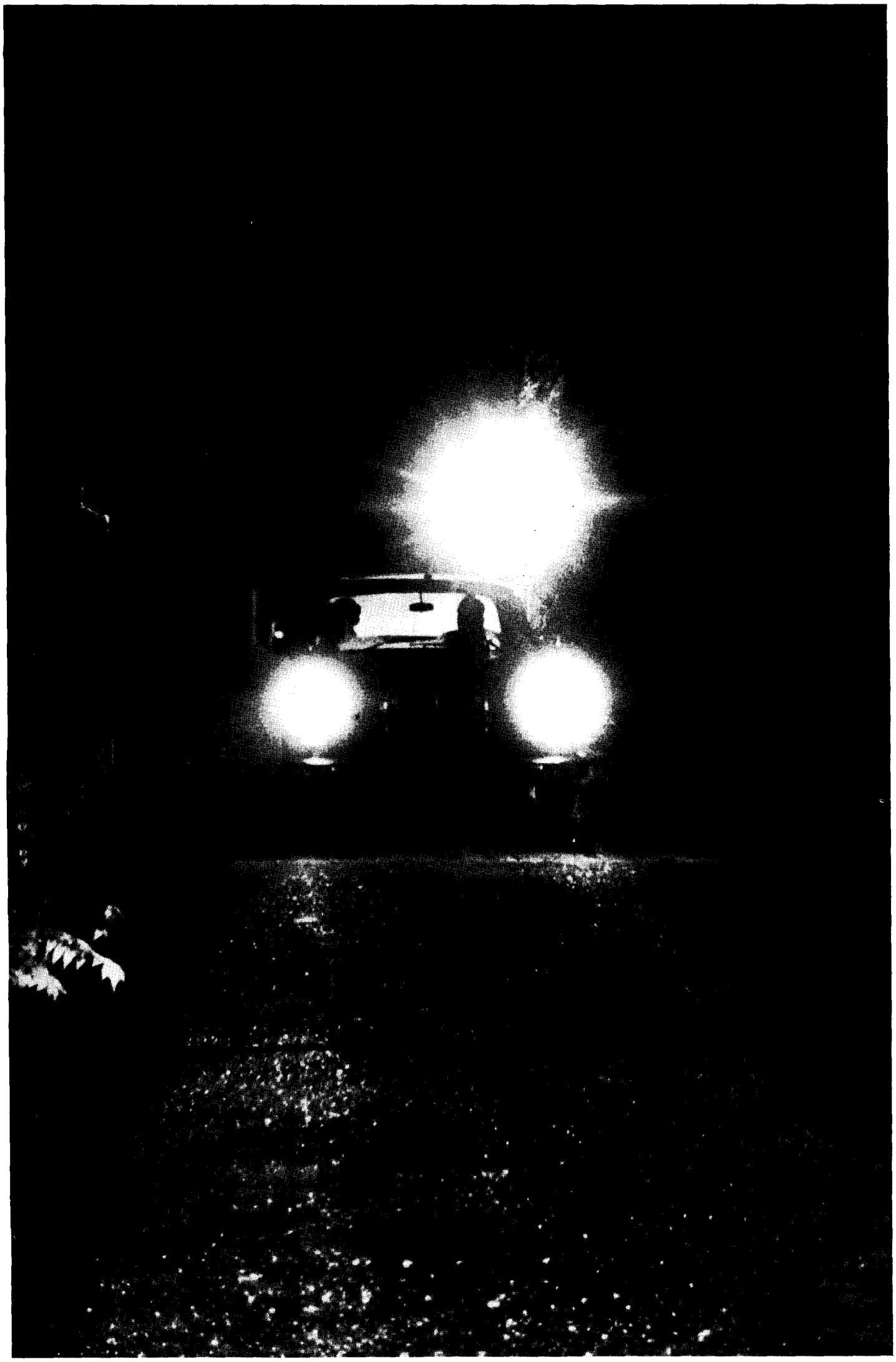
"IF THIS WOMAN HAD ONLY CALLED US, SHE WOULD BE ALIVE TODAY."



During the wee hours, Maccabees in a patrol car cruise down a back alley, shining flashlights into backyards in a search for prowlers.

Maccabees Ride Again

Maybe I can save someone else's life. There comes a time in a man's life when he has got to stop running."

The Hasidim, too, have always been running. "They don't like us," Rabbi Schrage says, "because of our beards, because of our long black coats, because we look different. See, the Hasidim are considered cheapies, weak. All of a sudden, we take a stand, we get a new respect. When a Jew is spat upon in the streets, must he say, 'It's only raining?' Should we turn our heads and pretend it didn't happen? I say you cannot solve a problem by ignoring it. Now we have work to do. We have a whole military organization, but it's very loose. And now they also want us to go patrol in Brownsville and Flushing and Coney Island and Flatbush. I can't become chief of police of the whole city."

One of the reasons why Rabbi Schrage can't be chief of police of the whole city is that New York City already has a police chief, Commissioner Michael J. Murphy. "I don't approve of the patrol force or disapprove of it," said Murphy when he learned of his competition in Brooklyn. "But I can't tell him not to continue the patrols." But he called Rabbi Schrage in for a meeting to discuss the situation with Bedford-Stuyvesant Negro leaders. After the meeting, Rabbi Schrage said he would agree to bring the Maccabees into New York's Auxiliary Police Force under three conditions, "Except," he added, "I don't think they'll agree to all the conditions. First," he said, "we decide what areas we're going to patrol and when. Second, our men may be allowed to keep our two-way radios. Third, one of us gets to become a captain. If it works out, then the police department is going to give us a room in the precinct. Except there's one other condition that I don't think they're going to do. We want them to triple their force in Crown Heights."

Subsequently, the Police Department sent more than a score of six-footers from its riot-trained Tactical Patrol Force into Crown Heights. The action did not avert the kind of violence the Maccabees had hoped to prevent. Just a week after the patrols began Miss Charlotte Lipsik, a 38-year-old schoolteacher, was found slashed, battered, disfigured, bloodied, raped and dying in the self-service elevator of her Crown Heights apartment house. With a schoolteacher girl friend, she had spent that day at the Guggenheim Museum, and that evening at a movie. The police figured that she had gotten off the subway in Crown Heights, had walked to her apartment building and had pressed the button for the elevator at about 12:20 A.M. Her clothes were torn from her, and her jaw shattered when she was found a short time past 1:00 A.M. by two young men. She died less than three hours later.

As Rabbi Schrage points out, this is a serious story. "Last night," he explained the day after the murder, "we took 16 nurses home. We take them home not only to their houses, but inside their door. We go with them. If this woman—this schoolteacher—had called us to take her home, this would not have happened. She would be alive today." THE END

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By LEWIS H. LAPHAM

The manatee is a gentle creature, guileless and overgrown with moss. In the olden time, a manatee could drowse safely in the rivers and canals of southern Florida, drifting with the tide and eating flowers. So fat and so lazy did the greedier manatees become that they ceased to notice which way the tide washed them. Sooner or later, of course, the easy life had to come to an end.

The Government caught up with them last April, in a muddy backwater near the Miami airport. There, floating among lily pads, five unsuspecting manatees blundered into heavy nets, betrayed by their passion for water hyacinths.

Their capture had been ordered by the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District, a state agency that hopes to put them to work eating weeds in drainage canals. If the first five manatees cooperate and eat the weeds they are assigned, the district intends to corral all the other manatees in Florida, probably no more than a few hundred, and employ them at the same task.

The gentlemen who run the district's affairs are sober and serious-minded citizens, fully aware of the ludicrous aspects of their scheme. So costly is their trouble with weeds, however, that they no longer worry about keeping up conventional appearances.

In the words of Robert R. (Jack) Horner, the district vice chairman who first suggested the manatees: "I've gotten to the point, my friend, where nothing seems ridiculous."

The weeds, both floating and submerged, block the flow of water in the 1,500 miles of canal under the district's supervision, thus making it impossible to regulate the water levels accurately. (The canals drain off the heavy summer rains and furnish a safeguard against floods.) As the cost of removing the weeds increased ($130,000 last year; an estimated $500,000 in 1968), Horner gladly listened to anybody with an idea.

"If you think manatees are silly," he said last spring, "you should have heard some of the other propositions."

The district also entertained proposals for the use of mowing machines, microbes, snails and hippopotamuses. The mowing machines proved even more expensive than the present method of plowing with a steel A-frame towed behind a surplus amphibious duck. The microbes, offered by a biologist who had developed them for use against the Japanese in World War II, threatened to exterminate all the fish in the canals. The snails were rejected on the ground that too many of them (at least 100 million) would have been required for the work. Hippopotamuses, although fond of weeds and suited to the climate, were thought inappropriate to what Horner called "The Florida Image."

"The trouble with a hippo," he said, "is that it can get out of the water. . . .

Netted aboard a trawler, the manatee is too lazy even to put up a good struggle.

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Florida gives a critical chore to the laziest animal alive.

CAN THE MANATEE SAVE FLORIDA?

This manatee pair express by their drizzlepuss mien how all manatees feel toward all forms of strenuous exertion except eating.

You can imagine how it would look in Palm Beach or Fort Lauderdale if you had hippos lumbering over people's lawns."

His quest for manatees (noted for their helplessness out of water) began as a whimsical speculation. As long ago as 1960 Horner read a magazine article about two manatees devouring weeds in a canal in British Guiana. (The U.S. Government recently bought one of the two for work in the Panama Canal, an acquisition announced in several newspapers under the headline, CANAL PURCHASES LIVE MOWER.)

In Florida a manatee is known as a sea cow; for two years Horner and his colleagues invented jokes with western motifs, about sea-cow rustling or cattle drives in Lake Worth. (A friendly and humorous man in his early 40's, Horner, a graduate of West Point and formerly a landscape gardener in Palm Beach, enjoys a reputation as a wit.) As the other means of destroying the weeds failed, however, his jokes attracted increasingly serious attention. Lacking any specific information on the subject, the district, in the winter of 1962, sent urgent bulletins to mammalogists at universities and museums in Washington, New York, Chicago and Florida—with slender results.

The manatee leads so sluggish a life that few people, apparently, have ever bothered to inquire about it. During the 16th and 17th centuries it was thought to be an imaginary beast, seen only in dreams or visions. The female manatee or dugong (a similar creature found in the Indian Ocean) suckles its calf at pectoral udders, holding the calf with its flippers in the same way a woman holds her child. This gave credulous sailors material for pipe dreams about mermaids.

Upon close inspection, all illusions fade. A manatee weighs from 600 to over 2,000 pounds and often measures over 10 feet in length. It has a hairy snout, like a walrus, and a flat, round tail, like a beaver; its wrinkled hide, the color of an elephant's, is encrusted with mud, moss or barnacles; its eyes are small and narrow, like the eyes of a pig.

Amiable, harmless and exceedingly stupid, manatees wallow in the brackish coastal waters of Florida, the Carribean and Central and South America. Nothing harms them except man. Over the last 50 years the species has become nearly extinct because poachers kill it for its flesh, which, according to varying reports from those who have eaten it, tastes like either veal, shrimp or roast beef.

From the Flood Control District's point of view, however, the only relevant information concerned the manatee's appetite for weeds. All reports were favorable. Not only could a manatee consume 100 pounds of flowers or weeds every day (probably more if given the chance), but also, so said the experts, it doted on water hyacinths. Of all the plants clogging the drainage canals, among them southern naiad, coontail and alligator weed, the water hyacinth is both the loveliest and the most troublesome.

The plant's prevalence in Florida can be attributed solely to the generosity of the late Mrs. W. F. Fuller of Brooklyn, N.Y. She first saw a hyacinth, brought from Venezuela for the occasion, in an ornamental pool at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition of 1884. Overjoyed at the blue and lavender colors, Mrs. Fuller transported three plants to her estate near St. Augustine. For several years she remained content to float them as decorations in her fishpond. But being a romantic lady of large ambition, she soon decided to cast loose a few plants in the St. Johns River. Within 10 years at least one million acres of Florida's rivers and canals bloomed with water hyacinths. In some places they grow so thick that unwary motorists sometimes try to drive over them.

"A ghastly way to lose an automobile," Horner remarked. "The worst of it would be the shock."

At last convinced that manatees could best destroy Mrs. Fuller's handiwork (at a price that every taxpayer could afford), Horner persuaded the district to appropriate $29,000 for an experimental study. That sum, although large, is a pittance compared to the $10 million requested by the U.S. Corps of Engineers for a study of bothersome aquatic weeds.

Last fall the district signed contracts with Florida Atlantic University at Boca Raton and with the Miami Seaquarium. The university, fascinated by the prospect of turning nature against herself, agreed to assign biologists to answer the district's specific questions about a manatee's eating habits. The Seaquarium agreed to capture the subjects for the study.

The hunting of a manatee is a dull and tedious business. Although very large and very slow, a manatee seldom shows itself, merely sticking its nostrils out of water to breathe once every 10 or 15 minutes. The tip of its snout thus exposed to view resembles a chip of wood or a partially submerged coconut.

The Seaquarium trawler, under the command of Capt. Emil Hanson, set forth at dawn on April 2. The search was conducted with a leisurely calm entirely appropriate to its object. For two weeks the trawler sailed up and down the Intracoastal Waterway, passing yachts, fishing boats, parking lots, water-skiing concessions and motels. The crew, more accustomed to open sea, grumbled at the oppressive proximity of civilization. They lounged on deck, looking through binoculars at girls in bathing suits.

The difficulty of the search was further compounded by the lateness of the season. In winter manatees congregate in herds at the outlets of sewage or hydroelectric plants, basking in the water warmed by the machinery. (They are sensitive to cold and will die of pneumonia in water colder than 70 degrees.) The herds disperse in the spring, each manatee going its separate and obscure way.

Vice Chairman Horner came aboard the trawler every three or four days, aware that his reputation as a responsible public official depended on the success of the hunt. Despite his pardonable anxiety, he managed to retain his sense of humor. On a dismal Monday afternoon, informed that no manatees had yet been seen in their customary watering places, he observed, philosophically, "A good manatee nowadays is hard to find."

Any kind of manatee, even a nasty one, proved impossible to find until, on April 19, acting on a tip from an anonymous telephone call, the trawler located five of them in a backwater of the Miami River about six miles west of Biscayne Bay.

Their struggle was brief and clumsy. Captain Hanson's men cornered them against a mudbank at the edge of a municipal golf course. The largest among them, a female, weighed 2,170 pounds. Dragged first into outboard motorboats and then hoisted to the trawler in cargo nets, they were brought back to Miami lying on foam-rubber mattresses and squeaking peevishly.

They remained at the Seaquarium for six days, penned up in a remote tank where they caused little excitement. A mother harried by three noisy and curious children looked briefly into the tank, and then, without breaking her stride, hurried quickly away.

"Elephant fish," she said to her children, "nothing but elephant fish."

A 10-year-old boy wearing a Beethoven sweatshirt, when told that they were sea cows, asked, "Do they moo?"

The Flood Control District trucks came for them on a Thursday morning. Horner exuberantly named each of the manatees for nominees in the Florida gubernatorial primaries. Fortunately for Horner, all these nominees lost.

The trucks took the manatees away to a canal reserved for them on the outskirts of Fort Lauderdale, where, for the next three years, they will remain under observation. The district had already arranged for armed guards to protect the animals from the shotguns of poachers.

Horner accompanied the trucks north, following in his own car at a discreet distance. As the trucks passed through downtown Miami, the manatees, lying on their backs in wooden boxes half-filled with water, splashed towering plumes of water onto the streets.

"Ah," said Horner, in fond tones, "they are playful, they will be glad in their work. . . ." THE END

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The Republican delegates and spectators, growing impatient, were beginning to chant, "We want Thatch! We want Thatch!"

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THE 480

"I'M LEARNING SOMETHING," THATCH SAID ANGRILY. "A BIT AT A TIME, I DISCOVERED THAT YOU HAVE BEEN MANIPULATING ME. WHEN IT DAWNED ON ME, I COULD HAVE STRANGLED YOU."

By Eugene Burdick

Illustration by Diane and Leo Dillon

The stakes were high, the battle was vicious, and the prize was of great worth: the 1964 Republican nomination for the Presidency of the United States. Rockefeller and Goldwater had jumped off to early leads, but there were influential men in the party, among them New York lawyer Amos Bookbinder, who sought an alternate candidate. The man they found was John Thatch, an engineer who had soared to national prominence when he heroically settled a border dispute between India and Pakistan, and later caused the downfall of Philippine Communist leader Rizal Sipa. Working with Bookbinder to promote Thatch's candidacy were Madison Curver and Doctor Devlin, a young woman psychologist. They enlisted the services of Simulations Enterprises, a company which claimed it could predict the behavior of voters by using electronic computers. From the first, Thatch was a reluctant candidate. Though he had strong feelings of obligation to his country, he felt woefully inexperienced in political affairs, and he was deeply disturbed by the growing estrangement between himself and his beautiful part-Filipino wife, Terry, who had been a wartime prisoner of the Japanese. Working against Thatch was a wily Washington politician named Bert Kelly. He had a candidate of his own—Bryant Clark. Clark was vulnerable, however: He had been accused of being a conscientious objector during the war. Kelly was trying to make political capital out of the fact that Thatch had once spent a year in a mental hospital. If that failed, he still had an ace up his sleeve: He had come into possession of a secret diary, written in the Santo Tomás prison camp, that revealed damaging information about Thatch's wife.

CONCLUSION

At Republican National Headquarters, Bert Kelly glanced at the card again, reading the last few lines: "Retailer in hardware, substantial interests in real estate. Gives canned lecture on 'Salesmanship! America's Salvation in a Troubled World.' Nickname: Sam."

"Sam, I understand you perfectly," Kelly said into the telephone. "It doesn't matter to you or me that John Thatch spent a year in a mental institution, but what about the voters? The President is our number-one salesman, Sam. He sells the American way of life to other countries. I just don't think the American voters will turn that job over to a nut."

Sam interrupted. Kelly rolled his eyes. He had twenty more calls to make this morning.

"I know he's not a nut," Kelly said. "But we can't back a loser, Sam. This may be our last chance for eight years. If he picks up strength, I'll be with him. I'm not opposed to Thatch. I like the guy."

It's true, Kelly thought, as he put the telephone down. I'm not opposed to Thatch. I just like Bryant Clark better.

Kelly was bold and excited. This was the contest he loved, the thing he had trained for, where all his skills were used. He hummed, pushed a button, and told his secretary to get him that big-eared hick in Keene, New Hampshire.

Thatch was surprised. It hurt. He had felt ready, but as his wife Terry read the editorial aloud, the words struck a very tender spot.

"We have nothing but admiration for John Thatch and his splendid achievements. We applaud him as a courageous American, and are particularly proud of him as a fellow Californian. But we think the record of his mental instability is enough to stop the rumors that he will run for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Thatch does not have the political experience for such high elective office. He should be recognized as an inspiring American and a talented engineer, but he should confine his activities to fields with which he is familiar."

"More?" Terry asked, looking up.

"That's enough," he said. Terry showed no emotion. Somehow he wanted her to be angry, but she only looked up at him.

Thatch dialed Amos Bookbinder's law office. It took a few minutes to establish the connection from San Mateo to New York.

"Book, did you read that editorial in the *Dispatch?*"

"Yep. I also read one in a Buffalo paper which said you were a hero to bring mental illness out in the open, and as public-minded as that politician who confessed to being an alcoholic."

"Oh, hell. Can't we sue them for something like that?" Thatch said. "I'm not running for public office. Isn't there some law that protects the privacy of an individual?"

From the forthcoming McGraw-Hill book "The 480," by Eugene Burdick. © 1964 by KAMIMA, INC.

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BRIGHT
ORANGE
FLAVOR

The orange flavor of Fanta is so big and true that you can smell its good, bright orange aroma the moment you open the bottle. When you taste Fanta Orange Soda you'll realize that you have never tasted an orange flavor like this before. Fanta... another quality product of The Coca-Cola Company.

Fanta! Rich and true in taste

The 480

"There is, but you have to be a private individual," Bookbinder said. "You're not very private these days."

"But I'm not a candidate, either," Thatch said.

"I know that, Thatch, and I respect that," Bookbinder said. Thatch was aware of how gently, almost reverently, Book had talked to him since the pictures of his dramatic confrontation with Rizal Sipa had been televised. "Just forget things like this. I know it's hard, but history is working for you, Thatch."

Thatch felt a flush of embarrassment and said good-bye. He noticed how tightly he was gripping the receiver.

"Baby, baby, baby," Terry said, speaking the soft, pliant country Tagalog. It was the way a Filipino woman talked a man out of a rage. "You don't have to do it, baby. You don't have to do anything. Come here."

Her fingers ran through his hair, and she continued the old, comforting chant until Thatch relaxed in her arms.

"But Thatch has never concealed the fact that his wife is part Filipino," Madison Curver said to Doctor Devlin. "So how the hell can anyone think it's a secret, Dev?"

"It's not the reality. It's how a thing can be made to look that counts," she said. "One study showed that the Southerner is really only excited about the American Negro ——"

Curver was out of his chair. "Dev, what we need here is a drama which lets the Southerner off the hook—a situation where there is no appearance of secrecy. Thatch has to talk easily about it. Then there has to be the implication that Thatch and his wife are being persecuted, because ignorant people think she is part Negro. Then someone from the South, like Senator Reddick, has to tell the public gently that Mrs. Thatch is not a Negro, that every Southerner knows that, and that a fine woman is being persecuted—by the North. At once the Southerner is going to feel superior to the Northerner, and that hasn't happened for a long time."

"Only one thing," Doctor Devlin said. "How do we avoid the American Negroes' thinking that Thatch is going along with the Southern attitude?"

"Dev, you told me the answer to that one. Everyone sees what he wants to see. All it calls for is the right staging and the right lines for Thatch and enough ambiguity so that everyone can believe what he wants."

Bert Kelly listened, but not carefully, to Bryant Clark's deep voice coming through the receiver. His pudgy hands were turning over some cost sheets on his desk.

"Kelly, I saw a piece of literature someone is circulating in New Hampshire, and it's a disgrace," Clark said. "It keeps asking if Thatch's wife is Malay and whether a Malay's a Negroid type. They tell me there's another one circulating in New Hampshire which says flatly that Mrs. Thatch is a 'nigger.'"

"That's a pity," Kelly said.

"It's a lot more than that, and I want it stopped. I don't mind trading punches with Goldwater and Rockefeller, and answering questions that the Lodge and Nixon people plant at all the meetings, but these throwaways are a public disgrace."

"Bryant, there isn't a thing I can do about it," Kelly said. "Those things happen all the time. There are always some nuts around you can't control."

"Well, there is one thing you can do. Have the National Committee put out a statement repudiating the throwaways. I'll do the same."

For a moment Kelly felt like chuckling. Clark was more innocent than he had thought.

"I'll be glad to do it for the committee, Bryant, but if we put out a statement like that it will only give the thing national attention," Kelly said. "In addition. Thatch and all the other candidates would think you had made your statement for precisely that purpose."

There was a long silence on the telephone. Then Clark sighed and hung up.

Kelly turned to the cost lists on his desk. They were from a small nonunion printing shop in New Hampshire. Cost for an additional twenty thousand throwaways was just less than a penny each. Distribution included, the price came to two cents each.

Kelly scribbled an OK on the page, but did not add his initials. Nothing on the paper described what the throwaways would say. Kelly handled all that verbally.

He thought for a moment of the irony of his promoting the interests of the purest man he knew by methods which that man hated. But Clark did not understand, Kelly told himself. Throwaways like this were a legitimate part of the game, and Kelly had studied them to make sure they did not say anything false. To ask "Is a Malay a Negroid?" was not dishonest. It was merely a question. Bryant Clark could take another approach, of course. He could move about the country saying, "I don't believe in making a point of the fact that a man's wife is a Negro. I'm above all that."

Kelly laughed aloud. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

Moderator: Mr. Thatch, one of our panel members is Mr. Edgar Hudgins from Indiana, who is very interested in heredity and family background. Would you care to elaborate, Mr. Hudgins?
Hudgins: Well, Mr. Thatch, my question is simple. Lots of people in this country are worried about miscegenation and crossbreeding and that sort of thing.

Doctor Devlin looked at Curver. They were sitting in the sponsor's booth. In the studio below them the moderator sat at the middle of a curved table. Senator Reddick sat next to him, Thatch at the end of the table. On the other side were Hudgins and a female member of the White Citizens Council, named De Martine.

"My God, Dev, you staged it like the Inquisition," Curver said. "Sure you've got it under control?"

She shrugged. Curver forced his body into his usual slouch. Hudgins had to put his questions in just the right way. Everything hinged on that.

Thatch: I'm not sure I'm being asked a question.
Moderator: I'm sorry, Mr. Thatch, but Mr. Hudgins does have a question, I think.
Hudgins: Yes, I do. It's this: Do you think that mixing colored blood with white blood results in children that are inferior to both parents?
Thatch: Say that again.
Hudgins: Mixing blood, Malay and Caucasian, you know, that kind of thing—might it result in kids that are inferior?

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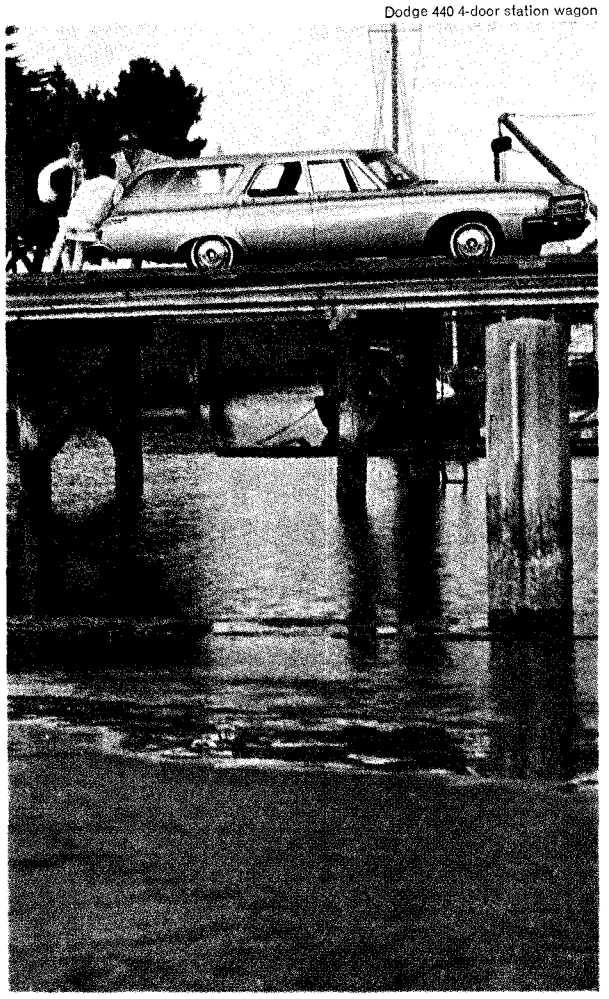
Dodge 440 4-door station wagon



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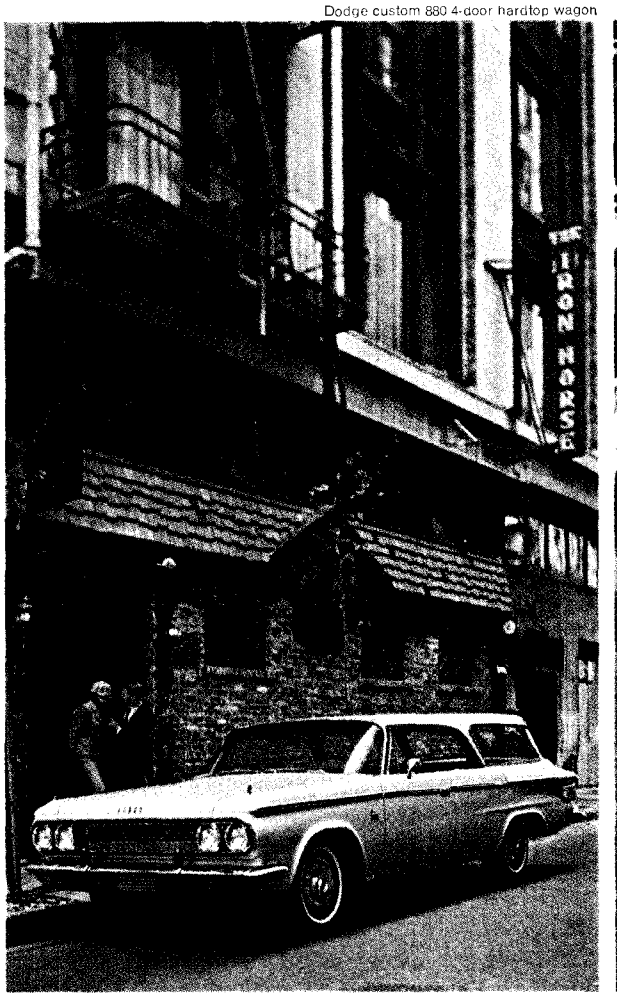
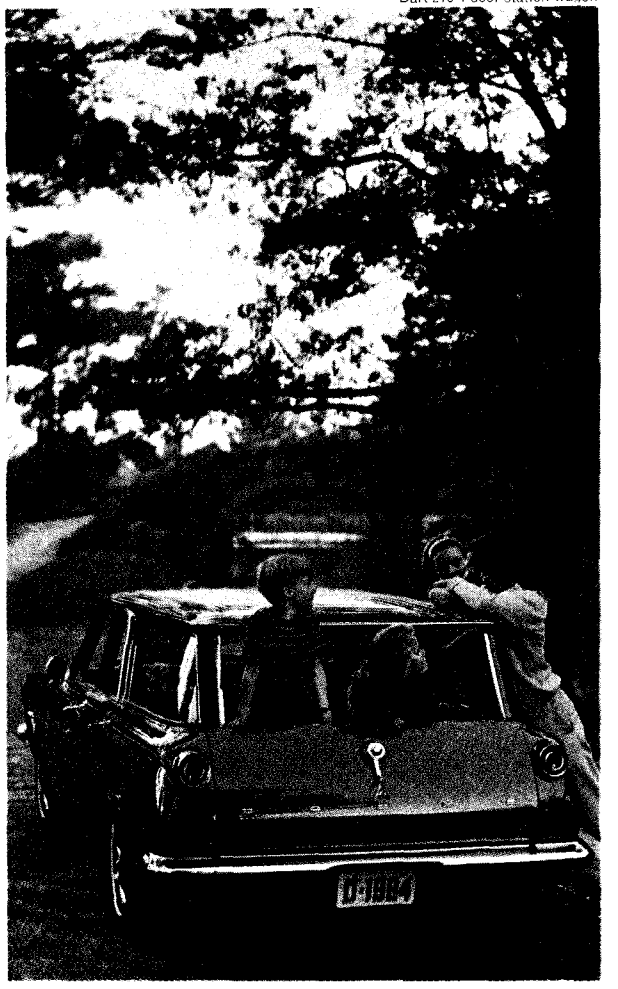


Dart 270 4-door station wagon



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Senator Reddick: If I may interrupt, this is a profoundly stupid question. Every civilized person knows that a Malay is not a Negro, and no Southerner would ask such a question. Not only is the question stupid, but it is most offensive and ungentlemanly. Are you aware, Mr. Hudgins, that Mr. Thatch happens to have a wife, a very lovely wife, who is part Malay?
Hudgins: I guess so. But it's a proper question. People are worried about it.
Reddick: I don't know anyone in the South who is worried about that question.
Thatch: Let me bring in some expert witnesses.

Silence. Thatch moved easily out of his chair and walked off camera. For thirty seconds the other members of the panel fidgeted until Thatch came back with two boys in their early teens.

Thatch: You ready for my answer?
Hudgins: Not really my question, Mr. Thatch; it's kind of the question of the American people and what they ——
Thatch: Hogwash, Mr. Hudgins. Do you have some direct line to the American people on this subject? These two boys might be mulattoes, mestizos, coloreds, half-breeds, Eurasians, gooks, mixed blood. You know why? Because they have some Malay blood in them. They look just like you and me, don't they? But if someone chose to, I guess he could call them all of the things I just ran off.
Hudgins: Mr. Thatch, I don't want to be rude to anyone. And I'm not looking for trouble. There's just no sense ——
Thatch: Ask the kids. They are my sons. They have about one-sixteenth Malay blood in them, I think. But ask them how miscegenated they feel.
Mrs. De Martine: I don't think those sweet boys ought to be asked what Senator Reddick has called a stupid question. I agree with the senator. We in the White Citizens Council don't think that Malay blood has any connection with our problem in the South.
Thatch: Ask them, Hudgins. They're more direct than you. They can recognize a question and answer it.
Hudgins (to moderator): I don't think it's quite fair to ask young boys what they think about these things.
Moderator: They are Mr. Thatch's sons, and if he wants them to speak I see no reason why they should not.

"This is it," Curver said. "This will get coverage like you haven't seen since that dog Checkers was trotted onto the scene."

Hudgins: Well, what do you think about mixing blood and religion and that sort of thing, boys? Nothing personal. Don't answer if it frightens you.
Tony: Mr. Hudgins, I'm Tony Thatch. I'm fifteen. Your question doesn't frighten me. I just don't see why you ask it. Isn't the whole American thing kind of trying to let everyone do what he wants about blood and religion and things like that?
Harry: Mr. Hudgins, I'm Harry Thatch. I'm thirteen. You know, most of the world is not white. I mean not pure white and all ——
Tony: What Harry wants to ask, Mr. Hudgins, is this: Do you think you're a member of a pure-white, superior, minority group? See, most of the people in the world are all mixed together and they have bigger problems than what color a man is. They're worried about getting food and medical care—things like that. Do you understand that, Mr. Hudgins?

Doctor Devlin looked at Curver. Behind the half-smile and the casual posture, she detected intense pleasure.

Moderator: Mr. Hudgins, I'm afraid I'll have to cut you off. Thank you all for your frank comments. Next week we will discuss the question of genetics and culture—the place where we left off tonight. Professor Clarence Wainwright of New York University will be with us ——

Terry Thatch wept after they put the boys to bed in the hotel rooms. She was neither apologetic nor angry. She merely wept.

"Thatch, it was extraordinary," Bookbinder said into the telephone. "I watched it with some friends, and everyone was with you. I apologize for that fool Hudgins, and I think most of your audience would agree. Thatch, there is a maturity among Americans that is often overlooked. I hope Terry understands that Hudgins is just an isolated damned fool. Tell her. And the boys were marvelous."

"Mad helped a lot," Thatch said. "It was his idea to have the boys there in case it came up. I frankly didn't think anyone would have the guts."

"It's a pretty gutsy game, Thatch," Bookbinder said. "Keep above it."

The nation's most prominent (and usually critical) TV columnist devoted all his space to the program three days later.

Quite easily the most dramatic television drama of the year appeared Tuesday night. It was unwritten, unrehearsed, and a much-needed tribute to television's power to show contemporary events as great drama.

The encounter, already famous, between Mr. John Thatch's two teen-age boys and Mr. Edgar Hudgins aroused one of the most frenzied reactions in many years.

Some of the results are in. Almost every large daily paper in the South ran an editorial supporting Senator Reddick's comments during the program. Viewer response was overwhelmingly in sympathy with the Thatch boys. All major networks have under consideration ideas for programs which would deal with controversial subjects in so forthright a manner.

"John, don't show the boys that clipping," Terry said. They were sitting alone in the cluttered ranch-house living room. "I can't stand the idea that they were speaking other people's words. Did you listen? Tony and Harry don't talk like that. Somebody gave them those lines."

The next day Mad and Doctor Devlin were summoned to Bookbinder's office. They found him pacing and obviously angry, his shoulders hunched.

"Let's make it quick," Bookbinder said. "One of Kelly's boys came to me and said that Hudgins's question on the TV program was planted."

"Planted isn't the right word, Book," Curver began. "I suggested to Hudgins that because Terry has a sort of Spanish look and there has been a little talk about her, we ought to get it out in the open and ——"

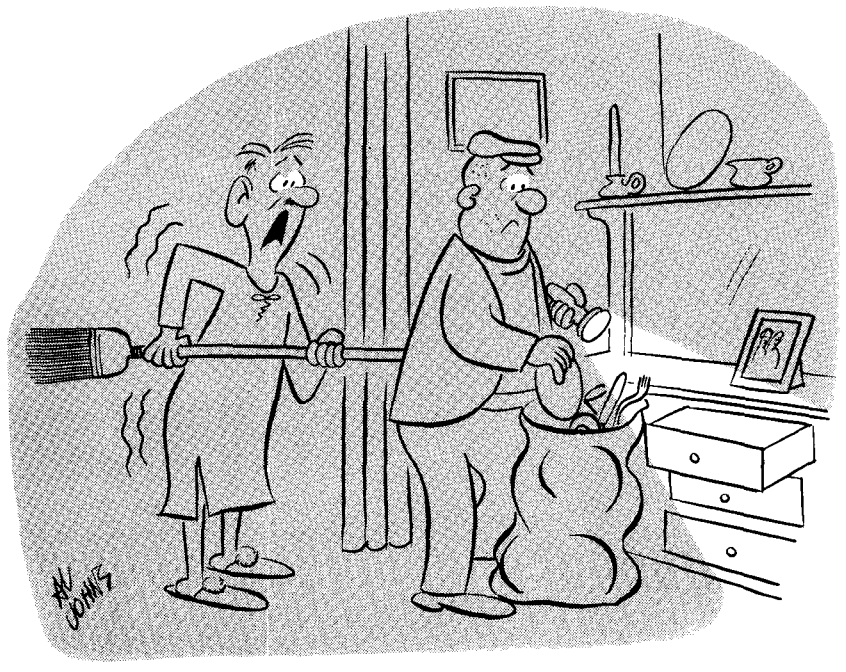
"That's enough, Mad," Bookbinder said. He was white across the mouth, but his forehead was flushed. "The two of you are through with the campaign as of now. I don't want you to see or talk to Thatch. Mad, you have the cashier arrange to pay Doctor Devlin off. Then you get back to your legal work. I'll handle the politics from now on."

"You'll what?" Doctor Devlin said, and gave a sharp, bitter laugh. Fascinated, Mad watched her gather herself for the attack. "Bookbinder, if you meddle with this thing you are going to ruin Thatch's chances, your own reputation, and whatever feeble power the Republican Party has." She stood up and walked around the table, close to Bookbinder. "You are a fool in a special way. You don't have the facts and you can't understand them when someone else puts them before you."

Bookbinder drew back from the woman. The words whipped out of her mouth with a ferocity he had never heard, even from passionate trial lawyers.

"Doctor Devlin, get out of here and don't bother me again," Bookbinder said. His voice was trembling and uncertain.

"Oh, no. Not yet," she said. "You ran across John Thatch by accident. You wanted, you said, to get some fresh blood in the party and give the Democrats a good race. And then that second heroic act of his hit you, and his performance at Atlantic City hit you, and you fell under the most primitive kind of spell. You began to believe that Thatch was touched with something holy. Right now you



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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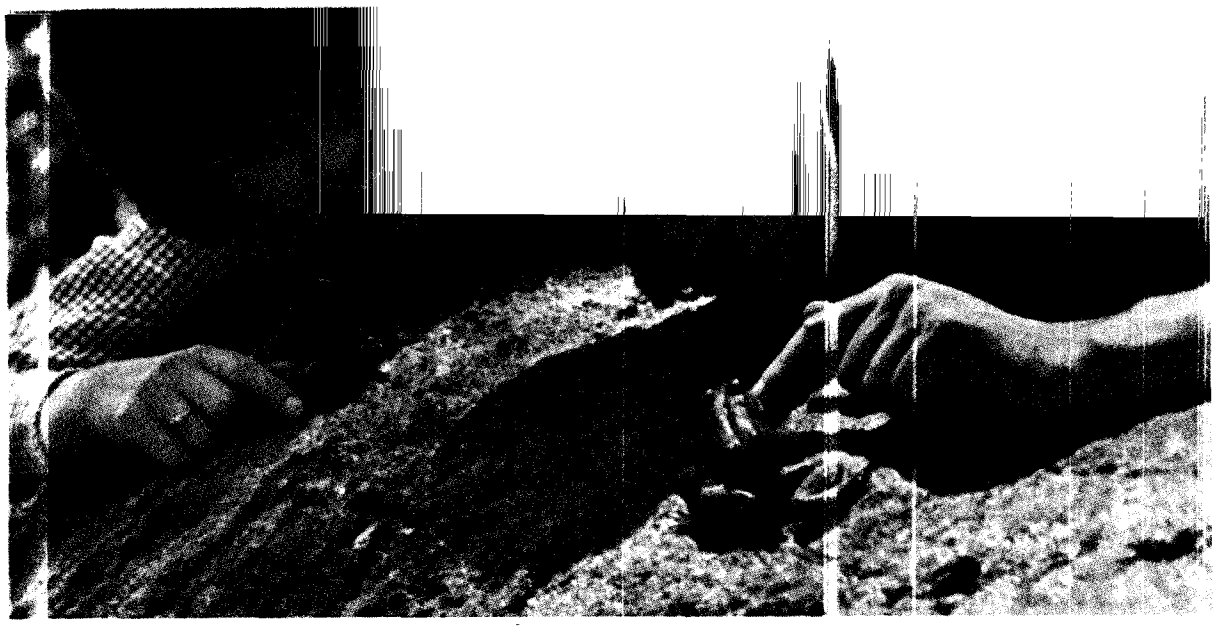

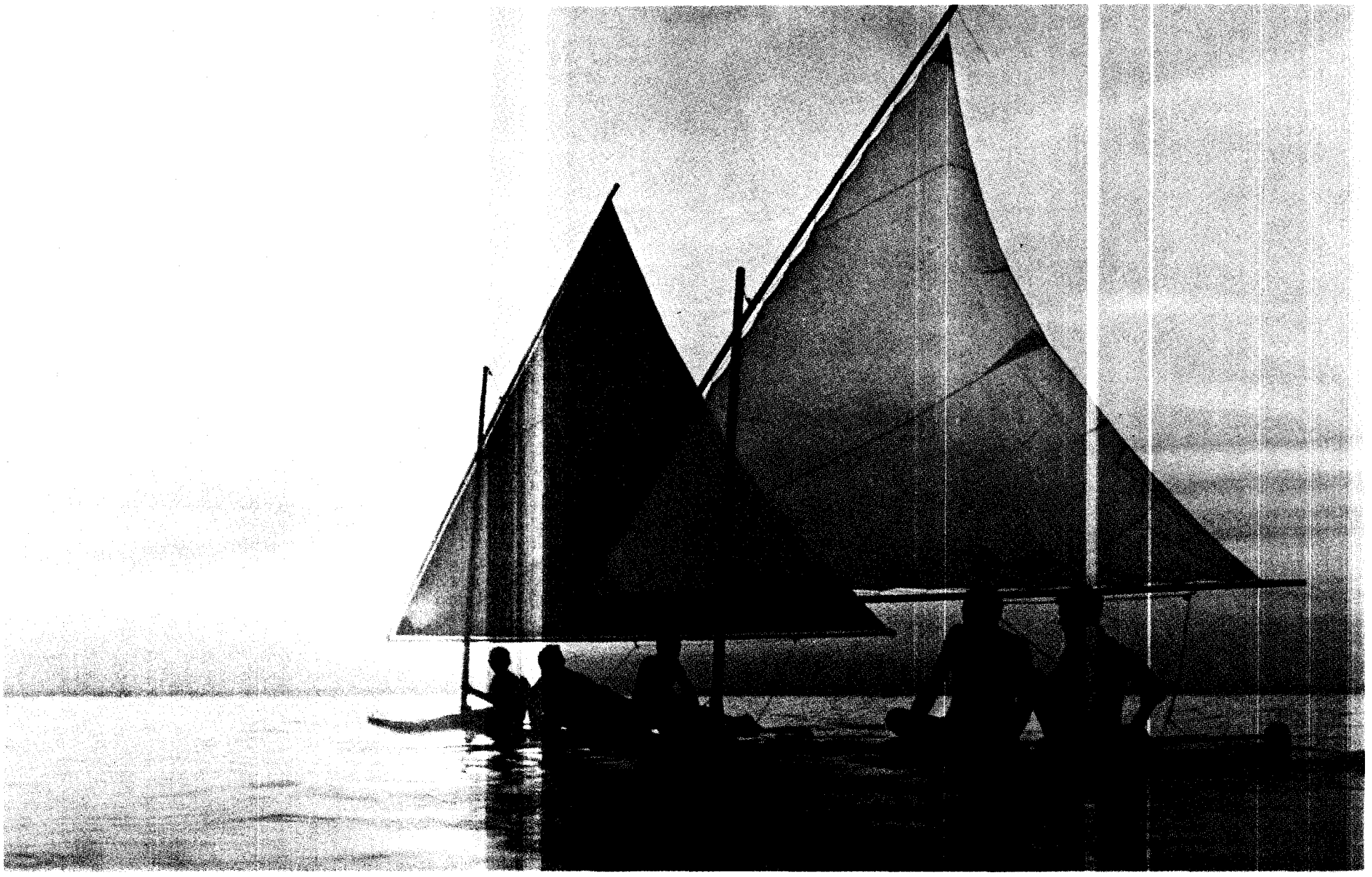

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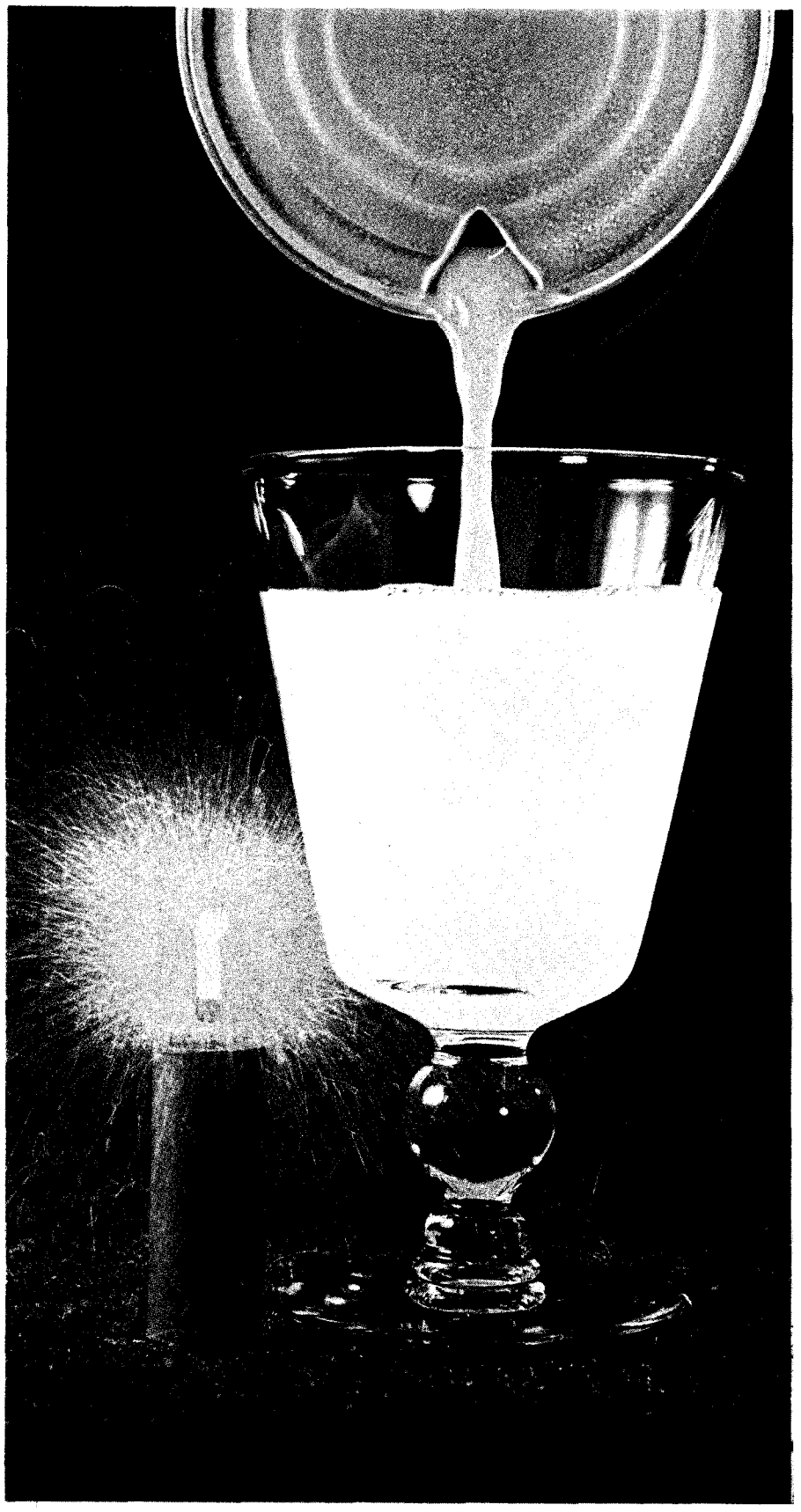

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think he is a man with a divine spark. And it strikes you as sacrilegious that someone would trick the great man, that Mad would plant a question with a reporter."

Curver had meant to stop her when she first started to talk. Now he listened, speechless. Bookbinder, when Doctor Devlin mentioned Thatch, had gone limp. He leaned back and stared at the woman attacking him.

"Go on with it. Get it out," Bookbinder said.

"It's no use. You are hopeless, and all your noble talk of political conflict and the majestic sweep of the American way is disgusting," she said. "But I will go on because it makes *me* feel better. Thatch's speech on the bridge was an accident. Once he saw that it was a success and he could lead—a man who had felt deeply that he could *not* lead—all the rest is easy to understand. You accuse us of manipulation. Don't you see, you rich, self-indulgent fool, that *you* are manipulating him too? Every time you praise him, or your voice goes soft with admiration, you are manipulating him. No, you don't see that, do you?"

Doctor Devlin turned to Curver. Surprisingly, she was quite relaxed, and the rigid control she usually exercised was gone. She seemed much younger and more appealing to Curver.

"I would like you to finish," Bookbinder said. "Some of what you say is correct. Go on."

"I will, although I'm not enjoying it. Oh, I did the first few seconds, but not after that. Mad and I have manipulated Thatch in a deliberate way, thinking out what we want to achieve before we do it. We want to get Thatch the Republican nomination."

Bookbinder held up his hand. He smiled thinly. "I have manipulated Thatch," he said. He closed his eyes. "I confess to that. And I did it in the name of big and wonderful things like patriotism, and that is the most vulgar excuse for committing a wrong that I know of."

Bookbinder was generous, and Curver thought that Dev's mood would change. He stiffened when she lashed out again.

"Don't confound stupidity with morality," she said. "The not-so-sly suggestion in your last remark that Mad and I were thinking evil and you were thinking good while we both did the same thing is marvelous solace—if you are thirteen years old or on your deathbed."

Bookbinder's eyes opened, but he stayed calm. "I did not mean to imply ——"

"But you succeeded," Doctor Devlin cut in. "I am not hurt by such things, for I know something of what causes them in people. Mad will have to handle his own feelings. But before I go I want to be certain that you know one thing—you're manipulating Thatch, and you're doing it for personal reasons."

She stopped suddenly. Bookbinder nodded his admission. Doctor Devlin hesitated a moment and then left the office. Mad stayed with his employer. For the moment he couldn't think of anything to say.

Bookbinder broke the silence and reasserted his old control. "Go after her, Mad. Rehire her, if that's the word. Just keep her the hell away from me!"

Bert Kelly sighed as he sat down at his desk. He picked up the top folder with distaste. Across it, in bold letters, were the words NEW HAMPSHIRE PRIMARY, 1964.

The first page in the folder was a breakdown of the voting, which had taken place only the week before. Nearly one hundred thousand voters had turned out. Kelly put a question mark after that. It was too high. The turnout for the primary was always low, and in addition it had snowed in New Hampshire that day.

Kelly's eye ran down the page. He was not surprised by the Lodge victory. After all, the Lodge people had run a clever campaign, concentrating on an old film clip of Eisenhower praising Lodge. He was also helped by the fact that he was from Massachusetts and was in Saigon. Lodge's victory did not worry Kelly. The ambassador would prove to be a favorite-son type, not a national candidate.

But what baffled Kelly was the size of Thatch's write-in vote. Thatch had received five hundred more write-in votes than Clark, and without campaigning—or, at least, not in a way that Kelly could see. Something was funny. Usually he knew what it was just by matching the official figures with reports from his people in the field. This time was different; his man had, in the eyes of the pros, been clobbered by a newcomer. Kelly turned the page over. There was the letter of congratulation Bryant Clark had sent him. "Considering that we merely filed and did not campaign, we did remarkably well in New Hampshire. Inasmuch as we spent nothing and got so fine a result, I . . ."

Kelly turned the letter over without finishing it. Did Clark really believe that nothing had been spent in New Hampshire? Kelly quickly added it up to about seventy thousand dollars. No doubt Clark was sincere in his belief that he had done well in New Hampshire. Later, Kelly thought, I'll have to tell him what Thatch's vote means.

On the next page of the report two objects were taped to a sheet of paper. One was an emery board on which was printed THATCH—AN AMERICAN HERO in red, white and blue letters. The other object was a high-quality card. On one side it said THATCH FOR PRESIDENT; the other side was a lacquered 1964 calendar. Kelly shrugged. They were good tricks, but old.

The next item was a throwaway, a piece of expensive paper about six by eight inches in size. At least five cents each, Kelly thought. He had puzzled over it six times now, and each reading left him confused and annoyed.

Dear Neighbor: I am writing to ask you to write in the name of John Thatch as your presidential preference in the March 10 election. Recently I moved to a suburb outside of Manchester. I cannot name it, but it is much like Goffstown or Allenstown or any similar place. The reason I cannot mention it is that the BOSSES who have controlled Manchester are forcing all of us who have made a success of ourselves and moved out of the city to vote the way they want. I REFUSE. I MOVED TO GET AWAY FROM THEM.

New Hampshire is a model for the whole of this fine country. Tourists flock to see our attractions. We are proud of our good senior citizens who have worked hard all their lives. We have more skilled workers than any other state in the union—not crude laborers, but skilled and dedicated workers.

What is the proof of this? New Hampshire families, proud of their tradition and sure of their ability, are far above the rest of the nation in family income. One more thing: Many of our respected senior women continue to do productive work. In California and Arizona and Texas older people spend their time in beauty parlors and getting suntans.

JOHN THATCH is one of us. He is a fighter against Communism. He lives in a

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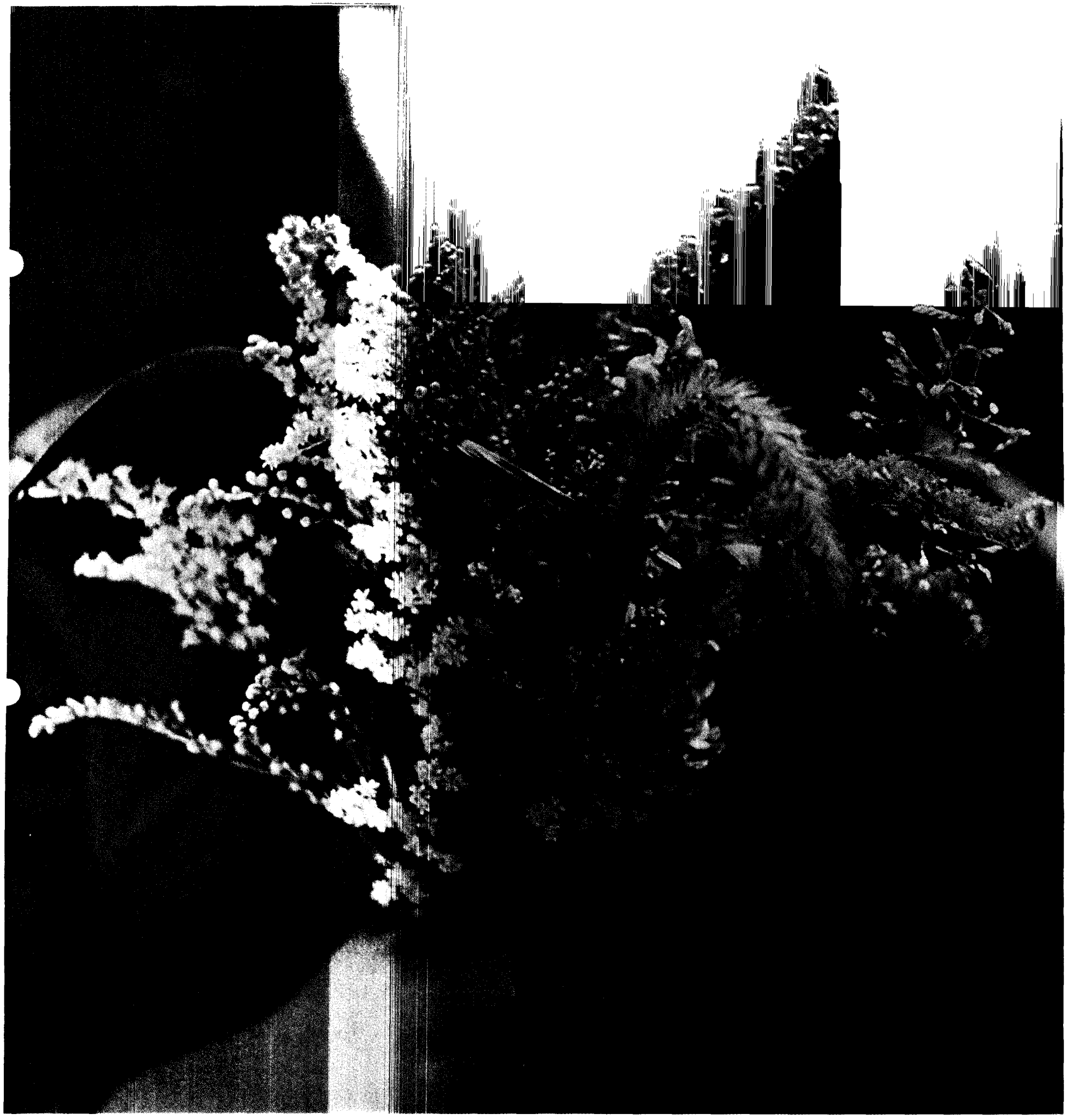

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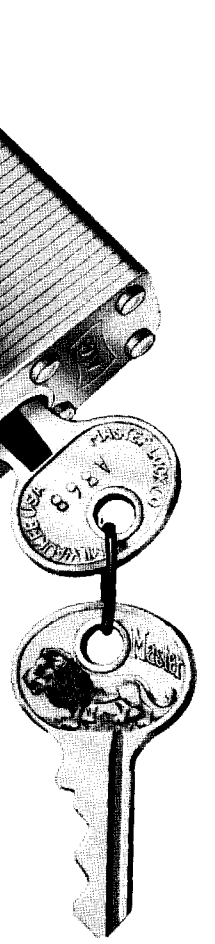

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suburb similar to your town. He employs people in his business whom others regard as "senile." Please join with me in writing in JOHN THATCH's name on the March 10 ballot.

A Patriot

P.S. Also, I'm sick of men with inherited fortunes coming in here and telling us how to vote.

Kelly read it slowly and then went through it again. He would never write such a throwaway. It was insane. But these three things beat us, he said to himself, turning the pages over again.

Curver sat at a desk in the unlabeled Thatch headquarters. He wondered what Kelly thought about New Hampshire. Kelly would hardly believe the emery boards and the calendars had done it. These gimmicks were really just to keep him off balance.

"They weren't a loss, Mad," Doctor Devlin said. "People will hold on to something that has value even if it carries a slogan they don't like. A few of them will even come to believe in the slogan. It's part of the acquisitive aspect of the American personality."

"Don't kid yourself, Dev. It was the simulation that won for us. And it had better keep working for us."

Curver got out the work sheets on New Hampshire. He had told Simulations Enterprises to find groups that could be persuaded to cast a write-in vote, particularly a write-in vote for someone other than Lodge. The instructions to the computer were few and simple: Locate people who had moved into the state recently, people who had moved out and then back to the state, people with little political information, people who resented the regular Republican Party.

The next instruction to the computer had been more difficult to formulate. Mad had wanted to find groups who felt deeply about some particular issue. This meant feeding to the computer information which was not directly political—how many people were unemployed, how many were unwed mothers, how many people sought a better mental-health program, and so on. A good deal of the information, fortunately, was available from census records and specialized polls.

As the answers started to come in, the strategy became clear. One segment of New Hampshire people disliked the fact that both Rockefeller and Goldwater were millionaires but were trying to talk folksy. The anti-Communist anxiety still ran high.

"What if Kelly analyzes that throwaway and starts to add things up?" Mad asked.

"No," Doctor Devlin said. "Kelly never really gets out and sees a voter. He deals with the influential people who like style in a speech or a letter. But style isn't what gets some blue-collar worker whose seventy-two-year-old mother is working in a shoe factory to write in someone's name. And your letter had something in it for several different groups; each reader could just pick out the sentence or two that applied to him and let it go at that." She glanced at him almost admiringly. "And it worked. The pros know Lodge won't carry weight outside of New Hampshire, and the man they are watching is Thatch."

"Unless Lodge wanted to come out and run and it's already too late for that," Curver said. "By July, New Hampshire will be only a faint memory."

Thatch and Terry watched the fog pile up over the hills above San Mateo. As it moved over the Peninsula, the temperature would drop, and the early-April warmth would change to a moist chill.

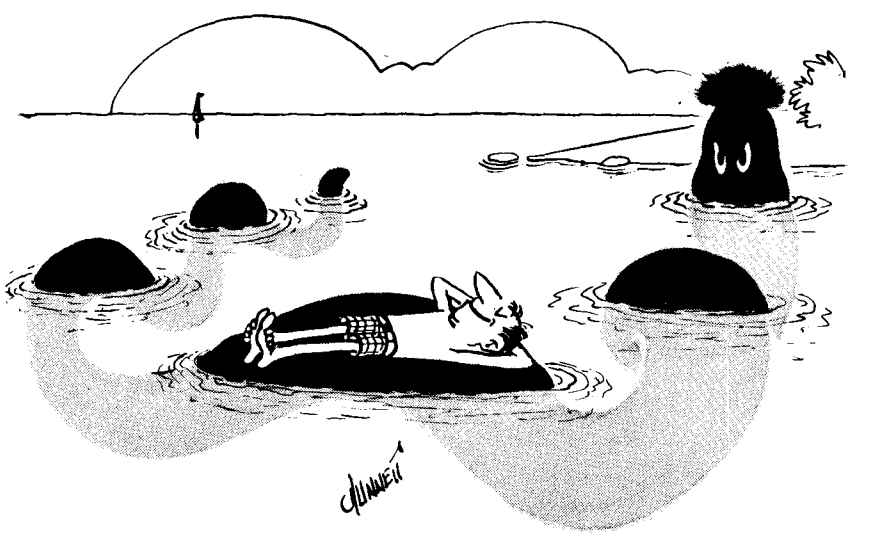
It was the first time in weeks that Thatch had been home so early. He was traveling a great deal, speaking to groups all over the country, attending dinners in New York and meetings in Washington. Often his office knew where he was when Terry didn't.

"It's good to have you home, John," Terry said. She looked down at her drink. "Not that we talk a lot, but at least I see you."

Thatch was sitting far back in the big leather sofa. He was staring at the fog. "I'm sorry, Terry," he said. He shook his head as if to clear it. "It's not fair to you or the boys. But as long as there is a chance, even a small chance, that the people want me, I have to stick it out. And I think I'm trying to prove to myself that I've overcome my fear of crowds. In some ways I've never forgotten my breakdown, Terry, and believe me, it's not fun. But I try to be consistent. I will not campaign or become an official candidate."

"But that doesn't stop others from campaigning for you," Terry said. "What about all that excitement over the New Hampshire thing? You didn't set foot in the state, but you made half a dozen speeches in surrounding states."

"Bookbinder's office arranged those," Thatch said. There was annoyance in his voice. "I didn't."



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"That's the point. You say you're not in politics, but you do what those people tell you to do."

"No," Thatch said. "I make some of the speeches they line up, but I say what I want."

"You're disappearing from me, John. You're further away each day, until one day you'll be gone," she said. She said it very softly, and Thatch seemed not to hear. He did not move, but stared at the soft advance of fog. His eyes had glazed over, and he was miles away from her.

April 7 was a fine day. The primary was unrolling in Wisconsin, and Kelly felt expansive. He had stayed in Washington because, as a member of the National Committee, he could not publicly take sides. But he had used the telephone carefully and had held a few quiet meetings in his Georgetown house. Today would be a day for Republicans to remember.

Wisconsin was, for Kelly, a happy political jungle where very few knew all the footpaths. The La Follettes, in a reforming fit, had set up a fantastic electoral code which made political parties almost useless. The state was ripped by feuds and factions; large, sweeping power was impossible. Goldwater and Rockefeller, suspicious of the strange terrain and aware of the political ambushes in the state, had both stayed out. The Republicans were running a favorite son, Congressman Byrnes, and no one expected him to have difficulty.

But Kelly had other expectations. With an exquisite hand he went to work. He called old friends, dropping hints to one, picking up an old debt owed by a second, playing competing bosses off against each other. What he constructed was a write-in campaign for Bryant Clark. It was, on the face of it, a most unpromising venture. Write-ins were technically illegal in Wisconsin, and would not be officially tabulated. But a substantial write-in vote for Clark, if somehow it could be publicized, would seem to the front-running candidates a shout of close pursuit and a crashing publicity victory for Clark. With great care and secrecy, Kelly arranged for a number of the larger, more prosperous areas to report their write-ins. Certain reporters friendly to Clark would be ready to receive them.

Only two things marred Kelly's happy thoughts. One was the recollection of his conversation with Terry Thatch on the beach at Atlantic City. The information that he had learned of Terry's prostitution in the Japanese prison camp should, he felt, have reached Thatch and achieved a result by now. Also, he was waiting for Curver to goad the American Legion into publicizing Bryant Clark as a conscientious objector. He did not really worry. The C.O. story was getting cold. After Wisconsin it would be useless. That was the beauty of fighting with amateurs—they did not appreciate timing.

Bookbinder was exuberant. On the day after the Wisconsin primary he called Mad into his office. He slapped the *Herald Tribune* and roared. "Look at it," he said. "For some damn reason they counted the write-in votes; Thatch got sixteen thousand and Clark got seventy-five hundred! It's a spontaneous revolt against stale candidates, Mad. It's incredible!"

Mad looked up and managed a smile. Book was giving his secretary instructions to call Thatch in California.

Spontaneous, Mad thought. If Book only knew. He did not know because it was beyond his imagination. Even the I.B.M. people had been staggered at the materials he had put into the computers and the complexity of the information returned. They had fed in information on first- and second-generation Poles, the Catholic vote, the Protestant vote, precincts which had switched in 1952, 1956 and 1960, attitude of the farmers to both major parties, attitude of all groups to the cross-pressures among dairy farmers, name identification of Joe McCarthy, percentage of college graduates, number of nonfiction books sold per capita, foreign-language newspapers, attitude toward foreign aid, and a dozen other items.

Mad had known what Kelly would try in Wisconsin. It was the perfect state for Kelly's kind of operation. He had also known that Thatch must beat Clark decisively.

Sifting through names, Mad and Dev had come up with sixteen hundred influential people in Wisconsin who received special-delivery letters from a firm called Attitudes Research, Ltd. Curver and Dev were the only members of the organization. The letters simply reported the alarm among nationally prominent Republicans at the "secret and insidious conspiracy" which was being organized against Congressman Byrnes. They had also mailed 50,000 copies of five different letters to five carefully selected groups; each was likely to vote and had a special grievance. The groups were old Progressives, the unemployed, trade-unionists, people who feared a domestic Communist conspiracy, and members of Americans for Democratic Action.

Bookbinder's call to Thatch came through. "Thatch, it's Book. What do you make of those Wisconsin results? Surprised? You and half the people in the country. Without doing a thing, without even appearing in the state, you set the Republican Party on its ear."

The talk made Mad nervous. New Hampshire had been a lark, a kind of casual experiment. After that primary he and Dev had gone to the Chambord, drunk two bottles of champagne, and had an elegant dinner. But the thrill of watching an untested theory prove itself could come only once. Now Curver felt boxed in by the damned computer, Book's enthusiasm, Dev's unswerving dedication, and the fact that the campaign must go on. And, more and more, he was having to make decisions which were *not* guided by the machine.

"Look, sweetheart, Kelly called me weeks ago and I didn't take the call," Curver said to the girl on his switchboard. He looked across the desk at his calendar. It was April 15, a week after the Wisconsin primary. "But this time put him through," Curver laughed. He heard the line click open. "Mr. Kelly is one of my best friends in the whole world."

"All right, Mad, save your wit," Kelly said. "I want to see you. In person and alone."

"Bert, there's nothing to talk about. Or is there?"

"There is. They are going to force Thatch out of the race. I don't want it done the way they'll do it."

"If they can do it, they surely ought to," Curver said. "I don't want to back a loser." He was careful not to ask who "they" were.

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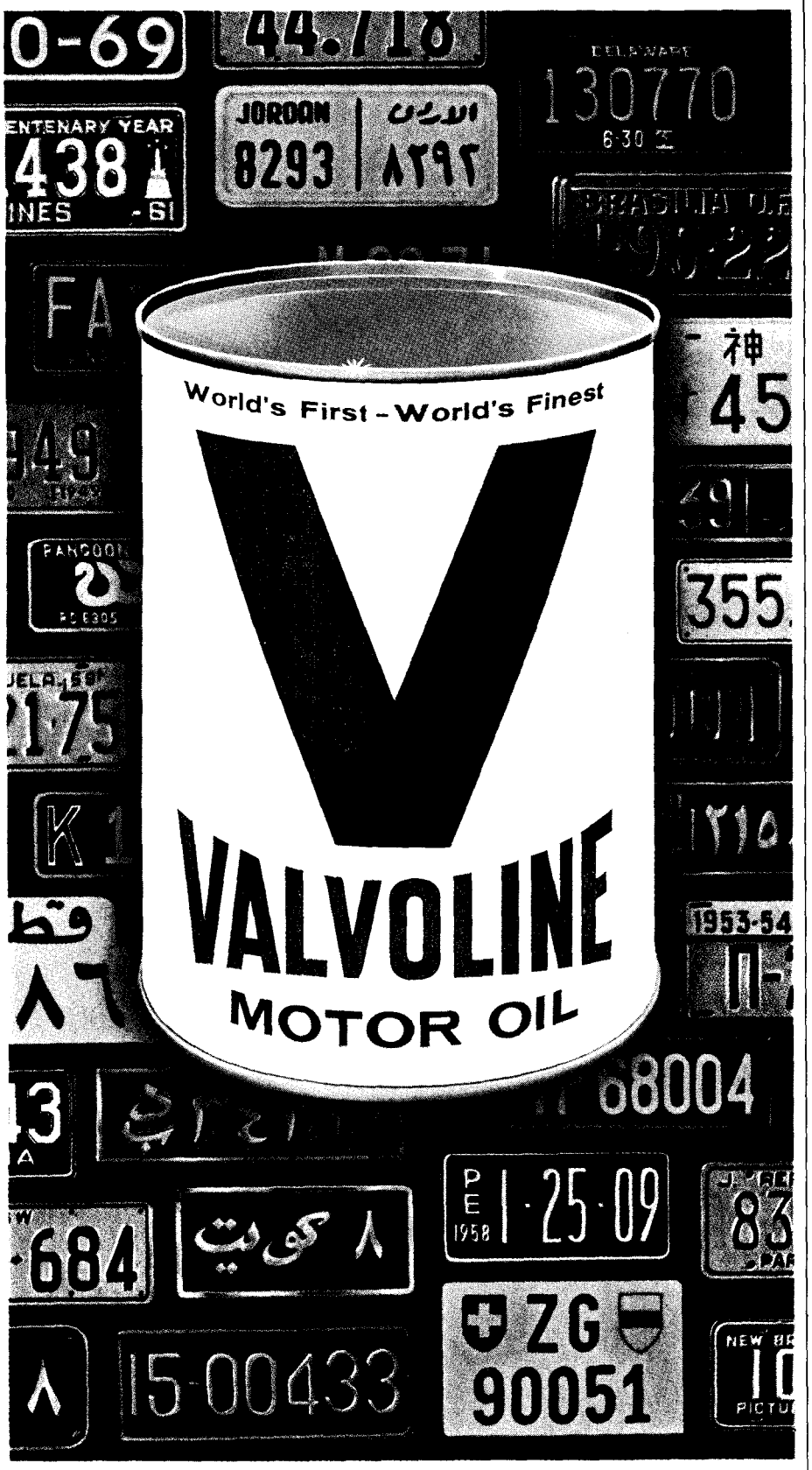

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"Mad, I can't hold these people back. They're going to blast Thatch on a TV program the Sunday before the convention opens in San Francisco. It's called 'High Public Office and Mental Health.'"

"Sounds interesting."

Five seconds passed. "It's all over for Thatch, Mad, and it's all over for you. That's the only reason I called. There's a future for you, but not if you stick with a loser."

"What kind of a future?"

"Just a future," Kelly said.

The sound in the telephone was garbled. Then Kelly chilled. Curver was laughing.

"Kelly, you've developed a nice sense of humor," Curver said. "You're trying to keep television off our back and we're trying to keep the American Legion off yours."

Kelly did not ask about the Legion. This was the dangerous point, and Kelly knew it. "I've warned you, Mad," Kelly said. His voice blurred with anger. "This network is a public corporation with a duty. I didn't start the idea with them and I can't stop it." It sounded phony even to Kelly.

The sound of real sympathy came over the phone. "Hell, Bert, don't worry about that," Curver said. "We tested the nervous-breakdown issue early in the game. Remember when Thatch talked about it on TV? How did you think it went over? Ten percent of the people in this country have been in nuthouses, have had shock treatment, or have had the plush treatment with leather couches and no talk-back. Those nineteen million each have about five friends or relatives who think they understand. That's ninety-five million people right there who think that making a comeback from mental illness is pretty admirable."

"Mad, the American people wouldn't stand still for a madman."

"Of course not. But they happen to prefer a man who has been through some hell and turmoil to one who has slid through life on a waxed path of success," Curver said, and added, "and once upon a time was a conscientious objector."

Kelly cut off first.

The man from the American Legion came into Kelly's office with a bland assurance. He was big and had a bone-crushing handshake. He gave Kelly two sheets of paper.

Kelly saw in caps at the top of the page: SHOULD A 'CONCHIE' BE A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE?

So this was it. Kelly sat down and read.

Bryant Clark will appear at the Republican Convention in July as a candidate for the nomination for President. A college president as our Chief Executive may well be a fine idea. What does give us pause, however, is the fact that Mr. Clark was a conscientious objector early in World War II. This raises some difficult questions. As Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, could Bryant Clark order our troops into action in time of national emergency? Or would his conscience stand in his way? Could a "conchie" work out a tough guerrilla strategy in Vietnam or order the invasion of Cuba? And even if he has changed his views on this particular subject, how can we ever be sure? The American people must ponder Bryant Clark's candidacy with the greatest care.

"Why are you bringing this to me?" Kelly asked.

"They say you're a friend of Clark's, and I wanted to quote you in the article," the man said. "You're a big name on the National Committee and we'd like your opinion on ——"

"I wouldn't have a thing to say about a lying article like that," Kelly said.

"Lying? It's true, isn't it?" the man said. His surprise was genuine.

"Get out," Kelly said thickly. "And be careful. You can get sued for libel if you print something like that."

The last week in April, Bookbinder and Curver went out to California to see how the primary was shaping up. Thatch was not entered, and write-ins were not permitted, but they wanted to keep a close eye on the opposition.

While relaxing one afternoon at the hotel pool, Curver looked over and saw Kelly sitting beside him in one of the colorful chaise longues. He held a briefcase on his lap and was sweating. He was also smiling.

"You look familiar," Curver said.

"I should," Kelly said. "You dream about me at night. Or if you don't now, you'll sure start fast."

Curver tightened a bit. He thought over the past few months. What had gone wrong? What weapon might he have unwittingly handed Kelly?

Kelly took some papers out of his briefcase. The top sheet was a list of previous state-primary results with a total at the bottom. Kelly pointed a pencil at New Hampshire.

"That was the first surprise. I didn't know you were running a write-in campaign for Thatch until a few days before the primary," Kelly said. "I looked at your emery board and your quality calendar and that nutty letter and figured there was nothing to worry about. I was wrong."

"Agreed. Thatch did well in New Hampshire. So?"

"Then Wisconsin. You win again." Kelly's pencil skipped down the page. He was sure, deft and in control.

"So far, Bert," Curver said, "Thatch doesn't have one delegation pledged to him."

"And look at Clark," Kelly said. "He's picked up over a hundred and fifty delegates. But they're all from states where the delegations are chosen by conventions. In those states Clark did well because I could control them. The trouble is, Mad, that the big contributors, the pros and the columnists know exactly where, why, and how Clark got his hundred and fifty delegates."

Curver looked down at the first sheet. The totals at the bottom of the page, although they were all guesses, were too close to his own. Kelly had been sniffing around. He had found out how the delegates would go once they cut away from their own states' favorite sons.

"You've done pretty well, Bert," Curver said. "If any outsider is going to knock off the tired old pros, your boy looks like he's going into the convention loaded."

Kelly opened another folder. Curver took one long look and then looked away at the deep blue of the pool. Perversely, he felt a sense of pride.

"To make it fast, Mad, I found out about the nutty things you've been doing with the Simulations people and the computer. You told me about the outfit before, but I didn't realize how far you'd go. I reread the New Hampshire throwaway and then I looked over the letters that went out in Wisconsin."

"Did you actually gumshoe the Simulations Enterprises reports?" Curver said, making himself laugh.

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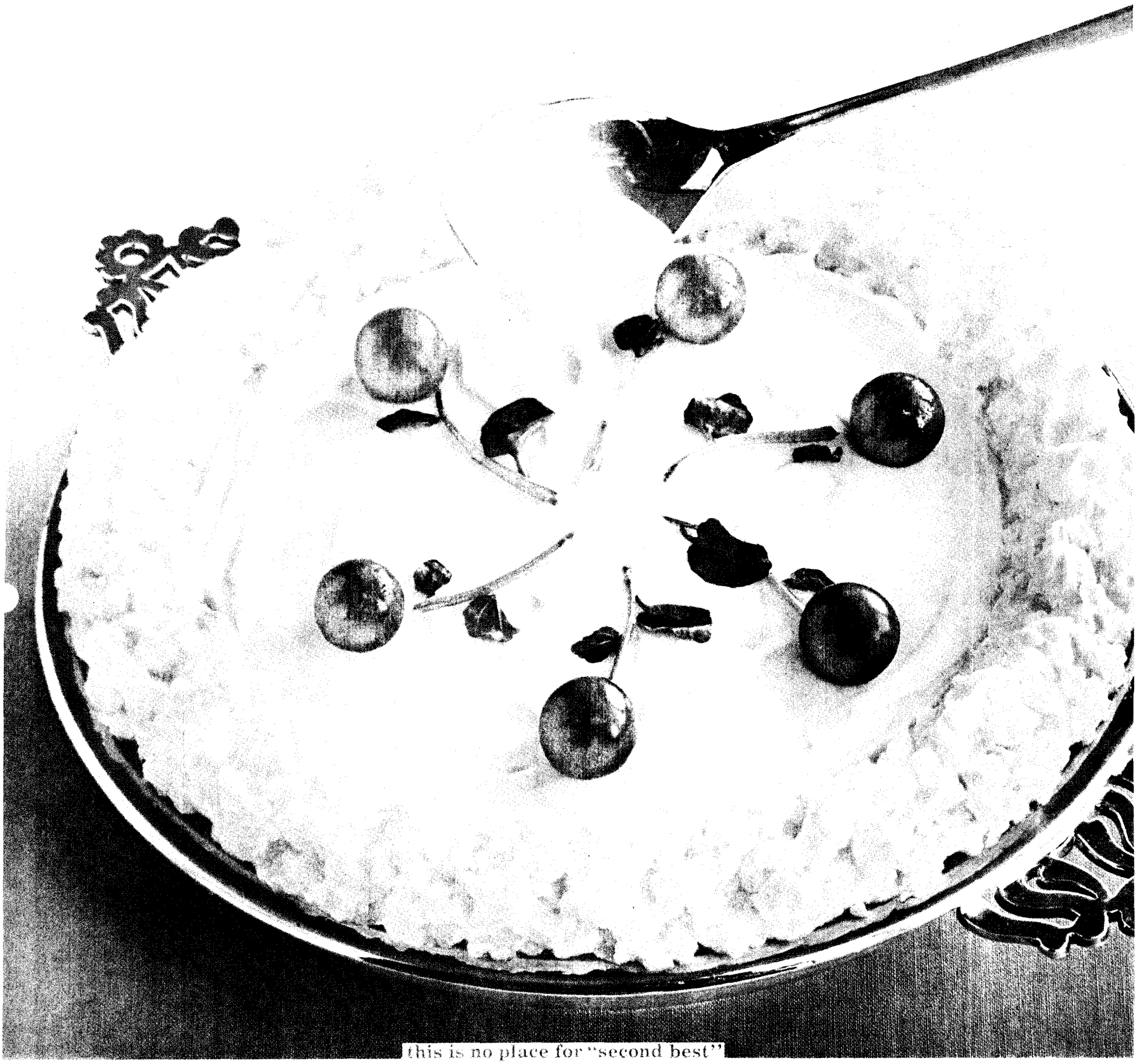
potato salad pie



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1/4 cup finely chopped parsley
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BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise, tomatoes, watercress, to garnish

Cook potatoes until tender; peel and chill • Slice thinly or dice • Add celery, onion, parsley, 1 cup Best Foods, vinegar, seasoning • Toss lightly until well mixed • Press into 9 inch pie plate • Build edges as for pastry; smooth center • Chill at least 3 hours • Before serving, cover center generously with Best Foods; decorate with tomatoes and watercress • Makes 8 wedge-shaped servings.

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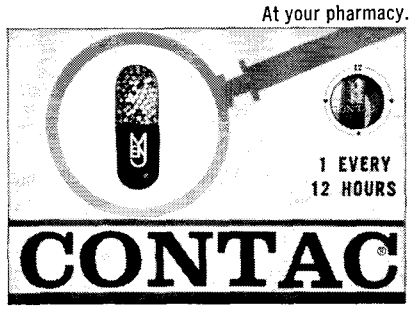

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"I did," Kelly said. He stood up, stuffing papers back into his briefcase. "Mad, I was wrong. It was a wonderful idea. You could have snuck that hero of yours into the convention, and with everyone bored stiff and confused you could have rammed him through just by using the stuff you've got so far. All you had to do was keep your campaign out of sight. But, Mad, you should know one thing. We're going to beat you. We're going to leak the story of Thatch, the Computerized Candidate, to five or six big writers. You concocted an image of a sweet, innocent guy who could be tough as a U.S. Marine when he had to be, and who talked about the great challenges overseas. He didn't give a damn about politics and wasn't ashamed of his beautiful Filipino wife. When this stuff about the machine-made, Madison Avenue candidate breaks, you're going to find out what political anger is really like. Hell hath no fury like a delegate deceived."

Curver knew he had to speak. "You go ahead and do that, Bert," he said. "For every canned story on Thatch, the Computerized Candidate, there will be five on Clark as the conscientious objector who fell into clover while his friends were over there getting shot up."

"That's going to be hard to put across, Mad," Kelly said. "Clark never was a C.O. He just wrote a letter asking about what it took to be a C.O. Clark had already been turned down as a 4-F by his draft board. Bad eyes. He just wrote the letter to find out what the general philosophy of the thing was. A man of many interests, Mad." Kelly grinned and left.

Curver got up out of the chaise longue and threw himself into the pool in a neat, clean dive. But the water was too warm—there was no shock to wipe out the inescapable fact that he had lost.

Curver and Bookbinder were sitting in Book's suite in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Curver had finished telling him the whole story.

"We'll run Thatch as a candidate in the California primary," Bookbinder said. "I'll handle it." He moved to the telephone.

"Book, it's impossible," Curver said. "In California the candidate has to agree to let a delegation be formed for him. Thatch won't do that. We all know it. Even if he did, it would be the end of him because he would look exactly like all the rest—wanting the call, not even pretending he doesn't. Thatch's only chance—and we all agreed to this—is to remain himself: stubborn, aloof, and repeating his one phrase, 'I will do my duty. It is not my duty to seek the Presidency.'"

Bookbinder looked hard at Curver, his hand on the telephone. He dialed a number.

"Tom, this is Book," he said. "Can you come and talk to us at the Beverly Hills Hotel tomorrow morning?" He paused. "No, no. I'll explain everything then. Nine-thirty. OK?"

The next morning at nine Book gave Curver a brief run-down on the man he was to meet. Thomas Lander was seventy-two years old and publisher of one of the most successful newspapers in southern California. Years ago someone had nicknamed him "The Old Lion," and the nickname had stuck. He had been U.S. senator from California for one six-year term. He had lost his bid for reelection because, as a Republican, he had been for too much of the New Deal.

Mad listened to Book in moody silence.

"Mad, snap out of it," Bookbinder said. "If you want to mourn, do it on your own time."

"I blew it," Curver said. "Somehow I blew it."

Bookbinder went on as if he had not heard: "Lander has the old political virus worse than any man I ever knew," Bookbinder said. "He also has principles, and when he half tries he can be a hell of an orator. He writes me letters complaining about making too much money, having too much sunshine, and about the lack of political guts in the country."

When he saw the man, Curver was surprised. Lander came in quietly, dressed in conservative clothes except for a big rancher's hat and soft Indian moccasins. His walk was still springy. He was jovially affectionate to Bookbinder and nodded abruptly at Curver. He was a huge man—over six feet two and bulky.

"Start from the beginning, Book," Lander said. He stretched out on a couch and closed his eyes. Half an hour later he opened them. "So we have Goldwater and Rockefeller and this Clark fella running in the primary. Goldwater will get the southern California right wing. Rockefeller will get some of the regulars. Clark won't get much of anything. Now, this Thatch won't run, and he shouldn't." He laughed; it was a big sound. "All he has to do is to stand aside and he makes Rockefeller and Goldwater look like two kids wrestling in the mud."

"If he did run, how would he do, Tom?" Bookbinder asked.

Lander brushed the question aside. "All right—maybe all right. He's from California, but it would ruin the whole feel of the man, Book."

"If there was some way we could get you and Thatch linked together," Bookbinder said. "The young hero and the Old Lion."

"Don't kid yourself, Book. I haven't made a political speech for ten years and I wouldn't do it for a million dollars," Lander said. But he was leaning forward, paying strict attention. Bookbinder knew that Lander had not made a speech in ten years only because no one had asked him to make one. Bookbinder had seen him, at a dozen political meetings, shunted aside by younger men. The virus had not diminished with the years.

"But we can't run Thatch," Lander mused. Then he looked up, his eyes gleaming. He pointed a finger at Bookbinder and stood up slowly. Mad could see the excitement rise in him like water coming to a boil.

"Book, I'll run on the ballot as a candidate. That's state law. But the moment I'm qualified I'll make it clear that I'm running for Thatch. I'll show those hero pictures of him up and down the state and tell how those Eastern party leaders have been keeping an honest California boy from doing his duty. And the minute I get to the convention we'll have one delegation, the second-biggest, solid for Thatch."

Curver felt physically ill. Three months ago, even a few days ago, it had all been neat and well thought out. He and Dev had been close to doing the impossible—running an unknown for the Republican nomination against a gang of millionaires. And they had done it silently, scientifically, and—almost—successfully. Now, all because Kelly had threatened to "expose" Thatch as the product of an I.B.M. machine, they were going back to the messy, old-fashioned days he had read about in books. It was too late to program anything about this new situation through the computer. They would have to fly on intuition and on snap judgments from senile politicians like Tom Lander.

"Tom, that's exactly it," Bookbinder said. "We'll tie your reputation and influence to Thatch's hero image and youth. And later we'll just have to persuade Thatch to run."

Lander stopped in mid-stride and looked sharply at Bookbinder. "You mean that?" he asked, and his look made it clear that he did not believe it. "We have to persuade him?"

"That's the truth, Tom," Bookbinder said. "You can talk to him if you want."

"Oh, no." The thought that Thatch was *truly* undecided seemed to excite him more. "I don't even want to meet the man. That would be bad. I want to be able to say I have never seen him or talked to him, but I know my duty to persuade this fine young hero to lead us out of the wilderness."

That night Curver couldn't sleep. Finally he picked up one of his "background reading" books on California law and discovered to his surprise and immense relief that to run in a primary election a candidate must file at least sixty days before the primary.

He felt reprieved. Book and he would find some other solution. Thomas Lander would have to go back to writing editorials for his San Diego paper.

Early in the morning he called Book's room and, in appropriately sorrowful tones, read him the law on filing for primaries. To his amazement, Bookbinder laughed.

"Don't sound so broken up about it, Mad. I had Tom Lander file quietly three months ago. I had a hunch that these scientific write-in campaigns of yours might run out of gas. Now go back to bed and get some sleep. You hit the road with Lander starting Monday, and The Old Lion is going to be hard to keep up with."

Tom Lander turned loose on the state of California was a thing to behold. Somewhere he found an old touring car, had THATCH FOR PRESIDENT painted on it, and blew into every town like a traveling circus. He was followed by a caravan carrying equipment for an open-air theater. He ran films of Thatch speaking on the bridge in India and arguing with Rizal Sipa in the Philippine jungle. Lander would finish his speech with an admonition to reject the "invading millionaires who wish to buy our vote" and an exhortation to his listeners to "breathe life into the dead carcass of American Republicanism."

At first the crowds had a fringe of older people, and the fringe started to grow as Lander moved south through the state. Mad began to mingle with the older people and heard them talk about Upton Sinclair, Technocracy and Hiram Johnson in tones of undisguised nostalgia. The young ones came to see the films of Thatch and enjoy the show. But they stayed to listen to Lander thunder at the inequities of America's economy.

The Los Angeles *Times* ran an old cartoon and an editorial in which they revived "Lander the Lion-Hearted." Lander promptly ordered new posters which used the old phrase. Reporters came to watch, expecting to go home and write satirical pieces, and went away impressed. An Eastern observer wrote that "Lander the Lion-Hearted is no joke in the valleys and towns of California. He is only a joke when you have not seen him. He is the

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voice of an older, more dedicated, and less callous California. In some way he gives a sense of history to people who have been in California only a few months or a few years. It is hard to judge the effect of all this on the Republican primary. But clearly Lander the Lion-Hearted has, by some trick of political optics, made Goldwater and Rockefeller seem like timid, middle-aged men. Clark's campaign is well run, but in a quiet, orthodox manner. Thatch, who has not spoken publicly in weeks and refuses to see reporters, meanwhile continues to gather freshness and appeal."

Through all of this Curver saw himself as Alice in a political wonderland. There was no scientific way of knowing what impact Lander's campaign was having. He kept waiting for Kelly to mount his attack on Thatch as the "computerized candidate." Then he found out, quite by accident, that it wasn't going to happen.

He and Lander were driving out of Bakersfield in a Cadillac. The old touring car had gone on ahead the night before.

"We've got 'em off balance, Curver," Lander chuckled. "That's the biggest part of politics. Keep the opposition guessing. They're getting desperate, I think. A fellow named Kelly came to me the other day ——"

Curver stiffened. Lander described the meeting with obvious relish. He told Mad what Kelly had said and how he had responded.

"You mean," Lander had said to Kelly, "that I'm being victimized by a computer that spews forth bits of information at the rate of one million every four seconds and then gives orders to Thatch?" He had fixed Kelly with what he liked to consider his baleful stare. "Young man, I knew Tommy Watson fifty years ago. He didn't know a thing about politics then and I told him so, and if he were alive today I'd tell him the same thing. That whole company of his, that I.B.M. outfit, doesn't have as much political know-how as I carry around in my head. Then I stood up and pointed to the door and said 'Leave.' And he left."

Mad didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The picture of Kelly slinking out of the Old Lion's presence convulsed him. Now he knew why Kelly had abandoned the "computerized-candidate" attack. The Old Lion's very presence on Thatch's bandwagon refuted the charge and made it idiotic.

Book had been smart. Very smart. And yet, Mad knew, they were going to be clobbered in California. In 1964, you just couldn't win the race with a horse and buggy.

At ten o'clock on the night of the California primary, Curver was smiling for the first time in weeks. Rockefeller and Goldwater had got substantial votes, but trailing only slightly was the Lander-Thatch ticket. Lander's campaign, a caustic commentator was saying on television, had been "madness after madness—appeals to Prohibitionists, a casual lauding of Technocracy, a salute to Wendell Willkie, praise for both the welfare state and the free-enterprise system, and soaring oratory. We newsmen, trying to make sense of the campaign, have imposed more order on it than it actually had. The results of this primary are symptomatic of our times: Confusion reigns. Long live confusion!"

Now, in Bookbinder's hotel suite in Beverly Hills, Curver watched the two older men. Lander was calm and poised, as quiet and assured as the worker of a miracle should be. Bookbinder excitedly interpreted the victory to a group of reporters. Thatch wasn't there; he had continued to refuse to make a public appearance, and, for reasons Curver could not understand, the people who had assembled in the Lander headquarters were delighted with this further proof of purity.

The telephone rang. It was Kelly. "That was some job, Mad," he said. "I'd congratulate you, but I know that you didn't have a thing to do with it. It wasn't your kind of campaign. But, Mad, ask Thatch once more what he's going to do about that Mrs. Singleton matter."

"What's it all about, Bert?"

"Just ask him, Mad. For your own sake."

Thatch was at home in San Mateo. As he walked back to the living room after Mad's telephone call, he thought about Terry's moodiness and changing attitudes. At first she had been firm in her opposition to his getting into politics. But if he wanted to run she would do anything. I'll be a proper American wife, she had said, and laughed. After the Atlantic City weekend, she had, for a few weeks, seemed like a Filipina who was in lata—that nervous condition found especially among Malays which can bring them to the point of insanity. Terry had been shy, jerking around at questions, and spending long periods staring at nothing. Even now she was strangely subdued.

Thatch bent and kissed her on the forehead. "Terry, does the name Mrs. Singleton from Santo Tomás mean anything to you?"

"Yes. It means that you're never going to be President of the United States."

Thatch sat in a chair across from her. For the first time in months he realized how trapped she must have been feeling. Now, with the tension released, she looked calm and easy. But he didn't know what had released her.

"What is it, Terry?"

"There's not a lot to tell," Terry said. Her look frightened Thatch. "There was a Mrs. Singleton in the prison camp, a very nice Englishwoman. She took up writing a diary about the camp. She kept very detailed notes about everything that went on, including the fact that I was sleeping with a Japanese guard. Your friend Mr. Kelly has that diary."

"How did he get it?" Thatch asked.

Terry shook her head. "I'm not sure. I think a private detective or someone like that."

For several moments Thatch felt nothing. He knew the diary could be used, but he did not want to think about the details. "Terry, we talked about this years ago and I told you what I thought," he said. "I still feel the same way. It was your only way to survive. I loved you then and I love you now. Kelly can do whatever he wants with the diary."

The slight smile was still on Terry's lips. If she would cry, he could deal with her, but she remained remote, beyond words or gestures.

"He'll use it to ruin you," Terry said. The Tagalog accent was stronger. "Even if he threw the diary away, someone would still use the information against you." She was silent. Thatch took both her hands in his. "It happened so long ago. It seemed so small a thing; life seemed so much more important."

He couldn't find the right words. He could only hold her cold hands and try to communicate his love.

"John—John—I want all this to end. I want you back, our old life back again. But not because of this," she said in Tagalog. Still she did not cry.

The July day in San Francisco had been blazingly clear in the morning, but had become foggy by noon. The shifting fog altered the light and gave a bewildering sense of instability.

"I suppose," Thatch said quietly, "that you want to hear what I'm going to say tomorrow night at the convention."

Bookbinder leaned back for a moment and looked out the fog-smeared windows of the Fairmont Hotel. The suite was quiet. Terry sat in a big chair, holding a cup of coffee. Mad was in a corner, sitting on a barstool. Doctor Devlin sat next to Mad.

Thatch pulled a sheet of folded paper from his pocket. He spoke softly. "There's the usual introductory stuff about the chairman and the delegates and. . . ." His voice faded. "I'm lying. There isn't that stuff at all. It's very short: 'I thank you for your attention to the views I have put before you. To those of you who have urged me to lead the Republican Party in this struggle I have nothing but thanks. But I have not the qualifications to take on the task. I will support whomever you nominate as your candidate, not because I am opposed to the incumbent President, but because I believe in the necessity of stress in our democracy. I shall not offer myself in nomination nor shall I run if you offer me the candidacy. This is not, I assure you, an act of arrogance. It is a cold appraisal of my abilities, my inexperience, and the needs of my country."

Bookbinder cleared his throat, looked at Thatch and then away. "Thatch, if you want to do it that way, I won't say a word against it," he said.

Terry's hands were folded tightly in her lap. She whispered, "I don't understand."

Doctor Devlin felt anger burn through her. *He has to run.* But even more powerful was her unreasoning rage at Terry. For a moment she luxuriated in random thoughts: horrible woman, too beautiful, so very quietly sucking the spirit from the man.

Doctor Devlin calmed herself. "Mad, if you'll hand me the speech we did in rough draft for Mr. Thatch, I'll read it," she said.

Terry spoke louder this time. "Why? Is it necessary?"

"Maybe Mad ought to read it. He ——" Doctor Devlin began.

"Read it," Thatch said. "You've got it in your hands. Go ahead."

The order thrilled her. It was the first time that Thatch, or any other man in her memory, had been so final. Then her mind cleared.

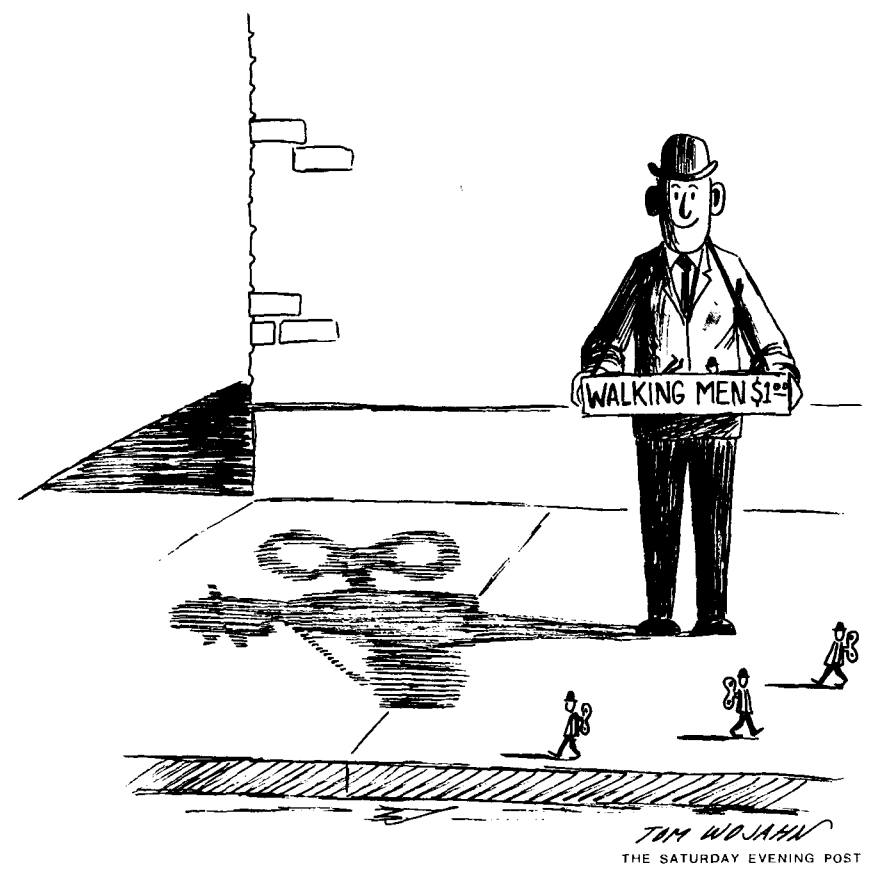
"Mr. Chairman, friends and fellow Republicans—I thank you for the opportunity of appearing here today as your guest," she read. "I put Republicans last because the time has come to put mere party affiliation behind us. We stand in the world as Americans. To be an American is to be privileged in a number of ways." Each word of the speech had been put there after hours of thought and days of research. It was like reading a monograph to a learned society, but she knew that this audience was only one person.

"I can't say that," Thatch said clearly.

Doctor Devlin knew she must not stop. "Americans have the opportunity to thrust back the most evil conspiracy the world has known: Communism. With our bombers and rockets ready—and, most important, our citizens ready in their minds and hearts—we need not fear the Soviet Union or Communist China or Castro's Cuba."

"What do we do about Cuba?" Thatch asked, a slight edge in his voice. Again Doctor Devlin did not respond.

"Within our country we are torn by the wrathful claims of minority groups to be treated as equals. No one wishes to deny them what they can earn. If any person discriminates merely because of another's race, color or creed, he violates the best that is in the American tradition. At the same time we know that many minority groups need and deserve our help in attaining the skills and levels of education



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which others have had for generations."

Doctor Devlin paused. That was one of the most delicate paragraphs in the speech. It was based on the polling result that most Southerners thought Negroes were not earning their way—and the sure knowledge that most influential Negroes knew they needed help in training their people. It was a statement which Southerners, Negroes, and liberals could all selectively misinterpret.

"I have not attacked, nor shall I attack, the motives of any candidate for this high office," Doctor Devlin read. "Specifically, the charge has been made that Bryant Clark is unfit for office because he was a conscientious objector during World War Two. We should be committing the most outrageous invasion of an individual's privacy if we asked whether a sincere conscientious objector could serve as Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces. How Mr. Clark has reconciled the possibly inevitable use of military force with his convictions about war I do not know. What I do know is that we have no right to ask him."

Thatch swung forward and put his hand up. "Hold it there," he said. "Who has objected to Clark's being a C.O.?"

"The American Legion has questioned his competence," Curver said. "An ex-FBI agent who runs a confidential newsletter has raised the matter. Once the convention gets moving it will come out in the open."

Thatch glanced at Doctor Devlin and then at Curver. Curver did not move. He looked straight at Thatch and waited.

"Mad, I'm pretty slow about some things, and I'm new at politics," Thatch said, reaching slowly for the words. "So it has taken me a while to put it all together. The changes in the speech to the internists could have been an honest misunderstanding. But then I see a boy in your office one day who takes a look at me and is off like a rabbit. Two days later I remember he's the guy who threw the tomato at Terry at the luncheon in Atlantic City. And you also briefed the reporter on the TV program to ask the question about my year in the mental hospital. And you saw to it that my boys were there and fed them their lines. I don't know what you did in New Hampshire and Wisconsin, but it must have been plenty."

Thatch paused. Bookbinder had come out of his chair and was standing in a corner. He had a mixed look on his face, but no part of it was shock.

"That's right, Thatch," Curver said. "I did all those things. And I'm proud of it, Thatch. It was a very professional job."

Thatch smiled. He shrugged his shoulders. "Why didn't you tell me about it?" he asked. "Or Book?"

"Book knew—or half knew. And you didn't want to hear it," Curver said. His voice was casual, very sure. "You wanted to believe that goodness and courage would be recognized and that the people would sweep you into office like a fairy-tale knight. But you wouldn't face the fact that the Flyboy and the Millionaire and the Loser were out there using all the tricks they knew. Kelly was in there slashing away for his man Bryant Clark. We had a different plan. And we won. That write-in vote you got in Wisconsin was one of the most sensational events in modern presidential politics."

"So they tell me," Thatch said. "And I thought it was because everyone loved John Thatch, missionary's son and boy hero."

"Thatch, you and Book are living in a dream," Curver said. "A genuine 'draft' of a nonpolitical person is impossible. The hero has to give it a push. You wouldn't. So we did."

"Thatch, if anyone is at fault it's me," Bookbinder said. "I authorized Mad to spend a considerable amount of money in ways he saw fit. I suppose I didn't want to know what he was doing with it, but I think I had a pretty good idea."

"John," Terry said, "I'm tired." Her small voice fell into a complete silence, or no one would have heard her.

Doctor Devlin felt the anger again. It surprised her, this strange, bitter dislike of Terry, who was so motionless, apparently exhausted.

Thatch looked at Terry and shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "I'm learning something. You see, Mad, what I've always been afraid of is being controlled by forces outside myself. That's why I have few friends; that's why I stay away from my office as much as possible. In a way, I guess, that's why I wanted to be 'drafted.' Then, a bit at a time, I've discovered that you have been manipulating me. When it dawned on me, I could have strangled you—and you too, Doctor Devlin."

"Thatch, I'm afraid none of us is in a very apologetic mood tonight," Curver said. "You've got the itch to be President. You've shown it in a dozen different ways. That's your ambition, Thatch—not mine or Dev's or Book's. We took your desire and worked to advance it by means you neither understood nor approved of. But none of it hurt you."

"Except the knowledge of it," Thatch said. "And what it told me about myself. That I am ambitious for political power and that I've been calling it a dozen different things except that—duty, patriotism, dedication." Thatch sighed, and it was a sound no one except Terry had ever heard from him before.

"Thatch, in politics it's hard to separate ambition from principle," Bookbinder said. He suddenly sounded very old and tired, but his voice carried authority. "The two curl around each other until it is impossible to tell whether the origin of any single act is ambition or principle. But without ambition—I mean real self-seeking—politics would crumple into a gray, bureaucratic mess. It would be the sanctuary for everything dull and mediocre and, ultimately, mean."

Everyone in the room looked at Thatch; everyone waited to see what he would do. This is his magic, Curver told himself. Even if he never runs, Thatch has it—the kind of personality meant to command.

"All right, Terry," Thatch said. "Let's go."

"Take a copy of the speech," Curver said. He handed Thatch an envelope. "And if you use it, you'd better know what's going to happen. About one thousand Thatch supporters have been given tickets to that night's session of the convention at the Cow Palace. Don't ask how we got them. The moment you finish the speech, if it's the speech in the envelope, they are going to start a demonstration. And a bunch of people outside will storm the gates as they get carried away by the demonstration, and the cops will let them in. The TV cameras will pick up both the supporters outside and the demonstration. After five minutes of demonstration, some of the official delegates, with their badges on, will join in. Then it will form into a serpentine and will wind around the floor, picking up delegates from states where we know we have supporters."

"That sounds like the best-prepared spontaneous demonstration in modern times," Thatch said.

"A little better than Stevenson's in 1960," Curver said. "Just like we simulated the speech, we simulated the convention. The delegates want a show, the sensation of being swept off their feet, and most of all, they want to be with the winner. And they like to believe the winner emerges spontaneously." Mad laughed, but tiredly.

Thatch and Terry turned and left the room.

The lobby of the Fairmont Hotel was crowded, and several people recognized Thatch as he stepped out of the elevator. He waved at them, but did not stop to shake hands. He asked Terry if she wanted to take a walk. He needed air. She searched his face for a moment and then said no, she was too tired. He patted her arm absently, put her in a cab and turned to walk down California Street.

Someone called his name before he had gone a block. Thatch turned and looked at the man without stopping. It was hard to make out his face in the gray fog, but the voice was familiar.

"It's me, Thatch," the man said. "Dwight Allen. Tom Gulligan of the Associated Press has put me on a special assignment to cover you." He fell in step beside Thatch.

A cable car hummed as it passed them, and, at the corner, rattled as it went over rollers. The hill seemed too steep, and Thatch's feet had to reach to maintain contact with the sidewalk. Maybe I should have stayed in the mental hospital, Thatch thought. Certainly I should have stayed out of this political thing. He felt vulnerable to everything and everyone.

"That was some time at Zamboanga," the voice at his side was saying. "Guess I should have tried to clear some of the things with you, but big scoops like that move awful fast. Anyway, I was sure the coverage couldn't hurt you."

Thatch's shoulders tightened. He turned and looked at the man—Dwight Allen, the "honest" reporter who, with Thatch and Eli Ferguson, Thatch's foreman on a cement-factory project in Zamboanga, had met with the Huks, the Communist group sabotaging the job. All three Americans had agreed in the presence of Rizal Sipa, the Huk leader, and Bull, a Huk follower who was an employee of Thatch, Inc., that the meeting would be "off the record." But when Sipa was savagely executed by his own men, Dwight Allen had broken his word and had widely publicized the incident.

"Did you hear what happened to Ferguson?" Thatch asked, and his voice was thick. "They've got TV sets and movie houses in Zamboanga, Allen. Did you know that? They ran your program out there—in fact, they ran it several times. It was very popular, especially with the police."

"I didn't know that," Allen said. He was walking more slowly, as if he had abruptly tired. "I never thought of that."

"You never thought," Thatch said wonderingly, "that the pictures of the Huks would be valuable to the police? You never thought that with those pictures they could round up the ringleaders? Did you also forget that we promised to protect the Huks if they would call the meeting?"

"Did we promise that?" Allen said. His voice was a disingenuous sigh.

"We promised that. But we didn't keep our promise. *You* didn't. So the police rounded up eight of the Huks they could identify from the pictures. But before they got to Bull—remember Bull, the big fellow?—well, before they got to him, he got Ferguson."

"Ferguson?"

"Yeah, my foreman. The guy we left behind. Bull apparently felt we hadn't kept our agreement. He came down the dock swinging a machete and screaming so loud they heard him a block away. They say Ferguson didn't move. He stood and watched Bull, and the next second his head was off his shoulders and rolling on the dock. They say the Bull roared for someone to shoot him, and the pile driver finally obliged and shot him through the eye."

They had come to an intersection. A small Chinese stood behind a newspaper-and-curio kiosk. Thatch turned and looked at Allen.

"None of that's my fault," Allen said. His face was puckered into an innocent smile, but his body was bent—either for escape or combat.

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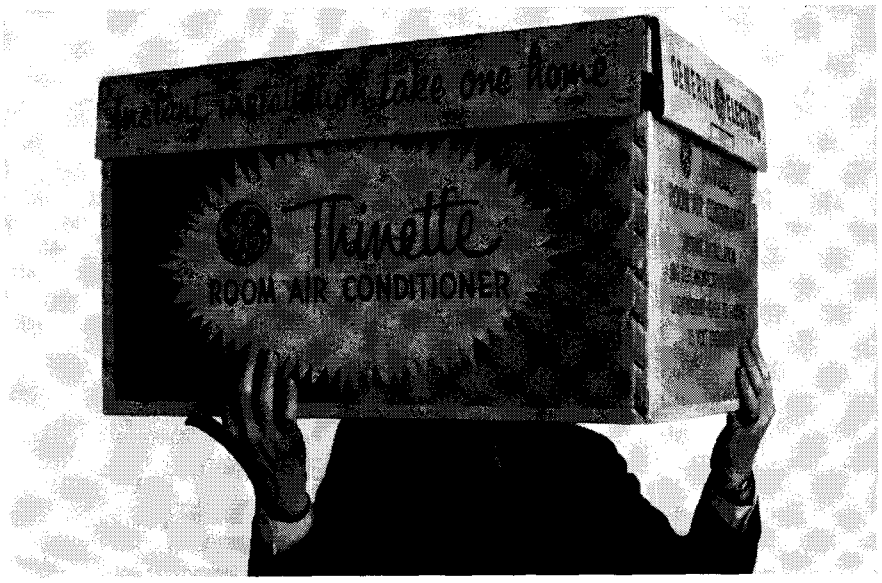

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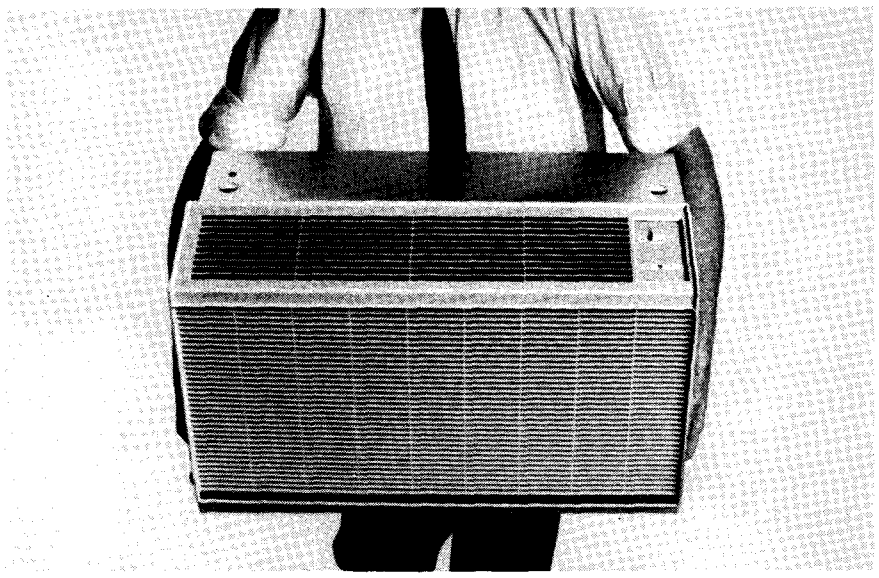

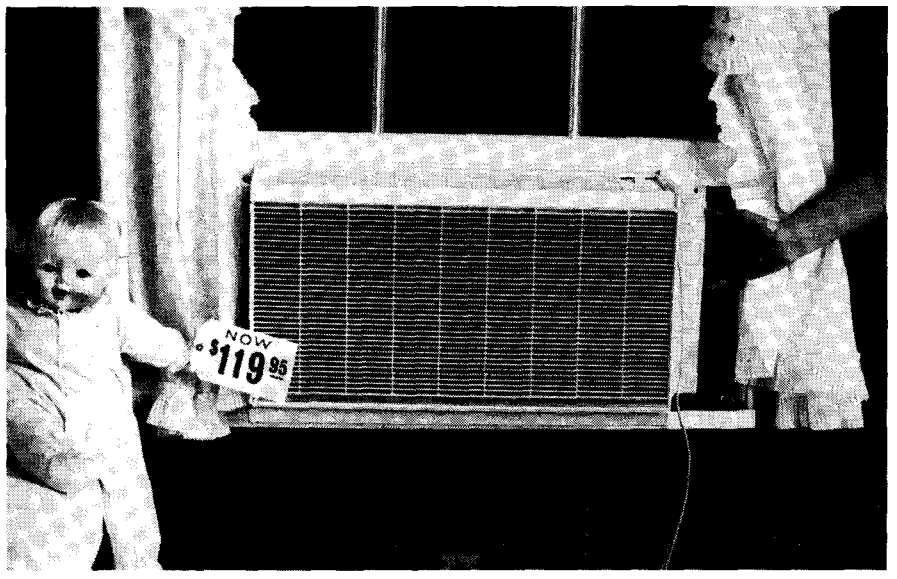

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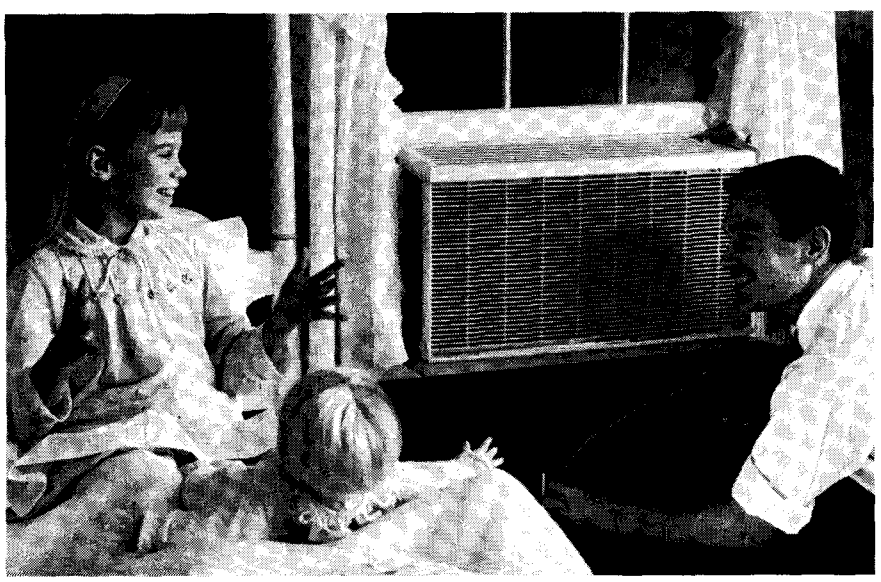

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Thatch felt an enormous relief. His left hand swung across and hit Allen in the stomach. His right came up, and at the last moment he snapped his body in behind it. For Thatch, it was as if he were striking back at all his tormentors with the pent-up fury of months. The blow caught Allen on the cheek, and he collapsed against the Chinese newsstand. The Chinese moved very delicately away from the counter and watched with a slight smile as Allen carried the whole counter down. Newspapers and rubber dolls and chopsticks fell around Allen. He didn't move.

"How much?" Thatch asked the Chinese.

"Twenty, thirty dollars, about that. I'll save most of the stuff," he said. "You've got a nice right hand. Like a professional."

Thatch took out his wallet and gave the man two twenties. The Chinese wanted to go on talking about fighting. Thatch shook his head and walked away, rubbing his right knuckles gently into the palm of his left hand. He felt rested, no longer in need of sleep. Somehow a decision had been made—and not by him.

Madison Curver had a small room behind the Cow Palace which normally was used as a horse stall. The room was not labeled and had been arranged for by Bookbinder, who had told the Arrangements Committee that it would be a courtesy to Thatch—nothing more.

It was early, not yet ten o'clock at night, and, although the Palace was filling, all that would be heard for a while was the perfunctory oratory necessary to fill the air while the four big committees—credentials, rules, permanent organization and platform—were meeting.

Curver glanced up. Someone was standing in the door. It was Kelly, holding a small package under his arm.

"Mad, you've done well by your boy," Kelly said. "I congratulate you. Also, allow me to believe that you learned part of the technique from me."

"All of it, Bert. All of it," Curver said. Surprisingly, he was pleased to see Kelly.

"I wanted you to look at something," Kelly said as he unwrapped his package. He looked up innocently. "Did you ever find Mrs. Singleton's nephew?"

Curver laughed. "We've become best friends." He had an uneasy feeling that he should have checked this thing out.

"I'll bet," Kelly said dryly. He stood back, and Curver could see a stack of handwritten pages. Kelly turned them over to a yellow marker. Curver bent forward and read the paragraph Kelly pointed to.

"The world is full of nuts who write crazy things, Kelly," Curver said. He felt sick.

"Four other people who were in Santo Tomás confirm that Mrs. Thatch was a very strange girl, quite friendless, and that she was the first woman to give in to a Jap."

"Go ahead and use it, Kelly," Curver said in a voice edged with contempt.

"Mad, Thatch shouldn't be in this thing," Kelly said. "He doesn't have the experience, the background or the know-how. Also, he hasn't earned it. He's an engineer who just happened to stumble into a couple of heroic situations. That doesn't qualify a man for President, Mad. It's a job a man has to be prepared for."

"Kelly, I don't know whether Thatch is going to run or not," Curver said. "But one thing I do know. I'm not going to show him this diary. So use it any way you want."

"He may already know about it. I told his wife. She might have told him."

A series of scenes raced through Curver's mind. The last one was of Terry, sitting small and deadly quiet in her chair, saying, "John, I'm tired." Mad could only shake his head.

"Mad, you disappoint me," Kelly said. "Did you think I would really use this against Thatch?"

"Why did you show it to me?"

"Because I want Bryant Clark to get the nomination. I just showed you the diary because I wanted you to know that someone else, not me, might use it against Thatch in the election. In short, Mad, Clark has a future. With this kind of stuff in his background, Thatch doesn't. Someone should tell him."

Curver felt a sudden surge of relief. Both Kelly and he knew that this kind of weapon would probably not be used. Once the two conventions had picked their candidates, a strange psychological mechanism would set in; certain kinds of scandal were simply not printed. If they were, the gossiper was violently attacked and usually not believed.

"What are you going to do with the diary, Bert?" Curver asked.

"I'm going to walk around to the incinerator behind this building, pitch it in and watch it burn," Kelly said. "Want to come along?"

"No, Bert. I don't have to watch. I believe you'll do it."

The little fat man walked out of the room, his back stiff. Curver admired him.

Dev came in briskly a few minutes later. "Where are those extra hundred tickets you said you'd get?" she asked.

"Dev, you've become a ward heeler," Curver said. "I thought we were going to do this all with science."

"Shut up," Doctor Devlin said. "Where are the tickets?"

"In the lower-left-hand drawer," Curver said.

Doctor Devlin looked at the checklist in her hand. "Then we've got all the tickets we were promised," she said. "Are you sure you've got enough bodies to go along with the tickets?"

"Guarantee it, absolutely guarantee it," Curver said.

"Mad, you've held back on me a few times," Doctor Devlin said. "This time I want to know what to expect. You kid me about becoming a ward heeler, but you know it's necessary to get past this convention. After this we have the great American public to operate on and we won't have to worry about these circuses."

"I told it all to Thatch last night," Curver said.

"You did not," Doctor Devlin said. She tore a page off a pad of yellow paper, and poised her pencil above it. "Tell me what else you've scheduled."

Curver knew there was no sense in hesitating. She would know what he had been up to soon enough. He told her about the Cow Palace guards he had bought, the ushers who were in fact Berkeley graduate students, and the rest of the arrangements.

"You know, Mr. Thatch, the Cow Palace ain't really in San Francisco," the limousine driver said. He had told this to a dozen people, and it had become routine. "It's just outside the city limits. So the convention isn't really in San Francisco." He seemed to think the story important, as if the convention were a

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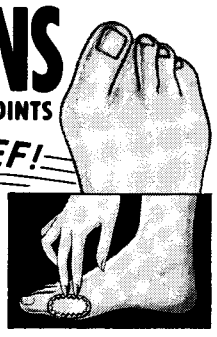

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gigantic hoax which San Francisco had perpetrated on the rest of the country.

The traffic started to thicken as they turned onto Geneva Avenue. Thatch could see the big, low shape of the Cow Palace. Streams of people walked toward it, many wearing badges and some with banners and placards. Thatch could not resist trying to make out the names. He saw GOLDWATER twice, NIXON once, and then, with a relief he disliked, he saw a sign which said THATCH . . . NO MATCH. He turned away and looked at Terry.

"Did you sleep all right?" he asked.

"No. Did you?"

"Yes. Better than I'd expected to." Thatch hated the formality and the distance between them.

Four motorcycles swung out from the curb and moved into position in front of the limousine. At once their sirens went on.

"An escort," Terry said. She stared at the motorcyclists with their round, white helmets.

Already people along the sidewalks were turning and staring at them. There were some shouts of encouragement. Thatch grinned and raised a hand. Instantly the sound seemed to him to double in volume.

Curver watched the limousine swing into the gateway. He had ordered Thatch brought there because it was far away from the speaker's stand and close to a parking lot that would not fill until later. He could watch the college kids with Thatch buttons and banners to see that they were well spaced out and following directions: They were to stay on the curb so the people behind them seemed part of the demonstration. Curver nodded to a boy with a bullhorn.

"Thatch is here. Over by Gate Sixteen," the voice boomed out. It sounded somehow official, though the voice was young and excited. Around Gate 16, the group Curver had posted began to chant, "Thatch, Thatch, he has no match," and, "Go, Thatch, go." Curver had told each group separately—for none of the college groups was supposed to know that other groups were similarly employed—to avoid joining into a chorus. Just make up something and keep yelling it.

Inside the Cow Palace, now almost full, a sudden noise rose above the drone of a preliminary speaker. Someone walked to one of the floor microphones, and, miraculously, it was on. "It's Thatch," the man's voice boomed. "He just arrived at Gate Sixteen."

People ran into the Palace from Gate 16. They yelled and pointed back down the entryway. The chairman rapped for order, but he did not speak. The big hall was full of bored people, and suddenly something was happening. A few of the delegates moved toward Gate 16.

Outside, the limousine had come to a halt. It was instantly surrounded by people who were chanting slogans, waving banners and jostling one another. Curver watched closely, astounded. Even the ones who were paid, and there were a handful, had become genuinely involved.

Curver nodded at the motorcycle officer who had led the limousine in. The officer glanced at the crowd, walked over to his motorcycle, and picked up the radio speaker. A dollar a second that officer would make, Curver thought. Sixty dollars for himself, plus twenty each for the other three policemen—but the money would be paid only after he called in that a riot was starting around the Thatch limousine.

Curver saw Terry. She looked frightened. He imagined how this would look through her eyes. Thatch stared straight ahead, unsmiling. Somehow his posture, his refusal to glance at them, delighted the crowd.

The police reinforcements arrived. They poured in with a smooth efficiency, sirens muted but loud enough to be heard. Everything hinged on timing. If things were going well inside, a few hundred of the delegates would be moving toward Gate 16. They would see that the riot squad had had to be called out.

"There is no match—" a voice said, loud and clear. The mob froze for a few seconds. Then, for the first time, they spoke in unison: "—for Thatch."

One of the college kids swung at one of the officers. There was a quick ruffle of violence, a lurching of bodies, a voice choked off in mid-obscenity. Curver was frightened. It was one thing to have a demonstration, but if it turned into a riot they would lose the effect. By now there were over two hundred delegates in the parking lot, craning their necks and shouting. He glanced around and saw the television cameras scanning the scene. It was perfect—exactly the way he had wanted it. And now the whole thing was getting out of control. Then he saw Thatch.

Thatch was out of the car and standing on a fender. He was still not smiling. He lifted his hand, pointed a finger, and swept it around the crowd. The noise rose in a cheer, then dropped. Thatch waited. The radios on two of the motorcycles were giving off static. Someone walked over and turned them off.

"We are here as citizens," Thatch said. "Let us act like citizens. Let us obey." Then he smiled. "Mrs. Thatch and I thank you for your attention, but please don't break up the car—not while we're in it."

The crowd laughed, then applauded. The tension had been broken.

Thatch helped Terry out of the car. Curver led them to the room in back of the Cow Palace. He shot a look back at the television cameras. He had told them separately and in confidence that they had an exclusive. That was why each had a camera at Gate 16.

"Your speech is scheduled in about ten minutes," Doctor Devlin said.

Thatch nodded. "That was a little tense out there," he said. "I was worried for a few minutes."

"They were all around us," Terry said. Then, when she spoke again, her voice had faded. "It's dangerous. They could get hysterical."

"Mrs. Thatch, don't worry," Doctor Devlin said. "Those were well-disposed people. There's a difference between a mob and a crowd of supporters. That's what you had out there ——"

"John doesn't need support for anything," Terry said, her voice suddenly shrill.

There was a long, embarrassed moment.

"Mad, that crowd looked awfully young," Thatch said. "Where were the delegates?"

Curver managed to look preoccupied with some papers. Here we go, he thought.

"They were there," he said. "About two hundred of them came out to see what was going on. It's all over the Cow Palace by now. But don't jump for joy, Thatch. Not one of the delegates thought that demonstration was spontaneous."

"It was, though," Thatch said. "I could see it in their faces."

"The people close to the limousine were sincere," Curver said. "They weren't faking it. The delegates will conclude it was faked, but that it was good. And that makes you a big new man in their eyes; a hero with a sense of tactics who knows how to deploy the troops."

The telephone rang. Doctor Devlin answered it. "They want you to go in now, Mr. Thatch," she said.

Thatch, Terry and Curver left together. Doctor Devlin watched them walk toward the main building. The group grew as it moved, picking up an excited fan here, a reporter there. Only Thatch, big and unsmiling, stood out—a nucleus around which the surging, faceless crowd moved.

"Mrs. Thatch, I'm covering the convention for CBS," a man said to Terry as they walked toward the Cow Palace. "Your husband has created a lot of commotion. It's the first real excitement of the convention. Some people are betting that if he says he will accept a draft nomination, he'll get it." Terry looked puzzled. "What do you think Mr. Thatch will say when he gets up there?"

"I don't know," Terry said. Her eyes showed that she was frightened, and she made no attempt to hide the fear. "I really don't know." The TV reporter did not doubt her for a second. He moved out of the crowd with a piece of news that would be dramatic if he could make the television audience believe it. But he knew he could not. People were so used to the denials, feints and double-edged statements of politics that they believed only what they wanted to believe.

The policeman in charge of the motorcycle unit came up to Curver. "The officer inside says the chairman has called twice for Mr. Thatch," he said.

"Tell him to send Senator Reddick up with the news that the spontaneous demonstration outside has delayed him," Curver said.

The officer picked up the radio microphone and spoke into it. Curver knew the order would get through. He had read carefully about the walkie-talkie sets the Kennedy team had used at the 1960 convention. They had struck him as clumsy, obvious and expensive. He was simply using the motorcycle police as a communications system. They were being paid triple-time for this additional duty which, they thought, had been given them by the Republican National Committee.

"Thatch, they want you to wait a few more minutes," Curver said. "There is some trouble clearing the aisle. When those three officers with the helmets step aside it will be time to go in."

Curver knew precisely what was happening inside. All of the people who had received tickets from him also got cards instructing them to go to Aisle 16, where they could shake Thatch's hand as he walked to the speaker's podium. The people, anxious to shake the hand of a man who might be President, would cause a congestion that looked like a riot.

A roar came from inside the auditorium. It hit the exits, was funneled into the narrow passages, bounced down the hard concrete walls, and came out a confused, angry blast. The people around Thatch started to press forward. They had not known they would be involved in a demonstration, but once at the scene they behaved in appropriate ways. The purpose could be defined later. Right now the presence of Thatch was enough.

"Thatch, a lot of things can be faked and I've faked some, but enthusiasm like this has to be real," Curver said. He spoke into Thatch's ear, cupping his hand like a megaphone.

Thatch turned and looked at him with slightly glazed eyes. He did not reply.

Senator Reddick had seen more conventions than the chairman. After passing on Curver's message about the delay, he watched the confusion with a shrewd eye. The standees in the aisle were not, he realized, opposed to Thatch. They were *for* Thatch. At the other end of the Cow Palace, the delegates and spectators, growing impatient, were beginning to chant, "We want Thatch. We want Thatch."

The senator moved up behind the chairman. "This can get bad very fast," he said. "Let's cut them off by having the organist play *The Star-Spangled Banner*. That'll freeze 'em all, and then Thatch can come in."

The chairman bit. He called an aide. A few seconds later the national anthem began to pour out of the loudspeakers. The action in Aisle 16 became slow

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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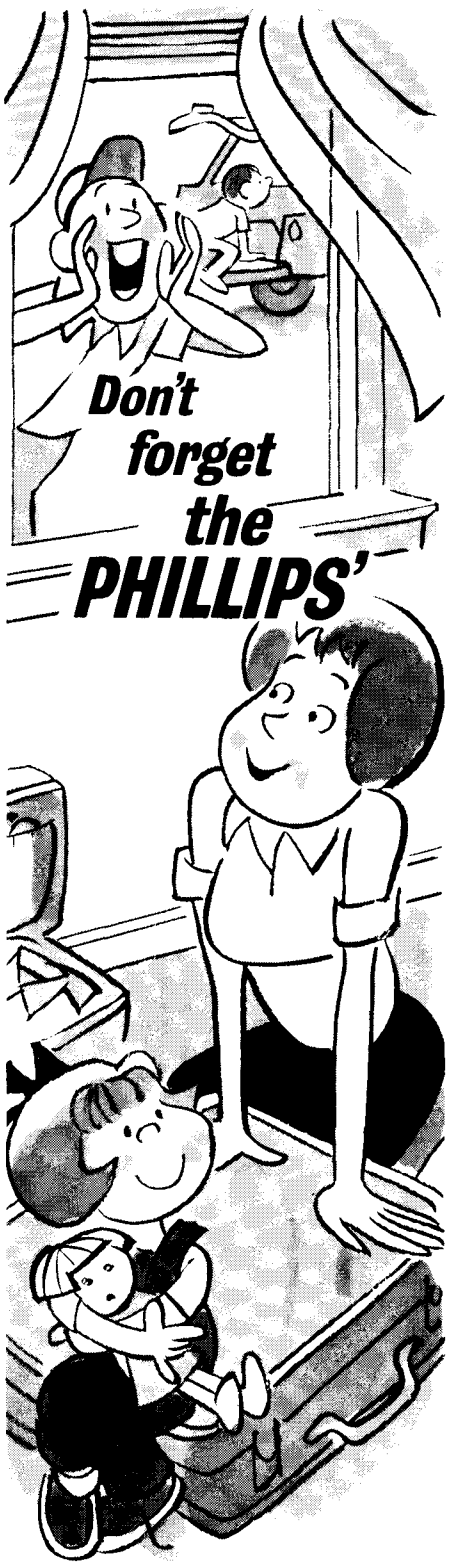

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motion. The voices died. Abruptly everyone was still.

Thatch blinked. The huge auditorium was decked with flags, and it was full of people. Powerful spotlights sought the place where he stood. The rest of the Cow Palace was dark and very still. The only sound was the majesty of the organ playing *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Curver, a foot behind him, spoke softly into his ear. "Thatch, they've never done this for anyone before. Maybe Ike will get the national anthem when he arrives, but no one else." Curver was not sure this was true. He only knew that, by some accident, they had stumbled into a magnificent entrance. He had not the remotest idea how it had happened.

When the organ stopped, Thatch took a step forward, put his hand under Terry's elbow and started down the aisle. It stretched away to a narrow point at the flag-decked platform. On the stand were faces—small, luminous, and all attentive. It seemed a long way to walk.

As Thatch advanced, the people who lined the path stood up and began to put out their hands. Thatch shook as many hands as he could, but still moved at a regular pace. "Terry, shake hands with the ones on your side," he said. "We've got to move along."

He let go of her elbow, and her arm jerked away. Almost immediately she vanished in the crowd. Someone will take care of her, Thatch thought; Mad is probably with her.

Terry slipped back down the corridor. She had looked at John's face during the playing of the national anthem and knew she had to get out. She came out of the passageway into the night. She walked over to the limousine. The chauffeur was not there. Terry reached in her purse and drew out a pen. There was no paper. She looked around. On the inside of the limousine was a yellow placard taped to the windshield. It said OFFICIAL CAR. She reached in and pulled it off, took it to the hood of the car, and began to write.

From the steps of the little office, Dev watched the woman in the parking lot. Then she recognized her. What was Terry doing here? She should be with Thatch pushing down the aisle. A bitterness welled up in her. This woman, this wife, this mother was so undeserving of the man in there. Why did she have to stand there, right under the light, looking so lost? Doctor Devlin hoped no one would come for her.

But Doctor Devlin felt somehow hemmed in by her emotions—pleased by Terry's evident distress, ashamed of her pleasure, frightened by Terry's strange presence in the parking lot. Terry was writing furiously on the placard, jabbing at the yellow paper.

Doctor Devlin went down the steps quickly, running toward the other woman, not sure why she was in motion. "Hello, Mrs. Thatch," she said.

Terry jerked around. Her face was quiet, without animation, but one hand came down quickly to cover the paper. Even in this murky, fog-streaked darkness she was beautiful. So unearned, Doctor Devlin thought. Out of a random mixture of genes had come a well-formed face and a lithe figure—even if the woman didn't have a brain in her head.

"It's very exciting about the demonstration," Doctor Devlin said. "Now we wait and see."

"I'm not waiting," Terry said. She turned back to her writing. She spoke without looking up. "I mean I'm not waiting tonight to see what happens. That's all I meant."

She began to fold the yellow placard. She folded it again and again until it was a tiny packet. Then she put the tape from the window around it.

"Doctor Devlin, would you give this note to John when he comes out? And could you call me a cab? I'm terribly tired."

"Of course. Just wait here." Doctor Devlin took the note and walked back toward the office. Something was trying to come to focus in her mind and she was resisting it. She felt a nagging self-pity. Then her trained mind, the part she valued so much, began to run off a series of impressions:

—Terry quiet at the meetings. Even quieter recently. Hands clutched in lap.

—Terry weeping at the television studio when the boys were taken from her to go on camera.

—The story in a women's magazine about Terry's losing her parents and her sister.

—Quick glances, frightened eyes, her tension when Thatch spoke, her pleasure when they escaped from a meeting together, her fear of crowds.

The self-pitying part of Doctor Devlin's mind was at war with her logical, analytical instincts as a psychologist. It was Terry's problem, Terry's inadequacies, *Terry's life*. . . . The phrase hit so hard that she gasped. In the office she called for the cab and slit the packet open with a letter opener. The handwriting was large and clear, but it sloped unevenly across the page.

Dearest John: The diary in Kelly's hands makes my life unbearable. I shall not be a burden to you and a disgrace to the boys.

I love you very much. And it was so clean and wonderful when we were alone. But you must do what is necessary for yourself and your duty (*here part of a sentence had been crossed out, but the words still showed*) although duty may be a monster.

Watch the boys carefully. Spend time with Tony. He is the lonely one these days. Take them to Zamboanga for a vacation and teach them to fish and sail.

The next foal born on the ranch should go to the Jacksons. We promised. I am so relieved.

Love,
TERRY

She stuffed the note in her pocket and grabbed a small transistor radio. When she opened the door, she saw Curver hurrying toward the office.

"Mad, I've only got a few seconds," she said. "Tell me about this diary Kelly has."

Curver looked at her carefully, hesitated a moment, and then spoke. "I just found out about it," he said. "The diary was kept by an Englishwoman, a prisoner with Terry in Santo Tomás. It says Terry slept with a Japanese guard for over a year."

"Is it true?"

"Yes," Curver said. "How did you find out?"

Doctor Devlin saw the lights of the taxicab. "I haven't time ——" She thrust the note into his hands. "Read it."

Thatch must have known, Doctor Devlin thought as she ran toward Terry. He had known, and he had married her anyway. Doctor Devlin felt a quick disgust with Thatch, followed instantly by a sense of delight. They were both tainted and, of course, this was why they were so remote, so jealous of their privacy, so—unbearable. Both of them.

The taxi had swung into the parking lot. Terry opened the door and turned back to say good-bye. Doctor Devlin climbed into the taxi with her.

"Dev, I'm not going to the hotel," Terry said. "You shouldn't miss the excitement. I'm just going to ride around."

"I'll ride with you," Doctor Devlin said. "Where do you want to go?"

"Toward the Presidio," Terry said, loud enough for the driver to hear.

Doctor Devlin, holding the radio in her lap, now turned it on. The news reporter was describing Thatch's tortuous approach to the dais. He sounded tired.

After a while the driver turned to them. "There's the Presidio, lady," he said. "Want to go in?"

"No. We want to go on to the Golden Gate Bridge," Doctor Devlin said. As she sank back in the seat, Dev wondered, with a kind of weariness, why *she* had ordered the cab to go to the bridge. The answer had come so easily, so professionally.

San Francisco and its magnificently arched bridge beckoned seductively to the would-be suicides of America. The city had the highest suicide rate in the nation, and a big fraction went off the Golden Gate. For each one that actually jumped, perhaps 500 came and looked over the edge and were tempted, Doctor Devlin knew. But all but one of them fled, frightened, back to their cars or their hysterical wandering, thrilled with how close they had come to their black freedom. And that, she said angrily to herself, is why I ordered the cab to go to the Golden Gate.

The riotous sounds from the convention hall blurred and pulsed in the background. Mad read and reread the note on the yellow paper. The idea of Terry's leaving Thatch and her two boys was incomprehensible, preposterous. The woman must be out of her mind.

Then he realized that what he held in his hand was a suicide note. He felt sick and cold. Dev was riding around in the night with a woman bent on killing herself.

He had to get to Thatch. He left his little office on the run.

Thatch moved slowly against the crowd in the aisle. He told the policemen and the ushers not to worry. When he was halfway to the platform he became aware of a rising sound, different from the voices along the aisle. The sound came from a thousand voices saying many different things. But one word was in all of them: *Thatch*.

He felt the hair rise on his neck. They don't know me and they like me, he thought. It's real. Not Mad or Book or anyone could fake this. By the time he got to the steps leading to the speaker's stand, the noise in the auditorium was deafening.

"I think, Mr. Thatch, that you're the only one who can stop this demonstration from getting out of hand," the chairman said.

"No need to introduce me," Thatch said. "They seem to know who I am."

Senator Reddick looked sharply at him. Thatch did not even try to analyze what the sharp look meant.

"I guess so," the chairman said. "Why don't you just go ahead?"

Thatch half turned, then remembered Terry. What had happened to her? He had no idea where she was. But now he had to speak to these people. He walked to the battery of microphones.

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The bridge came up out of the foggy night. First there were only the lighted cubes of the toll booths with the blurred lights blinking STOP. As the cab went closer Doctor Devlin and Terry could see the high cables, the whole fragile structure seeming incapable of holding up the thick, wet strip of black asphalt which reached out over the water. Terry pushed herself back into her corner.

"We'll stop on this side," Doctor Devlin said to the driver.

Against Dev's will, pieces of Terry's "case" fell into a pattern in her mind. In many suicide cases there was a record of parents who were suddenly lost, as Terry's had been. To Terry it must seem that now Thatch was being removed from her. And then the boys had been taken from her at the television show and turned over to the world. Often suicide notes left practical instructions, dealt with ordinary things, like "Give the next foal to the Jacksons."

Doctor Devlin knew that many suicides killed themselves because they felt they were a burden on others. All were in some way lonely, in many cases having suffered a recent feeling of rejection. Doctor Devlin forced herself to acknowledge that she might have sensed these suicidal tendencies building in Terry weeks ago. A person like Terry, driving herself to the final conclusion, would take her life in the quietest possible way—silently off a bridge or with sleeping pills behind a locked door. She was not the exhibitionist type, usually retrievable, who threatens to jump before a crowd. Terry was the other kind, and Doctor Devlin was surprised to feel a quick flash of admiration for her.

The two women walked out onto the bridge; Doctor Devlin, walking carefully on the outside, still clutched the muttering radio. "Terry, when you're gone it will be impossible for Thatch to be nominated," Doctor Devlin said.

"What do you mean, when I'm 'gone'?" Terry said. Her voice was toneless.

Doctor Devlin turned the radio up. "John Thatch has made his way to the speaker's platform, but now there is a mob of people around him. The air is full of crude, hand-made placards and flags. Some of them are Rockefeller or Goldwater placards with the name THATCH written on them in lipstick. . . ."

"No convention could ever select a man whose wife had just committed suicide," she said.

"I didn't say anything about suicide," Terry said.

"I did."

They walked another hundred yards and stopped. Terry leaned over the rail. There was nothing below except steel rods and then white emptiness. Doctor Devlin sensed that the fog would make it easier—one would be jumping into invisibility and would be gone without pain.

"There is nothing else to do," Terry said suddenly. "I've brought John so much trouble. He took me—picked me up when I was dirty and contaminated. Knowing what I was, he still took me. We lived quietly and we had the boys and I forgot the other thing—I never thought of it. But now I know that John and the boys can never lead a decent life so long as I'm around."

Doctor Devlin knew the pattern. If I am gone they will be free. So simple. I just disappear and everything will be made well again.

Why had she brought Terry here to the bridge? Because the textbooks say you must not restrain a suicide who is in no immediate danger. Otherwise you merely postpone the inevitable, and for only a brief period. She wondered whether this was really her motivation. Back in the parking lot she had hated this woman, this undeserving wife of John Thatch. Had she planned, on some level of her subconscious, to encourage the suicide, to make it easier?

"Terry, nothing you *have* done will ruin him," Doctor Devlin said.

"You don't know what I have done," Terry said. She was staring down into the mist. Doctor Devlin knew this was no time to touch her.

"I know what you want to do. You call it suicide, but you really think of it as revenge. You want to believe you are sacrificing yourself, but actually you are out to punish someone. That's why you left a note which you know will break the hearts of your husband and your boys. How many pills have you saved up?"

"About fifty," Terry said. She swung around, her face puzzled. "I don't want to punish anyone. But they're going to be taken away from me. Just like my father and mother and sister were before."

The little radio in Dev's hand suddenly stopped its muttering, and she turned it up. Thatch had begun his speech. "Political ambition is the vice of American life. The Presidency is not an object of ambition. It is something given by the people to an individual. It should not be sought, for in the seeking lies the corruption. . . ."

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The 480

Mad plowed into the crowd at Gate 16, still clutching Terry's letter; he had worked his way three ranks deep before he realized it was hopeless. He slipped past a few more people, and then the crowd was impenetrable, locked together and motionless, impervious to his elbows.

He turned and worked his way out. By now he was sweating, although the night was cool. He could call the speaker's platform, but there wasn't any chance of the chairman's stopping Thatch or passing him a message. Running now, Curver turned left, remembering an important detail of the floor plan.

Long ago he had memorized the plan of the Cow Palace—the entrances, the exits, the positions of the rest rooms, the security plans, the posts of the policemen. Normally the three aisles in front of the speaker's platform would be open, but he himself had arranged to have them jammed with Thatch supporters.

Curver ran past two gates, and ducked into a passageway in which a group of janitors were standing. The place smelled of cleaning oil, old mops and brooms, all overlaid with a heavy tobacco odor. One of the janitors, a tall, lanky man, held up a languid hand.

"No use, buddy. Door at that end is locked. They only open it when there's been a demonstration and they want us to sweep the aisles clean." He spoke to Mad's back.

"Thanks," Curver called over his shoulder, and kept going. Halfway down the passage was a door on the left-hand side. He opened it and went into a large room. He could see the outline of a heavy door behind some brooms. He reached for the handle, and someone spoke behind him.

"Even if that door is open, you're going to walk right into the special security cops," the lanky janitor said, watching him without interest.

"I've got permission," Curver said. The janitor turned away. Mad took out his pen and in large letters printed some words on the back of Terry's folded note.

He tried the door, and it opened. A line of police, leaning against the wall of the passageway, eyed him and then came to the alert, fanning out into an arc that blocked him. To the right he could see the arena, and he could hear Thatch's voice. The passageway behind the platform was open.

"It's OK. I'm with President Eisenhower's party," Curver panted. He waved the note at a sergeant who was standing slightly in front of the other men. The sergeant did not take his eyes from Curver, but moved forward, his hand out. "Can't read it. Personal to the chairman. Urgent. Deliver by hand. Dwight D. Eisenhower."

"Don't you have any identification? Rest of the Washington security people ——"

Curver turned quickly and jerked the placard from the sergeant's hand. He started off down the corridor.

"Go with him, Wilson," the sergeant said to one of his men. "Lend him a hand."

Once he was in the cleared lane, Curver started to run again, the faces of the delegates flashing by him. He was drenched with sweat now and had no idea how long he had been running. He could hear the cop running behind him.

He came to the stairs at the edge of the platform. A hand reached out to stop him, and he turned with exasperation to the cop who had followed him. "Tell him," he ordered the cop. Wilson nodded and the hand fell away. Curver trotted out into the blazing lights, saw the thousands of heads suddenly turn toward him. He put down his panic, slowed, walked over to Thatch and handed him the note.

"Your disappearance will be revenge for all you have suffered," Doctor Devlin said. She felt something crumbling within herself, the collapse of thin but carefully built shields—the shields of intellect, and statistics, and monographic details. There was no time to understand what was happening to her. One thing was clear: She was remembering, and remembering without pain.

"Terry, let me tell you a thing that happened to me," she said. "I have never told this to anyone because I did not want to remember it myself. Until now. My father just disappeared. Not killed, not a suicide, just gone. And my mother started to drink red juice out of a bottle and told me it was for her cough. Later mother hanged herself in the kitchen, and I remember—I remember—she wore her worst old dress and pinned the note to her skirt. I unpinned it and marched over to show it to a neighbor. I remember one line, 'Now maybe you'll take decent care of my child in the way you never did me!' I don't know how old I was. Everybody called me 'that poor little girl.'"

"Oh, God, Dev, why are people caught like this?" Terry said.

"I went to the orphanage," Doctor Devlin went on, "and I don't remember a face. I didn't want ever again to become dependent on anyone, unless it was a person who was indestructible. I guess I loved my college work just because I disliked people so much. Later I built this marvelous artificial notion of man from monographs, polls, studies, body chemistry. It was my form of suicide and my form of revenge."

Doctor Devlin stopped and leaned against the cold steel of the bridge. She felt a great relief. Terry's arm came around her shoulder. Dev looked at her in surprise.

Suddenly she heard Thatch's voice over the radio; it was tiny and distinct in the quietness of the bridge. He was getting to the part about Bryant Clark's being a conscientious objector. She cringed. How could she have written such a paragraph? Doctor Devlin made herself turn up the volume.

"Now comes the thing about Clark," Terry said. "It's not John. It's not."

"I have not attacked, nor shall I attack, the motives of any candidates for this nomination. There are excellent men seeking the nomination and you must study their credentials carefully." He paused. "I shall say no more on this subject."

"He didn't use the C.O. thing," Terry said. "He didn't attack Clark."

The radio fell silent. There was a curious scuffling in the background, but Thatch had stopped talking.

"There is something going on down on the platform," the announcer's voice said softly. "A man came out of a side door and raced across to the platform and handed Mr. Thatch a piece of yellow paper. No one here in our booth knows who the young man is, but the message is obviously important. Mr. Thatch is talking with him."

Terry turned slowly, and her eyes were wide with fright. "It's my letter. How could he have gotten it? I gave it to you."

"I'm not sure," Doctor Devlin said. "I gave it to Mad. But I'd already read it, Terry."

"Oh, God, what am I doing to him?"

"Mr. Thatch is looking up now. The young man is running back the way he came," the announcer said. "Mr. Thatch is standing in front of the microphone."

"And now I must leave you," Thatch said, his words fast and urgent.

Some delegates, thinking the note had told him to cut his speech short, began to chant, "No, no," but Thatch cut in swiftly.

"Some have associated my name with the purpose for which this convention was called, the naming of a presidential candidate," Thatch said. "The result of this speculation has been so painful to someone I love that I cannot allow my name to be considered. Thank you."

There was complete silence on the radio for a few moments. Then the announcer spoke softly, "The convention is stunned. Mr. Thatch is running out of the Cow Palace by the same path taken by the young man who handed him the note. Mr. Thatch was scheduled to speak for ten minutes and has spoken only five. There is great confusion. On the speaker's platform the chairman is conferring with Senator Reddick, and the senator is approaching the microphones. He is glancing down at something, apparently the same yellow paper handed to Mr. Thatch."

Terry was shaking. Doctor Devlin put her arm around the girl.

"Fellow Republicans," Senator Reddick said. "In politics, as in everything else, there must be limits. It is no concern of politics what the racial or religious background of a man's wife may be. Yet some of us, in the heat of battle, have so tormented the wife of our speaker that he is no longer available as a candidate."

The radio exploded in a crash of sound. Doctor Devlin was not sure whether it was static or the audience. She heard a few individual voices shouting, "No. Bring him back." She snapped the radio off. Terry was running down the bridge toward the toll plaza.

A cab was waiting at the end of the bridge, and Terry got in and crouched in the corner. Dev climbed in after her and said "Cow Palace" to the driver.

"He gave it all up," Terry whispered. "He gave it all up for me."

"Don't blame yourself, Terry. Don't ——"

"I'm not, I'm not. But he wants me more than all that, more than the Presidency."

Dev felt a wave of loneliness wash over her. She knew it was because the girl no longer needed her. Terry had reestablished contact with her little world.

"But he's got to run. He mustn't give it up for me. He's got to accept."

Dev thought she hadn't heard correctly. Then she knew she had. Her head snapped back against the seat, and she was laughing. Terry reached over and took her hand. She patted it. No one in Dev's memory had patted her hand in such a comforting way.

Curver sat at the desk in his little office. The three portable TV sets were on, each channel showing a different angle of the convention.

Kelly sat stiffly in another chair, remembering Terry on the beach: "Do you make your living doing that sort of thing?" The two men did not speak, keeping their peculiar vigil. A few minutes before, Thatch had broken away from Mad, saying he would call the police and then wait for any news at the police radio car parked at Gate 16. Mad had wanted to stay with him, but Thatch had brusquely shaken him off.

Doctor Devlin walked into the office. She was still clutching the little radio.

"Is she all right?" Kelly asked.

She nodded, and the agony went out of Kelly's face. "Thatch was waiting outside, and when she got out of the cab they just walked off together."

Kelly slumped in a chair, talking to himself. "I wouldn't have used that damn diary. You know I wouldn't; I told you. I just wanted her to tell Thatch and make him see that he'd have to take himself out of the race. But the whole thing got out of hand. I lost control of it."

Dev looked at Mad. "I should have known that she was in a suicidal depression. All the signs were there, but I ignored them. I ignored them because I hated her."

Kelly looked up questioningly. Mad nodded. He took Dev's cold hand and held it gently. "You stopped her, Dev. Whatever went before doesn't count now."

"No, Thatch stopped her." Briefly she described the scene on the bridge. "I had the radio on and she heard everything—first his omission of the attack on Clark, and then his withdrawal. That was enough. He came back to her."

She felt a strange sensation in her chest and sat down. Suddenly she realized that she was going to cry. But she managed one more sentence before the tears came. "And the last—the last thing she said in the taxi was, 'He wants me more than all that, more than the Presidency, so he's got to run, he's got to accept.'"

Mad reached for her as she crumpled into the chair. Kelly watched for a moment and then walked into the passageway, where he stood resolutely before the door, like a sentry.

Kelly had been standing in the passageway for fifteen minutes when the telephone rang. He heard Mad answer, and stepped inside. Dev was seated quietly in the corner.

Mad said around the telephone, "It's Thatch," but his face showed nothing. He said "Yes, sir" a couple of times, and then hung up.

"Where was he?" Dev asked.

"At the hotel."

"How did he sound?"

Mad sat there, saying nothing. Kelly closed the door. "Well, answer the lady's question."

"He sounded"—Mad searched for the right words—"he sounded just like Thatch. Decisive, forceful and full of beans. He said Bookbinder is coming to his suite and he wants us to join them right away, Dev. To talk—to talk about tomorrow's strategy."

Kelly was at the door. "He won't want to see me—yet. But I'll get hold of Reddick and call you at the hotel." He left.

Dev remained in her corner. Her habitual controlled expression of calm had been replaced by a look of real tranquillity—or perhaps it was emotional exhaustion, Mad thought.

Her voice was low, almost a whisper. "What sort of man is he?"

"You, Doctor Devlin, are asking me? After six months of telling me all about him?"

"Mad, I haven't a clue. Do you know that? I haven't a clue."

He took her hand and patted it. For a second time tonight someone was patting her hand in this comforting, protective way. She wanted it to go on and on.

"What sort of man?" Mad said. "Let's go over to the hotel. We may find out."

THE END

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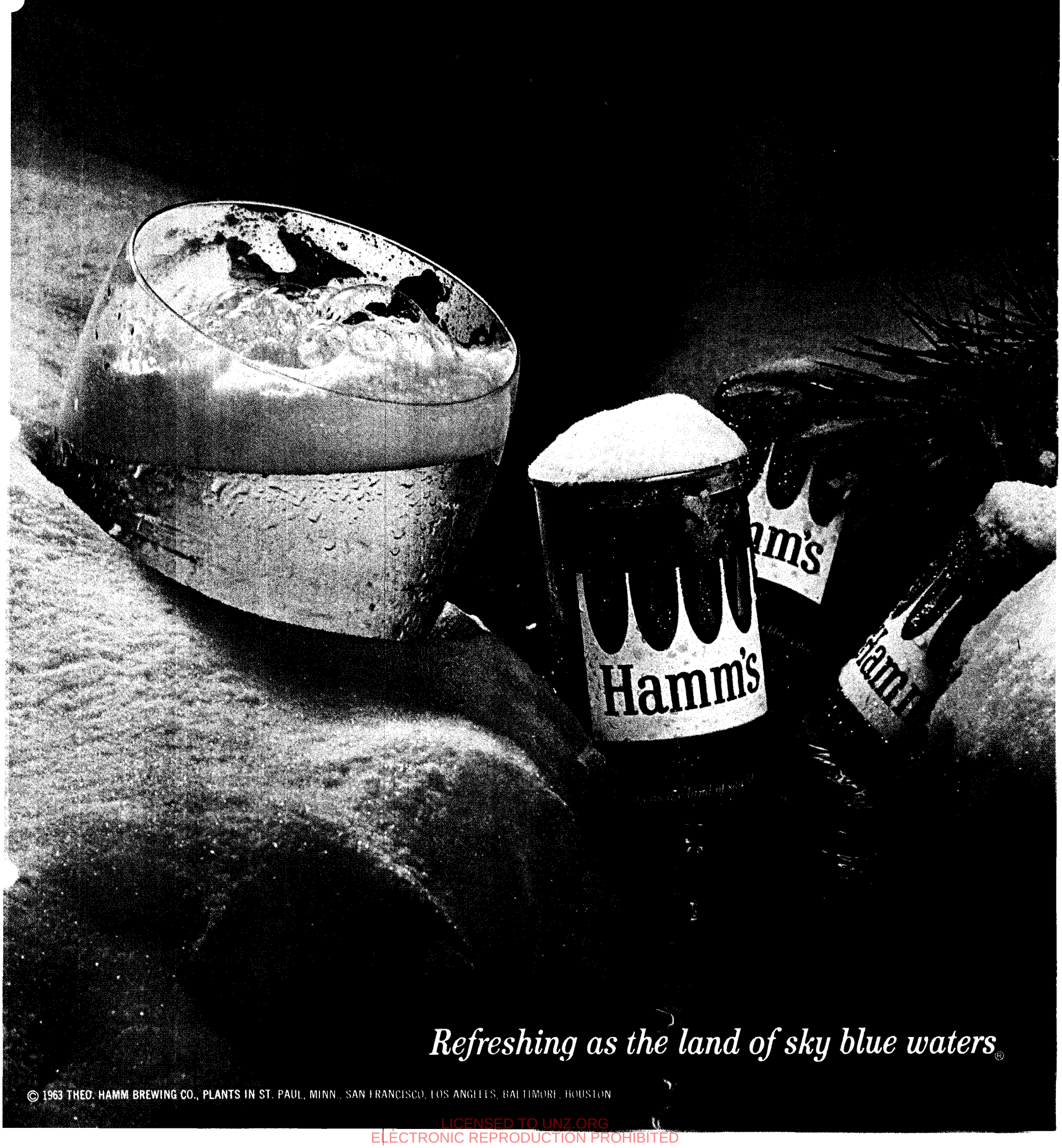

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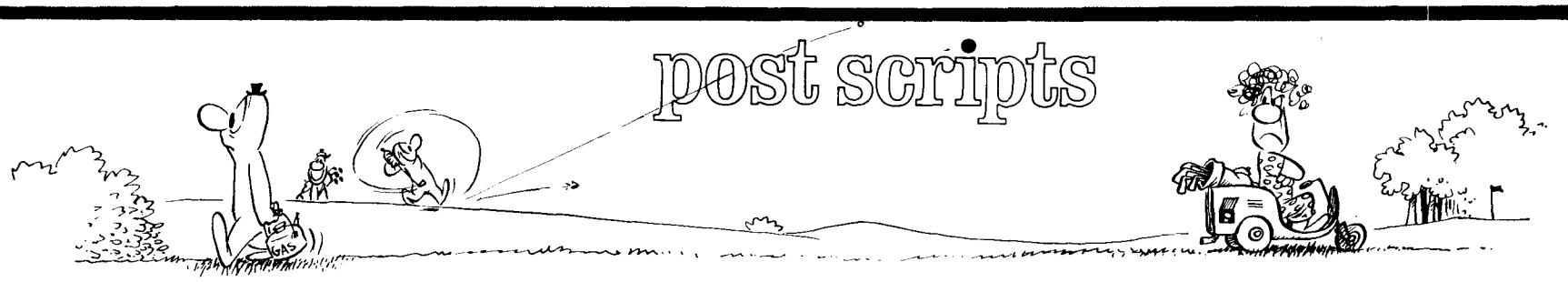
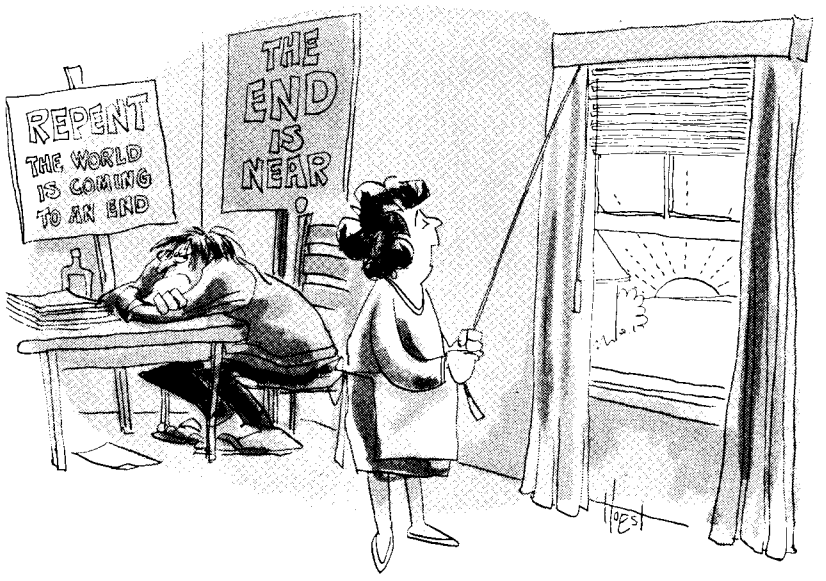
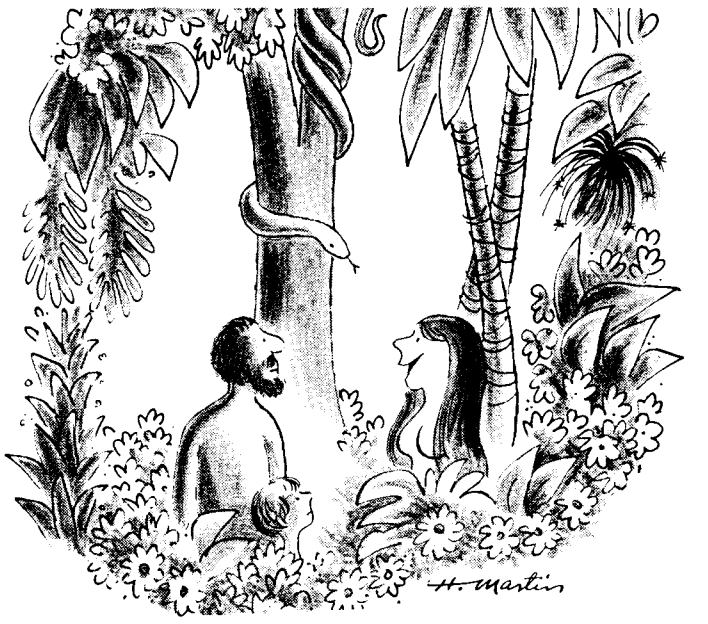
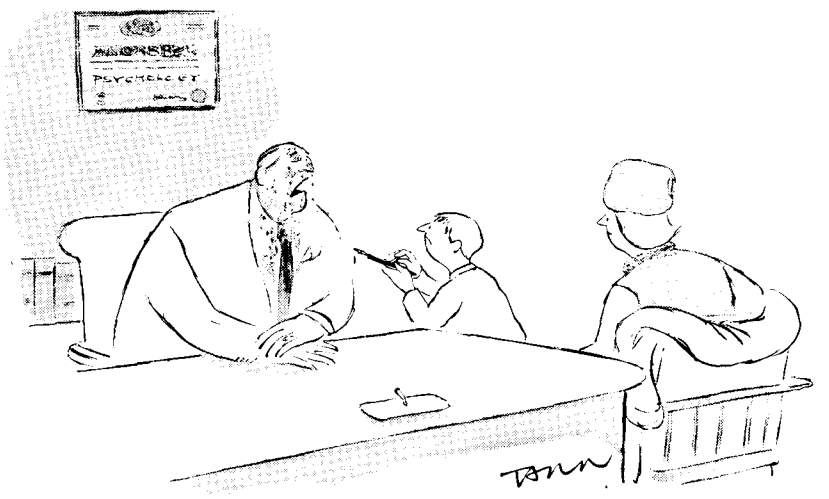




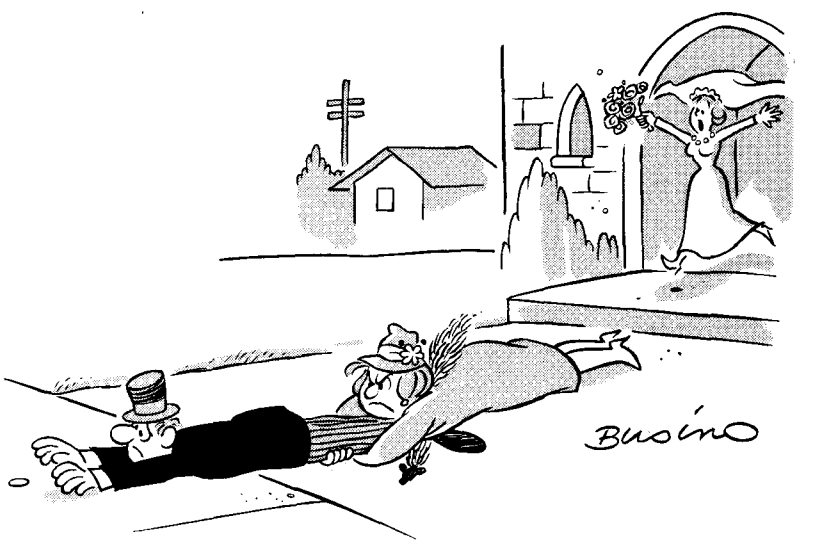
"How about that . . . another sunrise."



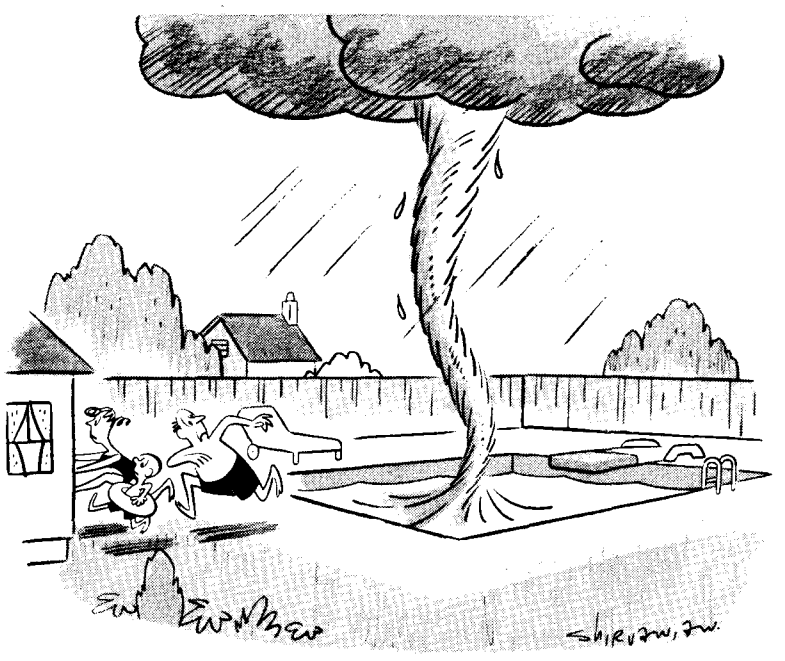
"Abel if it's a boy and Mabel if it's a girl."

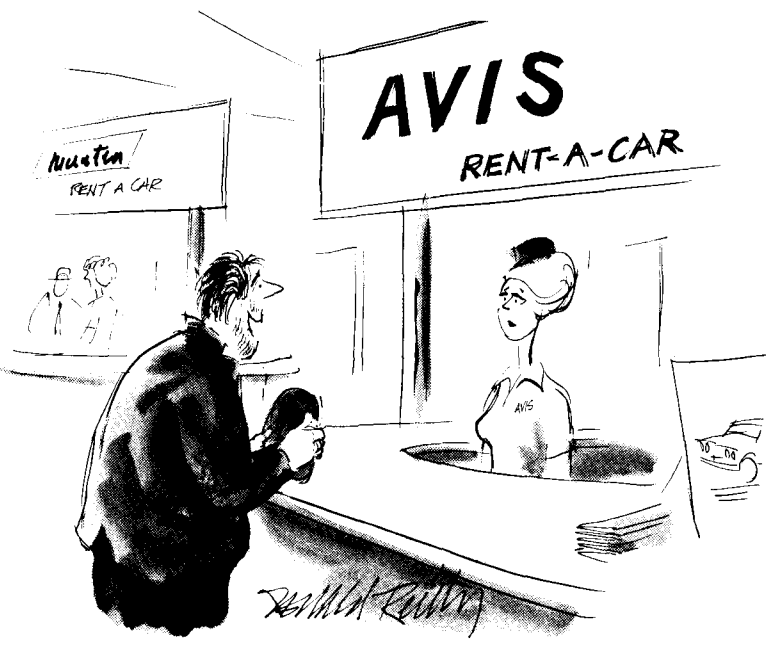


"Of course, there's no such thing as a really bad boy— but now and then you do get a mean, lousy, rotten kid."



"Mother! Harold's just going to put some money in the meter."





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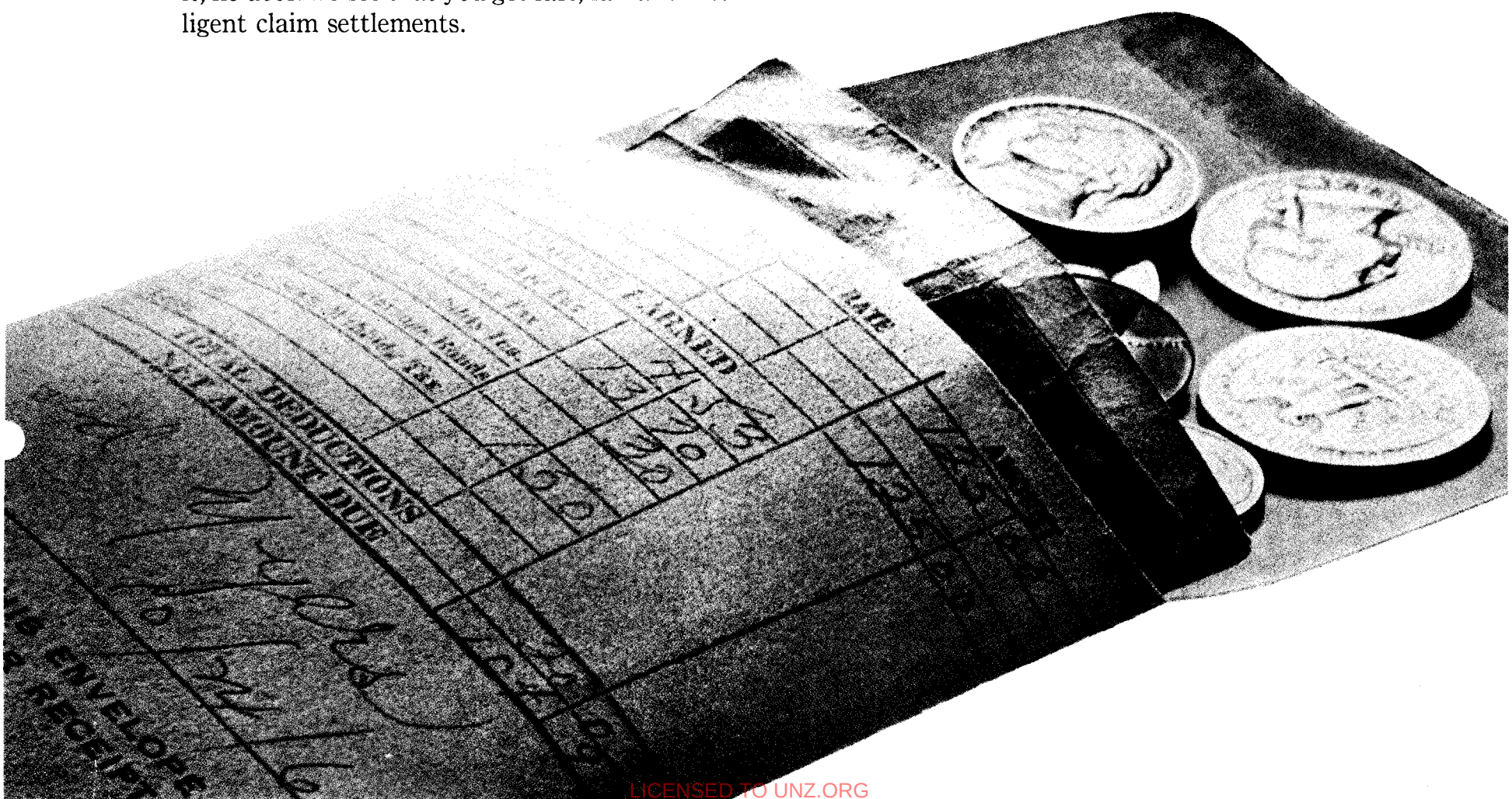

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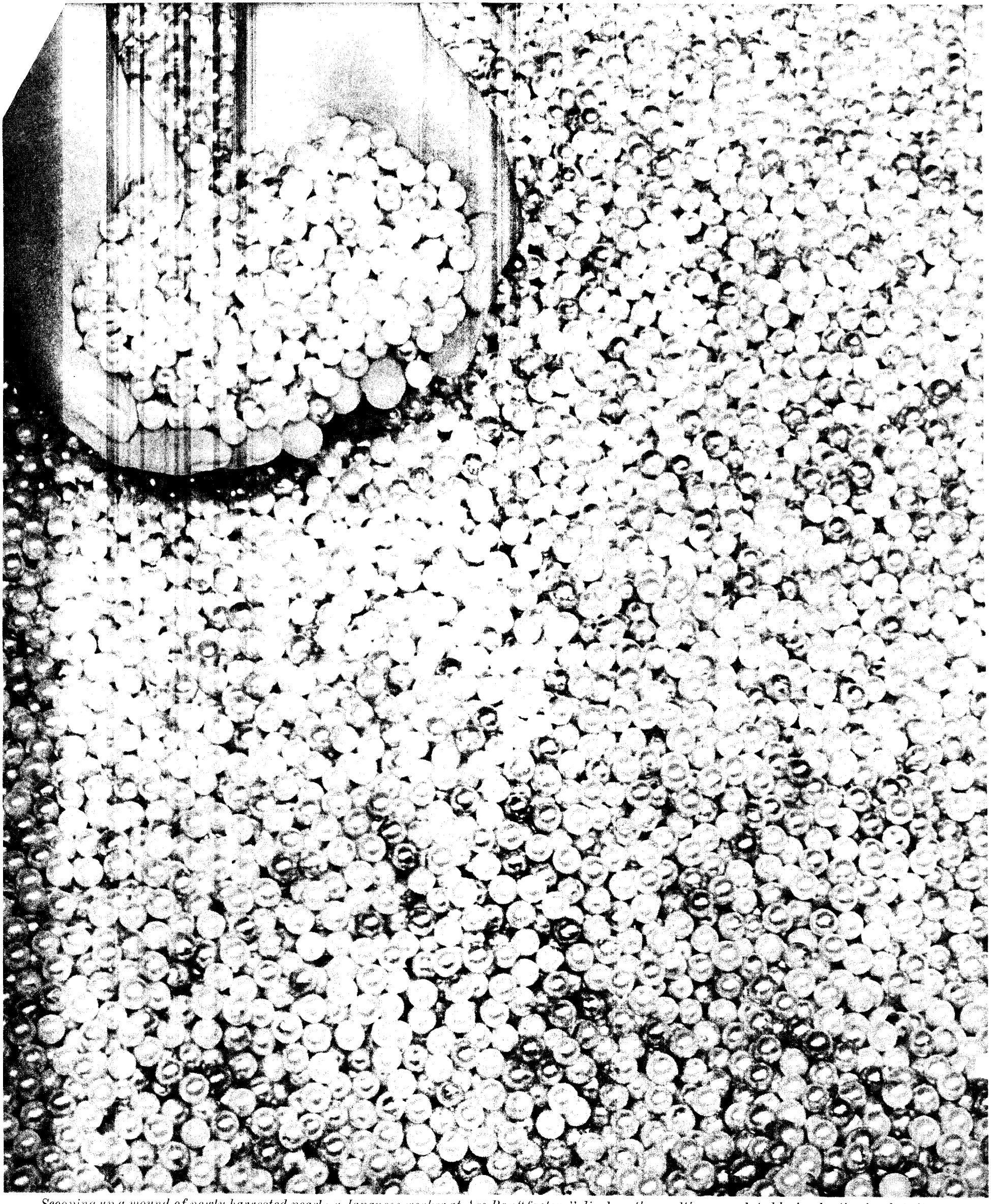

Scooping up a mound of newly harvested pearls, a Japanese worker at Ago Bay "factory" displays the wealth accumulated by implanting beads in live oysters

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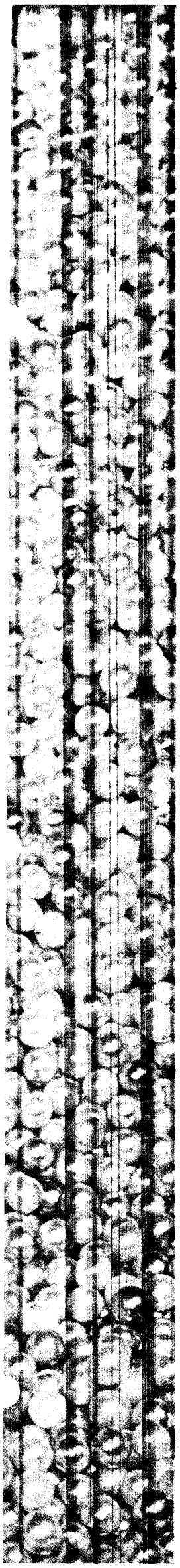

nd waiting for results.

Wily Japanese harvest pearls worth millions by giving oysters the surprise of their lives.

GEMS THAT GROW ON COMMAND

Fooled by expert, this oyster grew two pearls.

By Rafael Steinberg
Photographs by Horace Bristol

The supple, sun-bronzed girl knots a rope around her waist and slips four or five long, wicked-looking knives under it. Half a mile from the rugged shore the wooden boat rocks up, then back, in the slow sea swell, but the girl stands erect and confident, methodically checking her gear. Her partner lets the oar fall from his hand, and the two of them, man and woman, peer into the sea. Then, with only a nod, the girl drops over the side. Treading water, she raps twice on the boat to attract the attention of the gods, and softly murmurs "*Tsui, tsui, Ryugu-sama,*" an ancient charm invoking the protection of the Dragon Throne beneath the sea. The man hands her a 25-pound lead weight. Taking a deep breath, she flips over and vanishes, leaving behind her the sun and sky and air.

Fifty feet down the sinker drags her to a shadowy, lonely and dangerous world which she and all the women of her community know as thoroughly as the streets of their town. Here, beside the jagged undersea cliffs, among the fish and the squid and the swaying sea grasses, she will labor all day. She must periodically come up for air, but under water she moves with the graceful ease of a prowling shark. A fluttering ankle propels her forward; a flashing knife clips shellfish from the craggy rock.

This is Nami-ei (Wave Bough) Tanoue, the strapping but altogether charming young lady who today is the leading *ama*, or diver, in Wagu, a thriving *ama* community on Ago Bay, about 190 miles southwest of Tokyo. The *ama* are the outstanding exception to the Japanese rule that woman's place is in the home. For centuries they have supported their families by diving into the sea to gather shellfish, a job which men, short on lung power and protective body fat, cannot do as well.

"If it were not for the *ama*," says Shigeru Ota, director of Japan's National Pearl Research Laboratory at Ago Bay, "there never would have been a cultured pearl." And if there were no cultured pearls, what would husbands and suitors do? A $100 necklace of matched cultured pearls would cost several thousand dollars to duplicate in natural pearls. And the cultured-pearl necklace that sold for $140,000 on Fifth Avenue not long ago might have cost more than a million dollars, or have been impossible to put together at all, if the *ama* had not been there to bring oysters back alive when the cultured-pearl industry was developing.

Pearls have dazzled women and tempted men since ancient times. The historian Edward Gibbon says that the Romans invaded Britain because of rumors of pearl fisheries. If that story is true, the Romans were disappointed. Cleopatra, it is said, dissolved a huge pearl in wine and drained her goblet to flaunt her wealth before Mark Antony. And if that story is true, the Queen of the Nile had more patience than she is

Perched on raft, pearl-diving ama *adjusts her equipment.*

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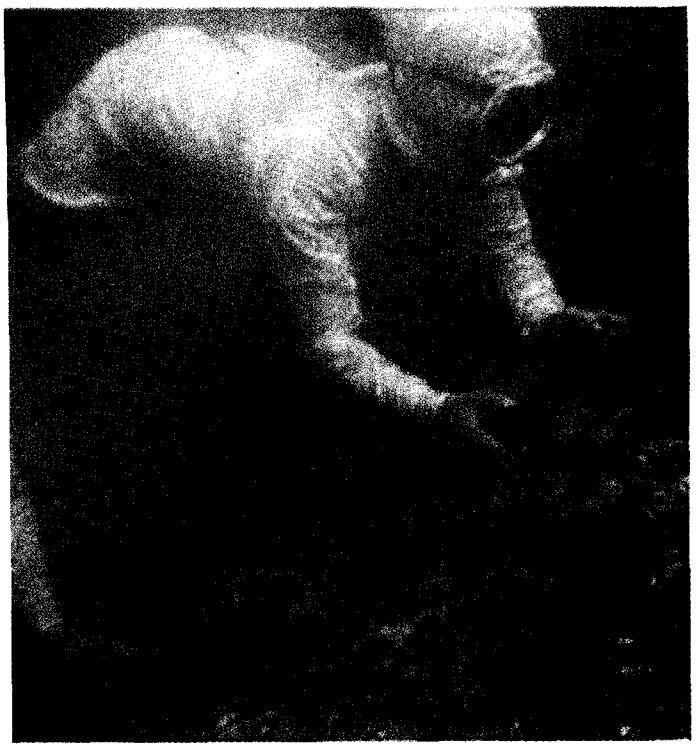
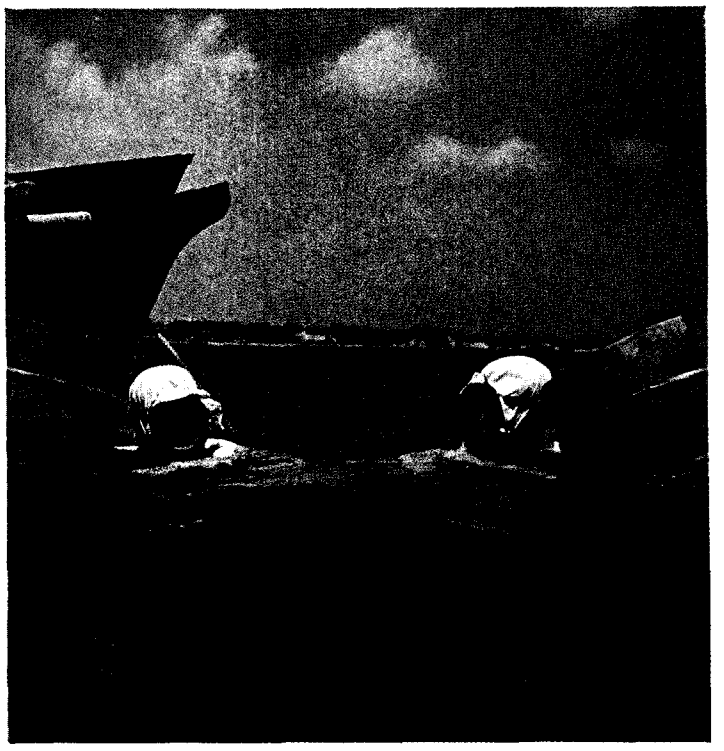
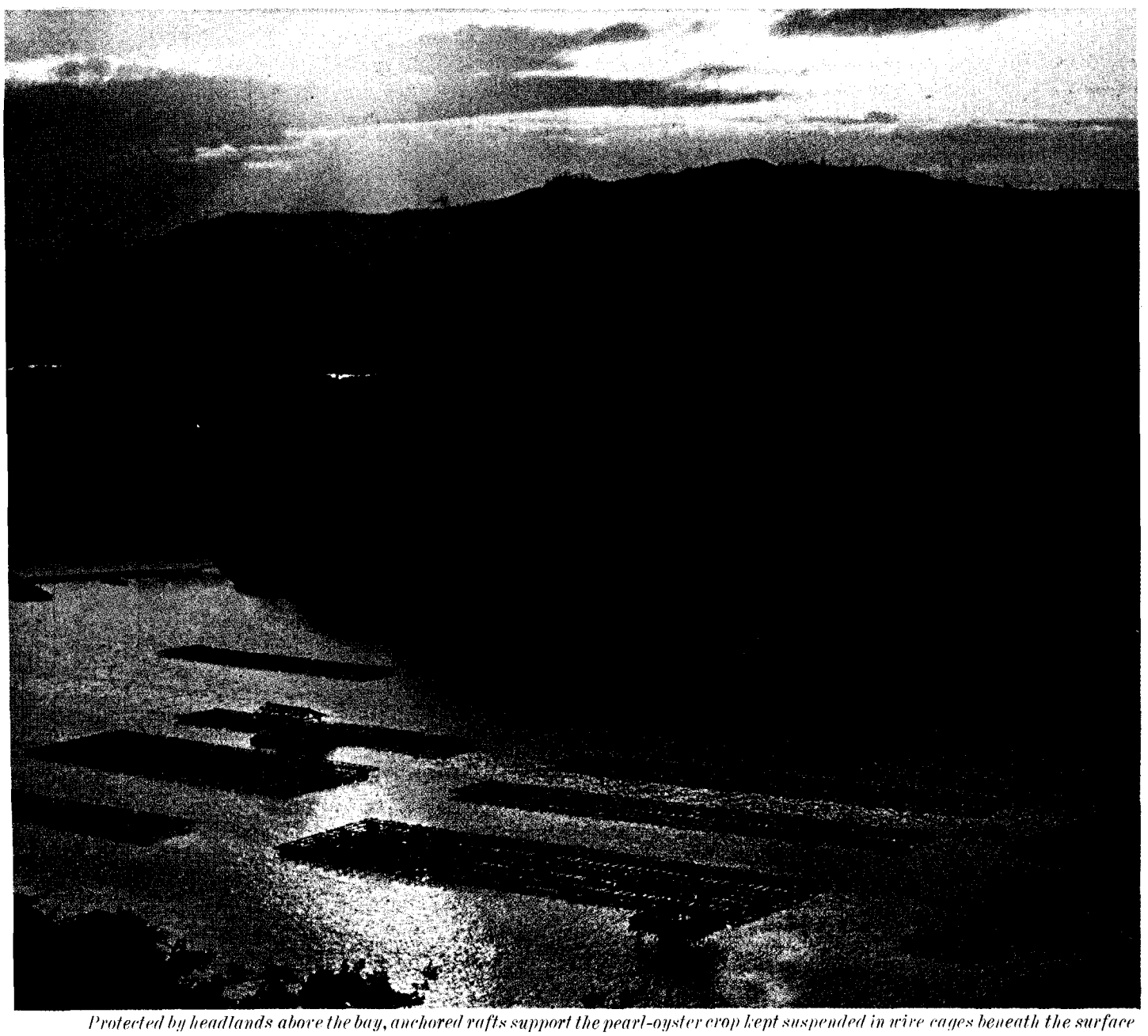


Forty feet beneath the surface, ama *gather shellfish.*



Up for air, girls put catch in tubs and prepare to go back down.

In the matriarchal communities on Ago Bay, a woman's place is in the sea. The ama's *skills are passed from mother to daughter, but progress is eroding tradition.*



Protected by headlands above the bay, anchored rafts support the pearl-oyster crop kept suspended in wire cages beneath the surface

Gems on Command

generally credited with: A pearl will dissolve in wine or vinegar, it is true, but it takes several weeks.

For centuries enterprising visionaries tried to improve on nature and make oysters produce perfect pearls on command, but all such attempts failed until about 60 years ago. In the tiny coves and piney islands of Ago Bay there are now more than 3,000 "factories" using the seeding process devised in 1908 that turns out pearls by the million.

An operator, usually a girl who earns about three dollars a day, begins her task by sacrificing one oyster for the cause. She splits it open and cuts tiny snippets from the oyster's mantle, the membrane which encloses the oyster flesh and normally produces the iridescent nacre (mother-of-pearl) of the inner shell.

She then pops into a clamp a two-year-old *Pinctada martensii* oyster, whose shell has already opened about half an inch after being removed from the water. Peering into this opening, which cannot be widened without killing the oyster, the operator cuts deftly into the living stomach with a miniature scalpel, then inserts one bit of mantle tissue into the incision. She implants a bead made of clamshell in the same slit, so that it touches the nacre-secreting cells of the mantle tissue.

After receiving two such unsolicited gifts, the oyster goes back to the bay to live in a wire basket suspended from a raft. The transplanted mantle soon envelops the clamshell nucleus and coats it with layers of nacre, just as it might line the inside of the shell with mother-of-pearl. Three years later, if all goes well, the oyster will yield two perfect pearls.

Unfortunately everything does not always go well. It's a long way to the perfect necklace on Fifth Avenue, and the odds are astronomically high that an oyster will not produce a perfect cultured pearl. "It's a heartbreaking business," says Morizo Yamamura, manager of an Ago Bay pearl farm. "There are so many things that can go wrong." The perils of pearling are typhoons, parasites, and the "red tide" of poisonous plankton which sweeps into the bay every few years and can suffocate oysters in hours. Of the oysters surviving these hazards, more than half will produce pearls good enough to be sold—at least in a Japanese dime store.

But if the gems are to be big, round and smooth enough for export, with the luscious pink luster that makes plain women beautiful and beautiful women vain, then a hundred uncontrollable factors must combine in just the right order, and only a tiny percentage make it. The pearls must be harvested when the water is cold, for instance, or they will not have the desired silky sheen. The oyster needs salt water, yet too much salt will turn the pearls yellow. Ago Bay is just salty enough, but oysters go south for the winter—the cages are piled on boats and taken to a warmer area a few miles away.

Temperature, ocean currents, weather, plankton—all affect the size, shape, color or luster of the pearl. Nowhere else in the world does man put balky nature through such exacting paces for the sake of beauty—and gain. The gain is substantial: Last year Japan earned $47 million from the export of cultured pearls. As for beauty, artificial pearls, manufactured by dipping beads into a chemical bath containing pulverized mother-of-pearl, simply don't have the luster or colors of a cultured pearl.

From the earliest experiments in pearl

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culture until a few years ago, the *ama* gathered all oysters used for seeding, but now farmers are raising their own oysters from spat—the oyster equivalent of babies—under controlled conditions. "The oysters that we cultivate are much bigger and can therefore produce bigger pearls," says one producer. The role of the *ama* has shrunk accordingly, yet they still dive. After a typhoon, they are indispensable for retrieving cages scattered on the floor of the bay. Much of the time they hunt abalone, which pays better than gathering oysters. But it is tougher work, and bringing them in takes all the skill and dexterity that the *ama* have handed down to their daughters for generations.

Nami-ei-san's earliest memories are of this lore. "Ever since I was a little girl," she recalls, "my mother and grandmother were teaching me the best places to find shellfish, how to cut them free quickly, without getting tired, and how to know how deep to go." When she was 16, she was sent down the coast from Wagu for training in an area where the rocks are more dangerous and the shellfish harder to find. "My mother always said that *ama* who dive there can learn more in one season than an *ama* can learn around here in years. It's the best experience."

When she came back to Wagu she was unsurpassable at her trade, and a dozen young men clamored to marry her, which also meant becoming her boatman. The man who finally captured this prize, slim, quiet Hiroshi Tanoue, is an *ama's* son and runs a pearl farm himself when he is not in the boat tending his wife's lifeline. "Diving is a cooperative effort," says Nami-ei, with a fond glance at her husband. "A diver really can't do well unless she has complete trust in the man up top."

A diver with utter faith in her boatman can stay on the bottom until just a few seconds before she needs to breathe, then tug her lifeline. Her partner hauls her up as fast as possible. A moment's delay could be fatal. The *ama* unsure of her man will allow quite a bit of extra time for the ride up, and that will limit her catch.

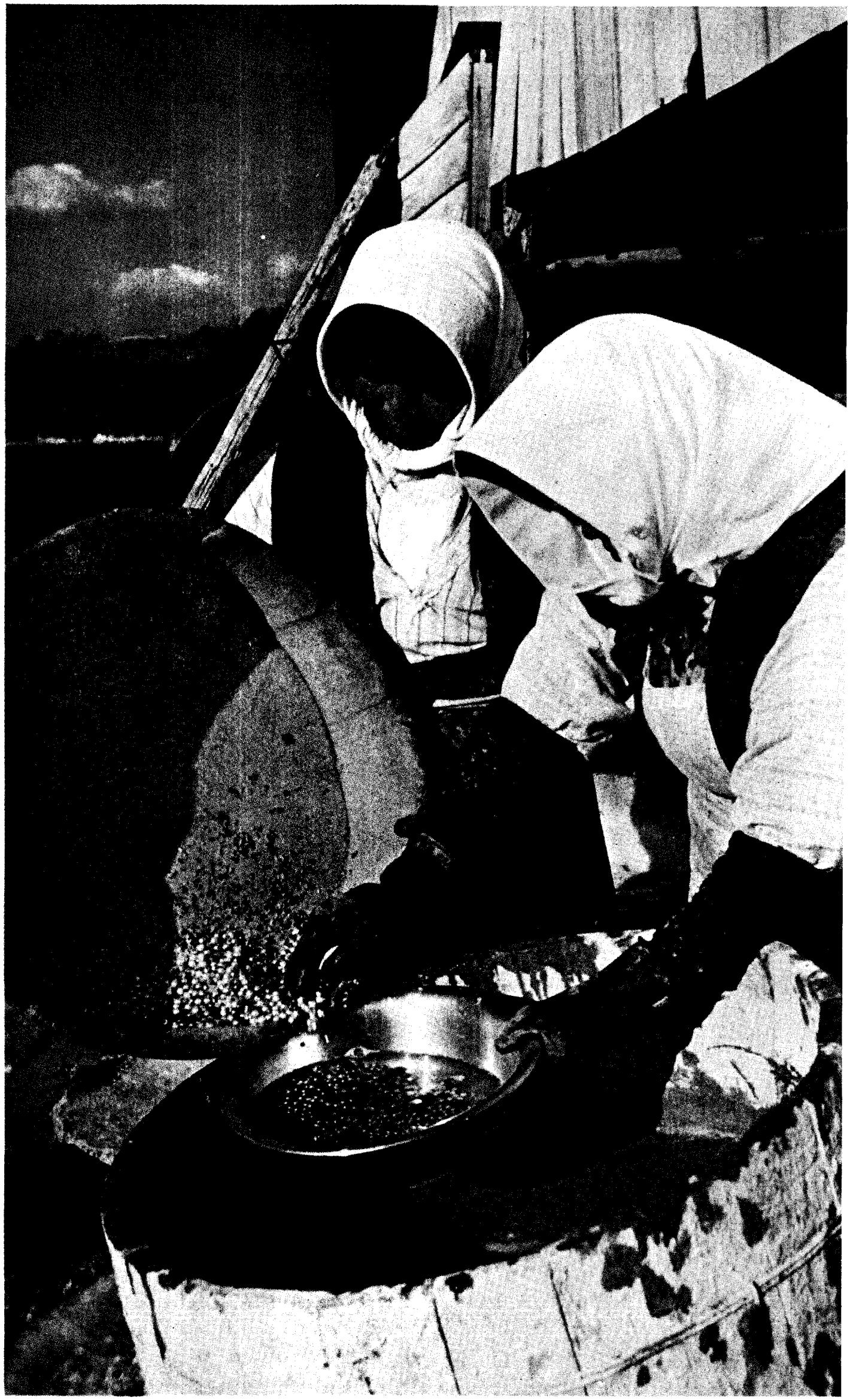
Nami-ei-san can earn as much as $25 per day during the 100-day diving season. But most *ama*, lacking Nami-ei's skill and endurance, or lacking a man to tend them, have to work in groups of a dozen to a boat and surface under their own power. Consequently, their undersea working time is limited, and they are lucky if they can earn six dollars a day.

That's one reason why fewer and fewer girls of Wagu are following in the wake of their mothers. "Every woman born around here can dive," says *ama* Masuko Nagaya, 46 and a grandmother, "but the young things aren't interested. They would rather sit in those workshops all day putting in the pearl nucleus."

And, it appears, the young things would rather be more like the city girls they read about in magazines. "*Ama* work is so feudal," said one *ama* daughter who works seeding oysters at a long bench beside 20 other girls. "Women shouldn't have to do such labor in modern Japan."

"But as for me," says Masuko-san, "I'd rather dive. My ears don't hurt yet. I've got plenty of time. Some go on until they're 70." She wouldn't dream of quitting until she has to. "My husband works for the cooperative, and he is the one who weighs each diver's catch at the end of the day and calls out how much each one took in. I would be terribly embarrassed if he had to announce that his own wife did poorly, so I'm always trying hard."

As for the oysters, they would probably like just to be left alone. THE END



Sifting through the sludgy mixture of shell, bits of oyster and pearls, two women clean the crop before it is sorted for sale.

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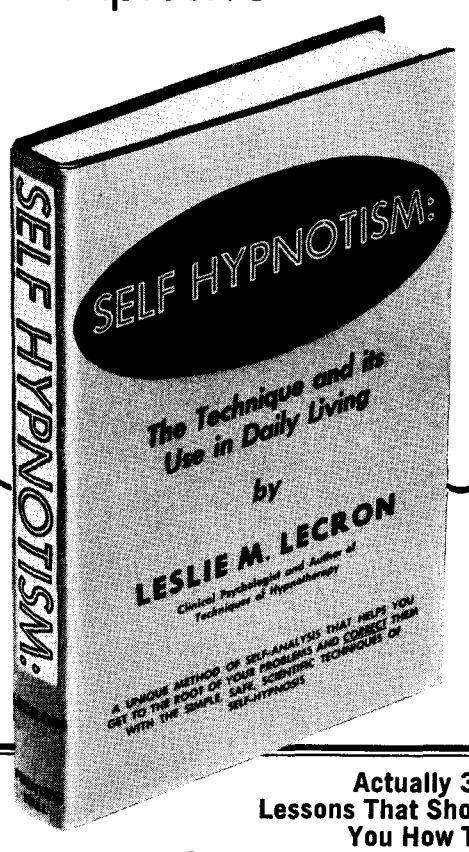

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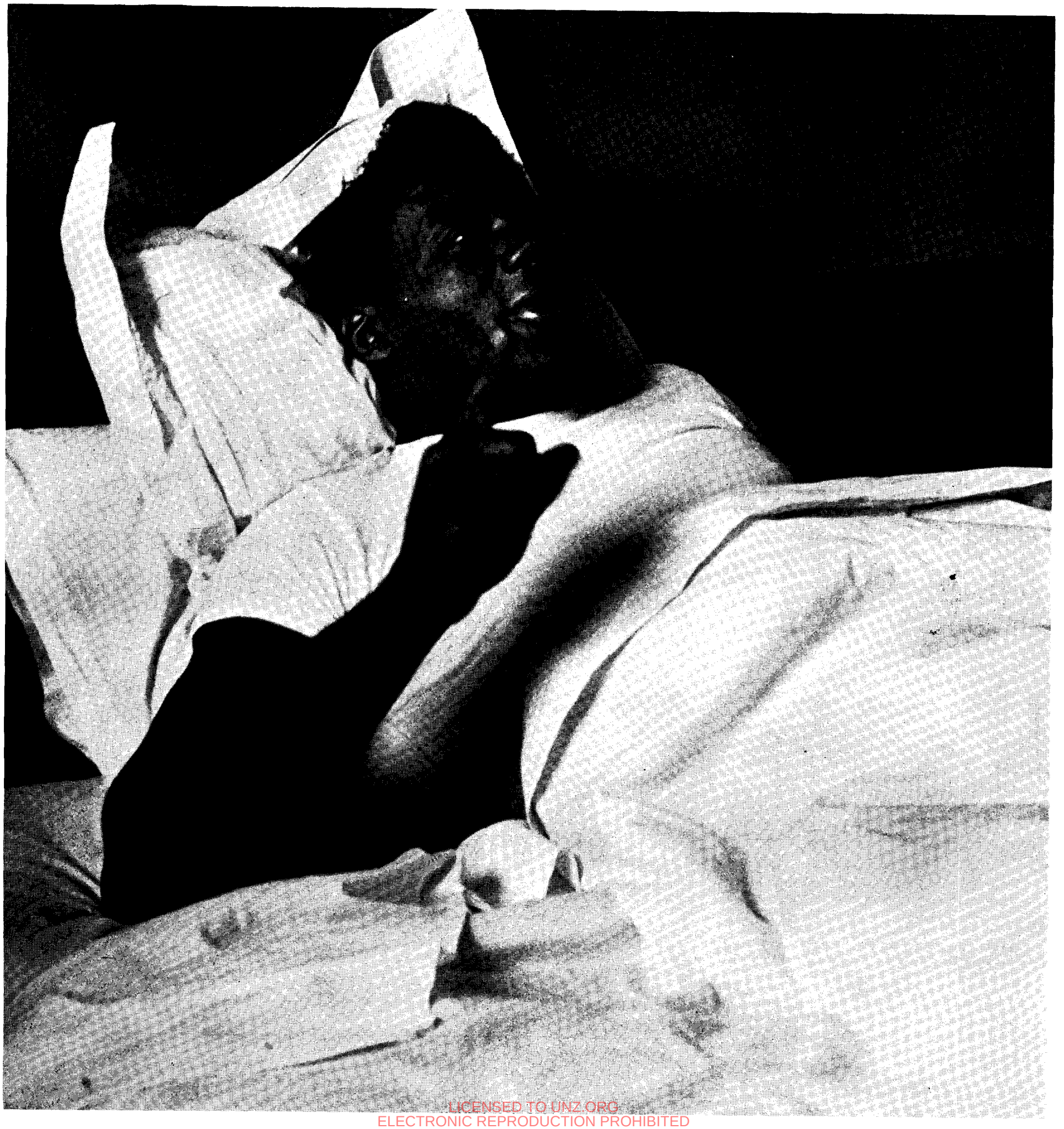
By PETE HAMILL

FLOYD'S FIGHT TO SAVE

At 29, former heavyweight boxing champion Floyd Patterson is still pulling on the gloves, s



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HIS PRIDE

oping for one more chance for a happy ending.

Tiny blisters of sweat broke across Floyd Patterson's brow as he began the daily ritual that has been most of his life for the past 15 years. Once again he was in an improvised ring in a training camp, and a padded leather helmet was being strapped to his head, his hands were being taped, someone was smearing his face with Vaseline, and jamming a white rubber gum-shield in his mouth. The big training gloves were pulled on while he gazed out at a roomful of strangers, all waiting to watch him fight. Then the sparring partner was ready, a bell rang, and Floyd Patterson was boxing again.

"When you're training," he said later, "everywhere you go, things are the same: only the names of the places are different."

The name of the place this time was Ronneby, a resort town on the south coast of Sweden, 300 miles from Stockholm where, on July 5, he will box Eddie Machen in a 12-round fight that will determine the future of both men.

For Patterson it could be the most important fight of his life, but it has nothing to do with money. In 11 years as a professional, he has grossed eight million dollars with his fists, and the money left after taxes has been saved or cautiously invested. By most standards he is a rich man, and allows himself a few extravagances. He owns and flies an $11,000 Cessna, drives three expensive automobiles, owns a $2,000 motorcycle. He has a $100,000 home in Yonkers, N.Y., (which he is about to sell because of racial incidents involving his daughter) and another home in Rockville Centre, N.Y. He has set aside money for his four children's education, invested in an integrated housing project with baseball star Jackie Robinson, and bought a piece of a hotel in the Bahamas. For Patterson, the money he can earn from prizefighting is no longer of prime importance. What is important is his pride. He wants to erase the image he fears he will leave behind when he retires: that as heavyweight champion he was an elaborate fraud with no ability to take a punch, a fraud whose true measure could be found in the total of four minutes and 16 seconds he lasted in two fights with Sonny Liston.

"If I were a wise man," he says, "I would retire now. But I'm not a wise man, I'm like everyone else: I want that one more chance. Just one more. That means fighting Clay, and then Liston again. Then I could retire."

And so Patterson, who was the youngest man ever to win the world's heavyweight title and the only one ever to regain it, was back in a training camp in Sweden. He was boxing a light heavyweight named Greatest Crawford, moving in the familiar patterns, his hands held high against his face, the jab coming straight, bobbing and weaving under punches, grunting when he threw them himself. To a visitor who had followed his career from the days in the late 1940's when he was the best amateur fighter in the United States, his hands seemed as fast as they always had been, the punches coming in swift volleys, raking the sparring partner's belly and moving to the head as the crowd gasped. He sparred two rounds and then began the manual labor of boxing: smacking the heavy bag, sweating through sit-ups, turning the tiny speed bag into a staccato blur, being pounded for a round with a medicine ball, skipping rope, and then the day's work was over. The 200 people in the large hall broke into loud applause, shouting "welcome Floyd," and he turned and smiled at them, said good-bye, and walked back into the dressing room.

While Patterson showered, a crowd of almost 500 gathered outside the large, white-frame building, standing in clusters, talking in respectful tones about the former champion, some of them carrying placards welcoming him to Ronneby. For Patterson it is like this all over Sweden. When he walks the streets of big towns like Stockholm and Goteborg, he is besieged by autograph hunters and tailed by photographers; in the small towns like Ronneby, people stop him on the country roads and invite him home for dinner. "You might say I'm a kind of one-man Beatles," he said after signing almost 100 autographs and setting off for a walk in the country. "The thing about Sweden is that they seem to like me for *me*, for Floyd Patterson the man, not just Floyd Patterson the fighter. I got just as warm a welcome here after Liston knocked me out the second time as I did in 1960, when I came here for the first time after beating Ingemar (Johansson). If they like me in defeat, they must really like me."

Patterson's popularity in Sweden is a unique sports phenomenon. He had lost to, and then soundly thrashed Johansson, the first Swede ever to hold the heavyweight crown. These fights, plus his Olympic victory at Helsinki in 1952, made him a familiar name in Scandinavia. Further, in a perverse switch of loyalty, Swedes who were irked by Johansson's tax-avoiding move to Switzerland, quickly became Patterson fans.

Now he was in a borrowed automobile, dressed in a light-blue jacket, gray workman's pants, and heavy black boots, driving the back roads of the Swedish countryside. It was late afternoon, and the slanting rays of the sun broke across fields of heather, and pale washes of green, and small lakes, and Patterson talked easily.

"I love boxing in many ways," he said, "but there are two sides to it too. There is the bright side where a young boy who has nothing can come along and become famous and earn a lot of money, and that is the good side. But then there is the dark side too." He turned into a main road, leading to the town of Karlskrona, about 12 miles from Ronneby.

"The name that keeps coming back to me is Jimmy Carter," he said. "I trained with him at camp once, when I was just coming up. He was the lightweight champion of the world then, and I was nothing, but Jimmy Carter impressed me as a humble, nice man and you just couldn't help liking him."

A car came past and the driver honked at Patterson, smiled and waved. "Hey," Patterson shouted in reply as he went by. "Well, Jimmy Carter had a beautiful home and a nice wife, and you couldn't tell me that he would end the way he did. The next time I saw him was in Oceanside, California, where I was training for the Roy Harris fight in 1958. I could see right away that something had gone wrong. He had no more family, no home, no money, and he didn't look good. It shook me."

He pulled into Karlskrona, parked the car and got out. People looked at him and smiled. A middle-aged woman giggled nervously and searched through her purse for a piece of paper he could sign for her. A crowd gathered, and for 10 minutes Patterson signed autographs.

"You see," Patterson said, "that's what happens to too many fighters. Boxing gives a hungry youngster something to belong to, it establishes him, it gives him money, it gives him a chance to live with class. It happened that way with me. But 99 out of 100 who come up from the gutter go back to it. For them, it was all in vain. Some guys just get jobs on the docks, and other guys say, 'Well, I had a taste of the good times.' Is that what it should be? A man works at something for fifteen, twenty years and can only say he has had a *taste?*"

Patterson turned into the main square of Karlskrona, a wide, cobblestoned plaza with the city hall at one end and a flower market in the center. A man with wiry, tattooed arms came over and stood in front of Patterson and raised his hands in a picture-book imitation of a fighter.

"Me Svedish fighter," he said.

"Oh yeah?" Patterson said, smiling. "That's fine." They shook hands.

"I think of Sugar Ray Robinson, the best fighter I've ever seen," Patterson said. "He's forty-three, forty-four years old now and still fighting. I think of Joe Louis, who can walk anywhere in the world with respect, and how much did he take out of boxing? Especially in proportion to what he gave? You know who makes the money out of boxing?" He paused to emphasize the answer to his own question. "The crooks. C-r-o-o-k-s. They go to college and become lawyers and start signing papers for you and sitting back, and all you have to do is go out and do the fighting. You bleed. And who makes the money? Them—not you. That's why I call all the shots for myself. Not a cent of my money is invested until I've investigated every possible angle, read up on the subject, and thought of all the ways it could go wrong.

"Poor Sonny Liston," he said, smiling at the irony of saying that about the man who had humiliated him twice. "I've thought of him often. I was never so certain in my life that a man would wind up broke, and sure enough, after the Clay fight it came out that he was cut up more

While Swedish admirers look on, Floyd studies his rope-skipping form in a mirror.

Resting after workout, Patterson talks about the past and his hopes for the future.

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"If I were a wise man, I'd retire now . . . but I want that one more chance."

Floyd's Proud Fight

ways than a loaf of bread. But I'm just as certain of another thing: No one around him will wind up broke."

In the evening, after dinner, Patterson sat on a wicker chair on the porch of the large Victorian mansion called Villa Vera, where he lives alone. Across the road was a white building where the sparring partners sleep. Beyond that was the gym. A visitor asked what had happened in Yonkers with his daughter. Patterson explained that a writer had come up to camp a few months before to write a magazine article. On the day the writer arrived, Patterson received a phone call from his wife, saying that the children at school had been calling his daughter names again. The writer included all this in his story. "When the article came out," Patterson said, "there was a lot of bitterness in the neighborhood. I had criticized the neighborhood, and in a way the local Catholic church. The priest wrote me a letter, which wasn't exactly nasty, but wasn't exactly warm either. So I wrote him back in the same tone."

Patterson, a Roman Catholic, then went to see the priest. "I realized that I might have been wrong in my bitterness, because the church had actually bent over backward to be nice to my girl," he said. "But these things kept going on, with other kids calling her nigger, and chocolate drop, and Sambo. Anyway, the priest said something that I don't believe he understood. He said Negroes were pushing themselves too hard, with sit-ins and demonstrations and whatnot, and that this pushing was doing them more harm than it was good. That the Negro was losing a lot of white men who sympathized with him, who were his friends."

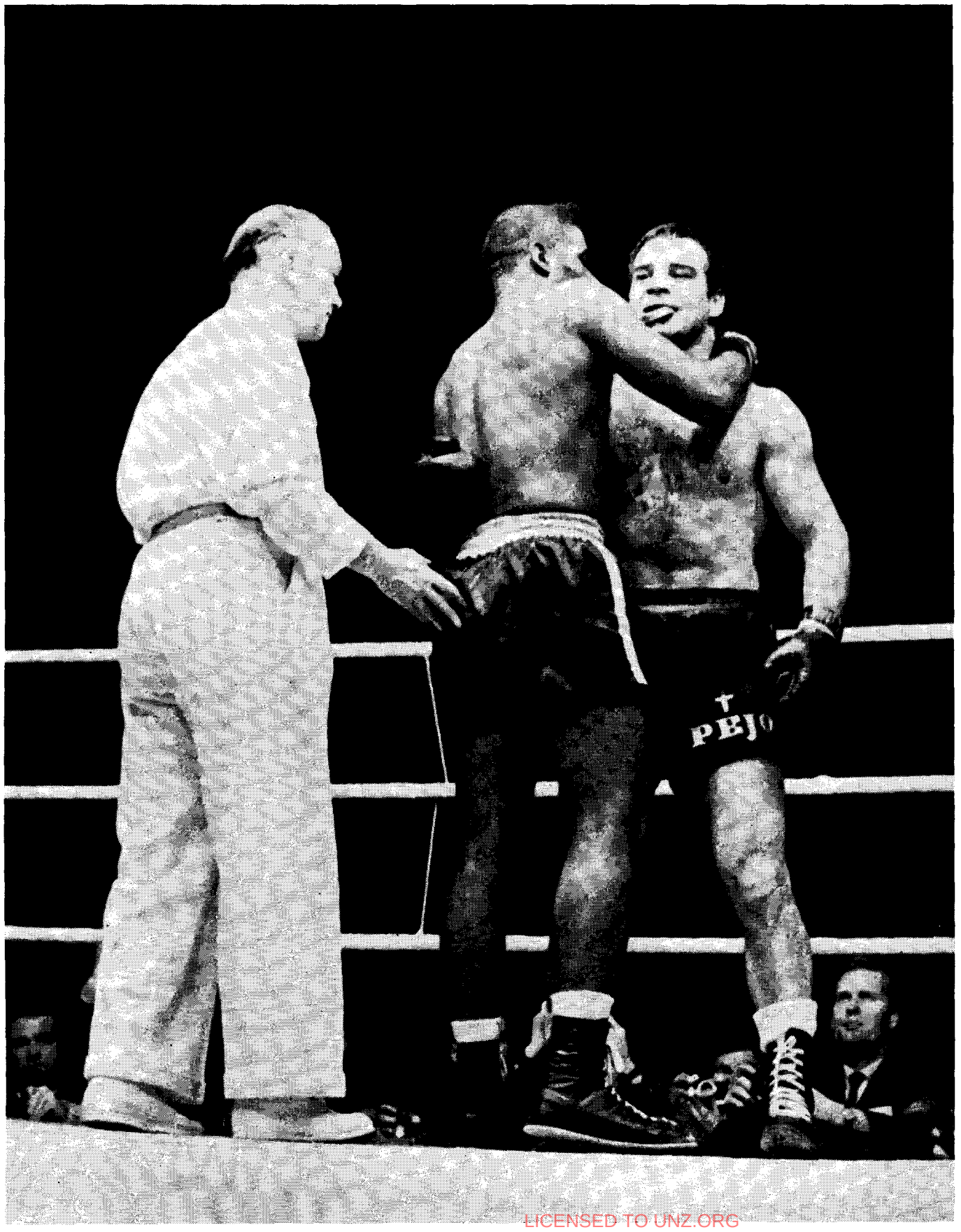
Patterson's brother, Raymond, a 20-year-old heavyweight who has won five of his eight fights since turning professional, came up the road and asked Floyd for the keys to the car. Patterson gave them to him, and told him to drive slowly.

"Well, I answered him," Floyd said. "I said that many white people don't understand the *purpose* of the black man's fight. It's not a fight for *friendship;* it's a fight for equality. As long as I can sleep in the same hotels as you, as long as I can eat in the same restaurants as you, as long as I can read in the same libraries and swim in the same swimming pools and watch movies in the same section as you and vote with the same rights as you, then we can consider friendship. I mean, it stands to reason that if we are seeing each other in all these places, we're both of us gonna say, 'Hey, don't I know you from somewhere?' Then we can be friends. Right now it's not a question of friendship."

It was early the next morning now, the best part of the day, and Floyd Patterson was dressing. Gray light crept through the blinds. He pulled on heavy black boots and walked out. There was a smell of dew and cut grass, and the countryside was empty. He talked of retiring, something he has promised to do if Eddie Machen defeats him decisively. "I definitely don't want to live in the city," he said. "I'll live in the country somewhere. But when I retire, I retire. You won't see me up on a stage singing or something.

"I'd like to live on a farm," he said, "away from prejudices of all kinds, and away from the fastness of life, and then I would tone down my life so that it would be very slow. I'd want to take two hours to dress and an hour and a half to eat breakfast. And then I'd like to take a handful of kids—kids of eight, nine, ten, eleven—and train them, like I trained the kids in Greenwood Lake for two years. I'd even like to adopt some kids, and the kind of kid I would adopt would be the scrawniest, ugliest kid I could find, because those are the ones no one else wants. But nothing is settled, not even where we'll live, as long as I'm fighting."

In his only fight since losing second Liston bout, Patterson TKO'd Italian heavyweight Sante Amonti in eight rounds in Stockholm.



He has fought only once since losing to Liston, against an unrated Italian named Sante Amonti, whom he knocked out in eight rounds in Stockholm. To some observers he did not look good, but he feels it was a good fight. "I needed the work," he explained. But now, walking in a small lane in the countryside of Sweden, a long way from the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, you realize in a way why he struck some people as the strangest of all modern heavyweight champions. As a prizefighter, he is a gentle man who does not really like violence and who has not even attended a fight other than his own since Rocky Marciano beat Ezzard Charles in 1954. He never ran with the Broadway crowd, or sang songs on TV, or played the traps in a Harlem nightclub. More than any other fighter, though, he has been true to his calling. Most of his life has been spent like this: walking, running, boxing and training in silence. Now, growing older, he seems for the first time to be tiring of it all.

"The worst thing is the waiting," he said softly. "All my life I've been waiting, and now I sit back and I'm twenty-nine years old and I'm still waiting. When I was in the amateurs, I couldn't wait until it was time for a fight and I could find out how it ended. Then I couldn't wait to find out the results of my first professional fights, right on up to the championship. Then I couldn't wait to find out what would happen with Liston. And now, here I am, still waiting. I'm almost thirty years old. My kids are growing up, life is passing me by. But at least I've got something to wait *for*. There are millions of people in this world who are waiting for things they will never get, or they cannot get. I would do it all over again. But I'd cut down on the waiting." THE END

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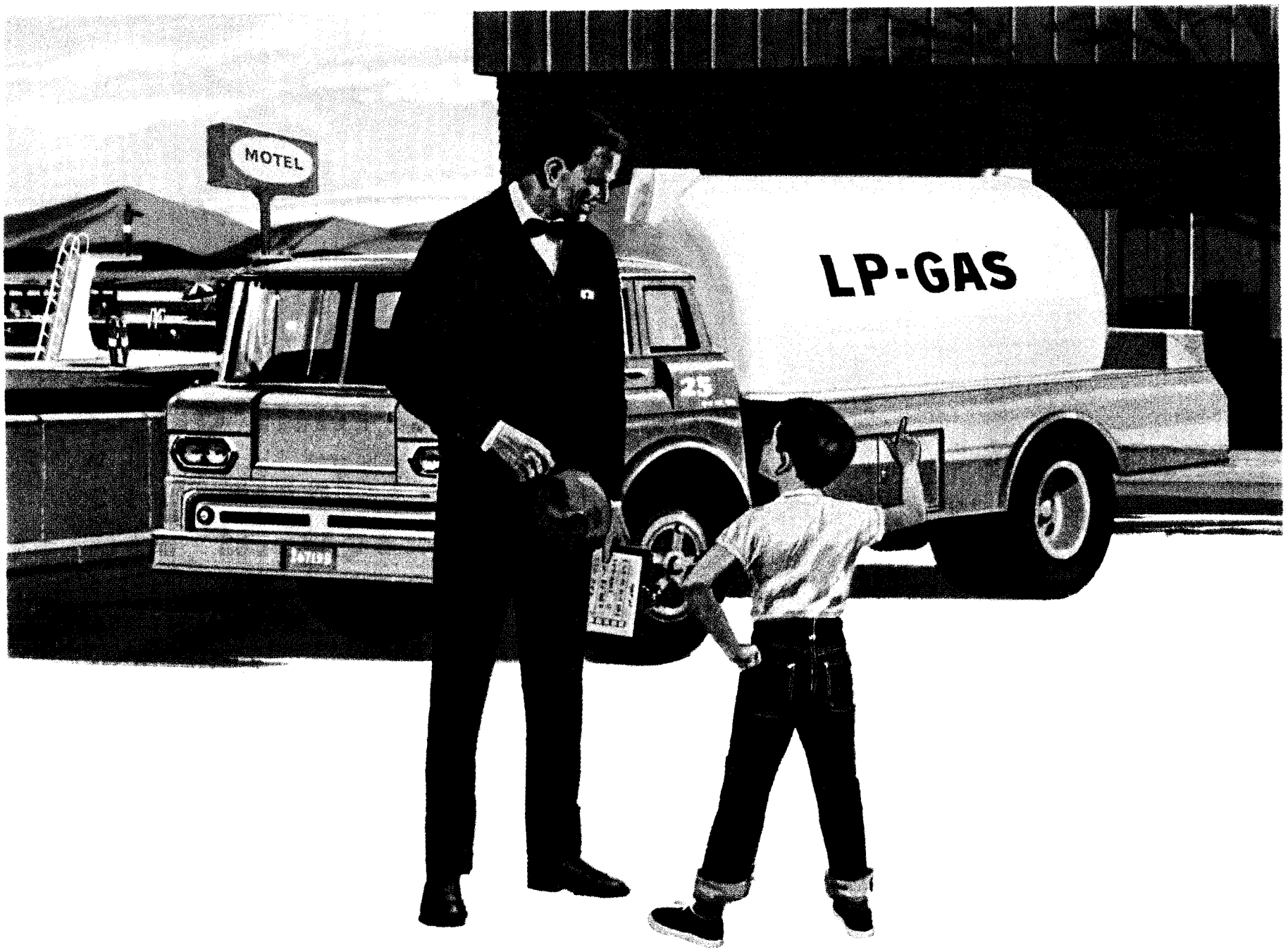

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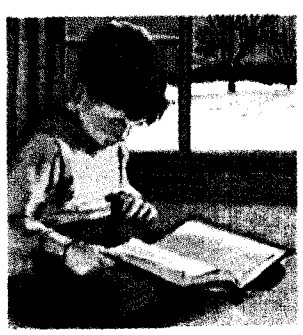

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Popović: portrait of a young conspirator.

A retired assassin tells of his role in the comic-opera plot that brought death to an Archduke and changed the face of the world.

The murder that started World War I

By ROBERTA STRAUSS FEUERLICHT

Each day, as he has for over a decade, Dr. Cvjetko Popović, a gray-haired Yugoslav scholar, climbs a flight of stairs and briskly walks to a large, drafty room in the National Museum of Sarajevo. There at a dark brown desk he meticulously pursues what has become one of his life's passions, the study of decorative pottery lids. As he putters over his work, his weak eyes squint in the dim light. Ironically, the museum where Doctor Popović works as a curator of Bosnian folk culture does not contain a single visible reminder of his own youthful fame.

If he desired, Doctor Popović could take a 10-minute car ride to a dreary side street that connects Sarajevo's main avenue and the quay of the Miljaćka River, whose waters are blood-red from the dun-colored mud swept down from the mountains. This side street is one of Europe's most famous landmarks. For it was there exactly 50 years ago, on June 28, 1914, that Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, was assassinated. His murder ignited World War I, which resulted in the death or maiming of 29 million people and helped bring about the Russian Revolution, the rise of Adolf Hitler and World War II.

Few know more about the events of that bloody June day than the shy, brusque little man who putters among the museum's pottery lids. For on that day Cvjetko Popović, with gun and grenade bulging in his pockets, joined a gauntlet of five other assassins whose mission was the murder of the Archduke.

Popović was born and reared in Bosnia, then a molten bubble in the Balkan caldron. Once a proud, independent Slavic kingdom, Bosnia had been dominated by Turkey for over 400 years and in 1908 became a captive province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Many Bosnians, particularly the young, dreamed of the day when they could unite with Serbia, an independent Slav nation. Revolutionaries without direction, the youth of Bosnia had formed a loosely organized movement called Mlada Bosna. They were determined to make life miserable for their Germanic rulers.

"There were student strikes," recalled Doctor Popović. "We would not go to school, and then some of the boys would be expelled, and then we would strike again because they were expelled. At night we climbed poles and tore down street signs. They were in German, so we would destroy them. Everything was in German. They were treating us like a German colony."

Though these schoolboy pranks annoyed the authorities, they were not the stuff of which revolutions are made. Then in June, 1910, a young Serb named Bogdan Žerajić fired five bullets at the governor of Bosnia, missing each time. With the sixth bullet he shot himself in the head. As he lay dying the governor strode over to Žerajić and kicked him.

This insult, and the attempted assassination, electrified the youth of Bosnia. They were further inflamed by a pamphlet called *Death of a Hero*, which quoted Žerajić as saying, "I leave it to Serbdom to avenge me."

"We read the pamphlet until we knew whole passages by heart," said Doctor Popović. "It influenced our whole generation. It aroused our conscience and gave us a program." The plan was to detonate a revolution by assassinating a high Austrian official. Between 1910 and 1914 there were at least five attempted murders, but all failed. Then in the spring of 1914 the newspapers announced that Franz Ferdinand was going to review army maneuvers in Bosnia and visit Sarajevo, the capital. The victim would be none other than the heir to the Austrian throne.

"We wanted to destroy him, and the Austrians, and their German ideas," said Popović. "It was a local affair, a personal affair. We didn't think of the world or of any other country. It was our problem and we were solving it in our own way."

Archduke Ferdinand (left), a perfect target in plumed helmet, and his Sophie come to Sarajevo. They were to die within 75 minutes.

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Austrians guard prisoners (left to right) Čabrinović, whose grenade missed the Archduke, Ilić, arms supplier, and Princip, who fired the fatal shots. Of the trio, only Ilić was hanged.

It was at this point that the Black Hand, a secret Serbian society, smuggled three 19-year-old Bosnian revolutionaries into Sarajevo. Three more conspirators were recruited in the Bosnian capital. The last to be asked was Cvjetko Popović, then an 18-year-old high-school student and, like the others, a member of Mlada Bosna. On May 15, he was stopped by Vaso Čubrilović, who was 17, the youngest to be chosen as an assassin. Čubrilović inquired if Popović had been in prison. Popović, who knew the youth only by sight, replied that the Austrian police had jailed him at the age of 16 for four months because he had in his possession several incendiary pamphlets, among them the *Death of a Hero*.

As the discussion continued, the two youths found they both viewed Franz Ferdinand as the greatest enemy of the Serbian people, and agreed that his forthcoming visit on June 28 was an insult, for it was on that day in 1389 that the Serbs lost the battle that opened their lands to nearly 500 years of Turkish rule. For their newest conqueror to parade before them on a day of such bitter memory was more than these angry young revolutionaries could stand.

Suddenly Čubrilović said, "It would be good to ambush him."

"The youth of Bosnia will shame itself if he is permitted to leave alive," Popović agreed.

"Would you be prepared to ambush him?" asked Čubrilović.

"I would."

Popović pointed to the earth beside the road. "But with what? With this mud?"

Čubrilović then revealed the details of the plot, and assured Popović that Danilo Ilić, a local schoolteacher and member of the Black Hand, would provide guns, grenades, and cyanide which was to be swallowed by the assassin who succeeded—to make sure he would not reveal the names of his comrades.

As the days passed, Popović's excitement grew. He was particularly eager to practice with the pistol he had been promised, since he had never fired a gun before. He was also exceptionally nearsighted. Because he was too poor to buy glasses, there was a chance he might end up shooting the wrong person.

It wasn't until the afternoon of June 27—less than 24 hours before the assassination—that the youths met Ilić in a Sarajevo coffeehouse to receive their weapons and instructions. There Ilić poured cyanide out of a bottle, wrapped the powder in scraps of newspaper and gave each one a portion. He then took the two students for a walk in a nearby park where he handed Čubrilović a grenade and a pistol. Finally, in the privacy of a tunnel near the Miljačka River, Ilić pulled out a second grenade, unscrewed the brass cap that covered the detonator and told the youths how to set it off. It would explode, he said, 12 seconds after impact. After giving the grenade to Popović, Ilić took out a fully loaded pistol, showed him how to work the safety catch and fired once into the tunnel wall. As Ilić handed Popović the smoking gun, he said, "Where this hits, no balm would help."

A cape for concealment

Leaving the tunnel, the three plotters strolled along the route Franz Ferdinand would follow down the river quay, and Ilić showed the two youths where to stand. He also repeated what they already knew—there would be four other assassins. Popović returned to his apartment and studied his weapons. For the rest of the afternoon he pretended to throw the grenade with his right hand and then swiftly thrust the pistol from his left hand to his right. He still had never fired a gun in his life.

To Popović's dismay, Sunday, June 28, was hot and sunny. He had decided to wear a heavy black cape to conceal the bulges in his jacket pockets. "I had to," he explained, blushing with embarrassment. "The grenade was in my right pocket and the pistol was in the left, and I didn't want the police to see them." But now the heavy cape would make him conspicuous.

As Popović headed for the quay, he carefully unscrewed the grenade cap and cocked the pistol. To allay his nervousness, he decided he would go to his high school to pick up some notes to read. He picked up his school papers and then walked back toward the place that Ilić had assigned him in front of a tobacco shop. It was nearly 10 A.M.

Fifteen minutes earlier, Franz Ferdinand, traveling by train, had arrived in Sarajevo. The stout, corseted, 50-year-old Austrian heir was a splendid target. His general's uniform was peppered with decorations, and he sported a tall helmet with green feathers. With him was his pretty, plump wife, Sophie Chotek, who wore a sweeping white dress and hat. Ferdinand had married her 14 years earlier. Though a cruel man given to maniacal rages, the Archduke loved his wife and three children dearly.

Oskar Potiorek, the governor of Bosnia, greeted Ferdinand at the station, and a six-car procession set out along the quay for a reception at the town hall. Enough Bosnians were happy under Austrian rule to provide a large, cheering crowd, but word of the plot had leaked, and Austrian authorities had been warned by a Serbian diplomat that the Archduke might be in danger. Yet Potiorek refused to call in the 22,000 troops who were nearby on maneuvers and chose to rely for protection on about 100 police.

As Ferdinand and his entourage headed toward Popović, the youth tried to disguise his rising agitation by reading aloud from his school papers and joking about the names of the themes for his final exams. Suddenly the crowd pushed to the edge of the curb for a better view of the approaching procession. Popović carefully placed the cyanide, which he had wrapped in a cigarette paper, under his tongue. Under the cover of his cape he clutched the grenade in his right hand and the pistol in his left, hypnotically repeating to himself, "They are coming, they are coming, they are coming."

The Archduke, who was in the second car, had to run a gauntlet of six assassins in an area of three short blocks. The first assassin he passed was 27-year-old Muhamed Mehmedbašić, who did nothing because, he said later, a policeman happened to step up behind him. But the second assassin, Nedjelko Čabrinović, armed his grenade against a lamppost and hurled it at the green feathers on the Archduke's helmet.

The grenade bounced off the car's roof, which was folded back, and exploded in the street, injuring several spectators and three passengers in the third car. Popović, who was half a block away, heard the explosion and the screams. Seeing the police swarm about the scene, he snapped out of his trance and fled. He ran across the bridge into the first open courtyard he could find and hid his weapons and his poison in a cellar. Then he returned to the quay to find out what had happened.

The panic had unnerved not only Popović but also the three remaining conspirators, and the Archduke reached the town hall unharmed. Čabrinović, who had thrown the grenade but had no pistol, swallowed his poison and leaped into the river for good measure. He was fished out and dragged off to a police station. The cyanide had only made him ill.

At the town hall, Franz Ferdinand was choking with fury. As the mayor began to speak, the Archduke screamed, "I come here to pay you a visit, and you throw bombs at me. It is an outrage!" Then the unhappy mayor read his prepared speech, which included the sentiment that the people "most enthusiastically greet Your Highnesses . . . with the most cordial of welcomes. . . ."

After the ceremonies Franz Ferdinand taunted Potiorek for his failure to preserve order, but the governor refused to believe there was any danger. "Do you think Sarajevo is full of assassins?" he asked.

Though Potiorek failed to call in troops

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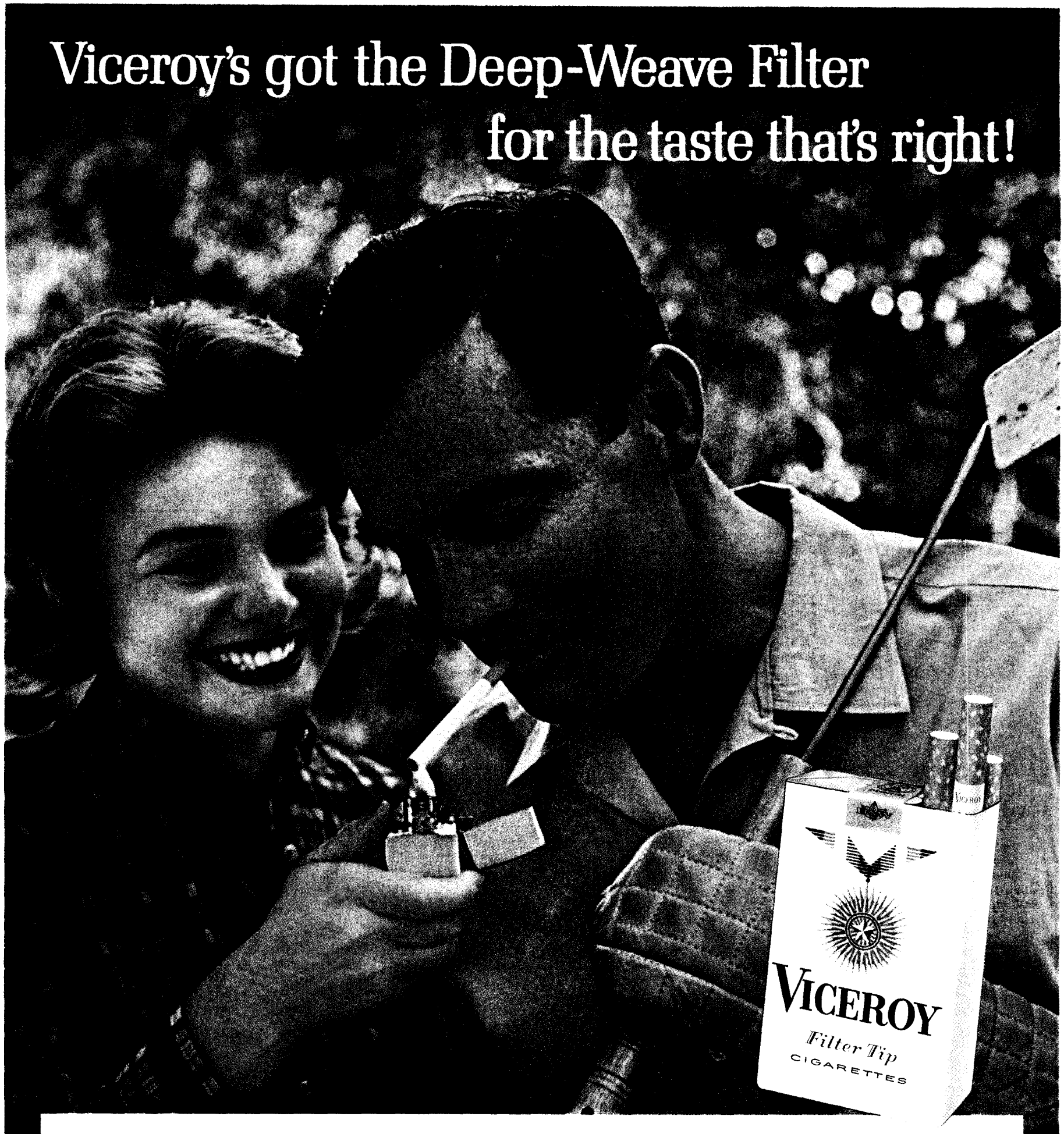

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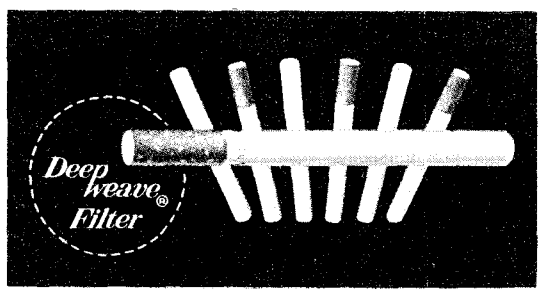

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to line the streets, partly because they were not in dress uniform, he did agree to confound any further plots by changing the return route. Franz Ferdinand, sensing he would still be in danger, asked his wife to drive under guard in another car and meet him later. "No, Franz," she said, "I am going with you."

Together they reentered their car, and an Austrian, Count Harrach, leaped on the left running board to shield them with his body. The new plan was to speed directly down the quay, not making a turn opposite the Latin Bridge, as originally announced. But no one told the chauffeurs. When the procession reached the Latin Bridge, the first car turned onto a side street instead of continuing along the new route. The Archduke's car automatically followed. Potiorek, who was sitting in front of Franz Ferdinand, shouted the change in plans to the chauffeur, and he stopped the car in front of Schiller's grocery store to back up.

Standing on the curb in front of the store was Gavrilo Princip, a small, emaciated 19-year-old student with burning eyes. One of the six would-be assassins, he had been pacing about the area waiting for another chance, and suddenly his victim was sitting motionless in front of him. Amazed, Princip raised his pistol and fired twice. The first bullet tore into the Archduke's throat. The second one was meant for Potiorek, but someone grabbed Princip's arm and the bullet smashed through the car door and into Sophie's stomach. The gallant Count Harrach, standing on the wrong side of the car, could do nothing.

Princip immediately pointed the gun at his temple, but several bystanders held and beat him while two Austrian officers slashed him with their swords. He did manage to swallow the cyanide, but again the poison failed, and he was led off by the police, vomiting and bleeding, with his arm crushed and a rib broken.

At first, no one realized that Ferdinand and Sophie had been mortally wounded. Encased in their corsets, they continued to sit bolt upright. When blood gushed from the Archduke's mouth, Sophie suddenly screamed, "For God's sake! What has happened to you?" Then she fell from the seat with her face between her husband's knees. "Sophie! Sophie!" the Archduke cried. "Don't die! Live for our children!" But it was too late.

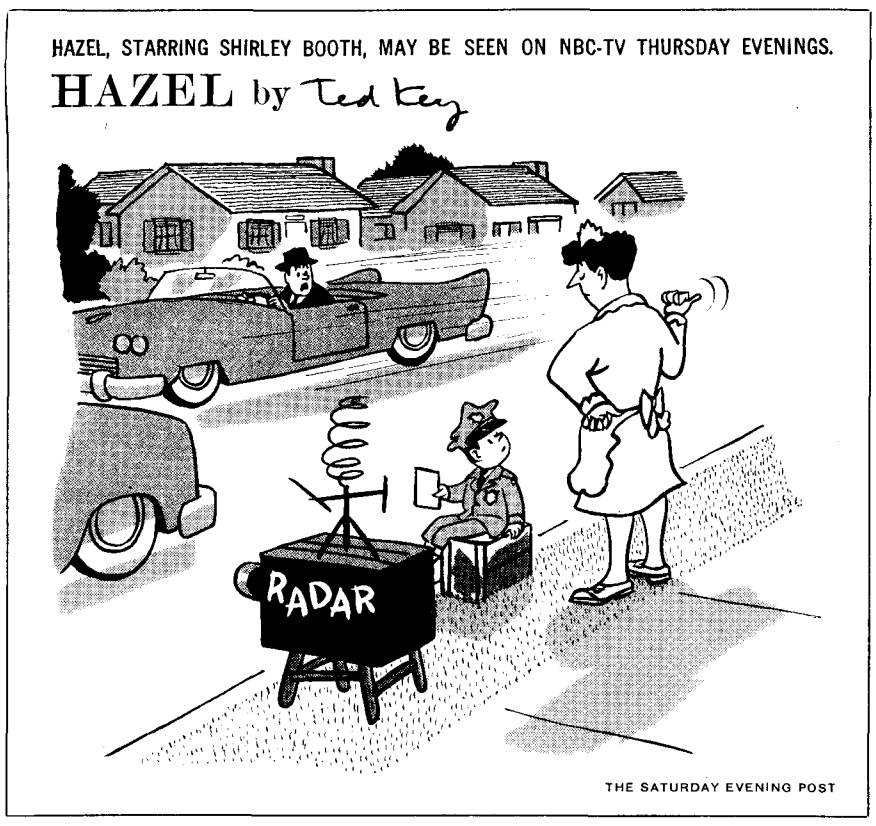
As Franz Ferdinand slumped forward, Harrach held him up by his collar. "Is Your Royal Highness in great pain?" he asked. The Archduke replied, "It is nothing." He repeated this six or seven times until he passed out. He was carried into the governor's residence and died at about 11 A.M.

Popović, who had been roaming the streets of Sarajevo, first learned that someone had been killed when he saw a large black banner hung from the roof of the post office. He heard a woman crying in German, "Both are dead," but he didn't know who the victims were until a friend told him late that afternoon. "We have succeeded," he thought. "Now they can impale us."

The authorities were indeed looking for conspirators to impale. They had already arrested Princip and Čabrinović and within a few days rounded up a number of known agitators, including Danilo Ilić.

For two days Popović remained in Sarajevo before setting out for his home in the village of Zemun. Shortly after his arrival the following Sunday, his father told him that he was to report to the police. At first young Popović thought of running away. But then he decided that he really wasn't in any danger because the police had not come to arrest him. Besides, he had read in a newspaper a list of those already under arrest. The only person mentioned who knew him was Ilić, and Popović was convinced he would not talk.

When Popović arrived at the village police station, the authorities told him



he was wanted in Sarajevo as one of the Archduke's assassins. The Zemun police, however, did not actually believe he was a conspirator. Instead of questioning him, as they had been instructed to do, they casually read aloud a telegram from Sarajevo which contained not only the questions but information concerning Popović's role in the plot. No one was more astonished than the village police when the youth blurted, "Everything is true."

On July 7, nine days after the assassination, Cvjetko Popović, accompanied by armed guards, was brought back to Sarajevo for intensive questioning. "Because Ilić had fired my gun in the tunnel," he said, "a bullet was missing, and the Austrians thought I had fired at the Archduke. They asked me over and over about that." But though the police threatened to hang him by his thumbs, he was never tortured. "I was lucky," he explained with a very faint smile. "By the time they arrested me they had all the information they needed."

Thanks to Ilić, the police had enough information to arrest all the assassins except Mehmedbašić, who had fled to Montenegro. They also picked up a host of accomplices who had helped the assassins before and after the shooting. But they didn't find what Austria wanted most—evidence that Serbia, her rival for the leadership of the South Slavs, was responsible for the murder, which would have been an acceptable excuse for the empire to declare war on its tiny neighbors. On July 28, exactly one month after the Archduke's death, Austria declared war on Serbia anyway. In a week the draft from the furnace had sucked in Russia, Germany, France and England and soon all of Europe was ablaze.

Among the last to hear about the war were five of the assassins who had started it. They were in chains in the military prison at Sarajevo when Popović found a war report on a note in the garbage can. He immediately passed on the news to his comrades by knocking code letters on the walls and scratching messages on food tins and water buckets. Though he is less sanguine about it now, he admits that, at the time, everyone was elated. "We believed Austria would be defeated and our problems would be solved."

On October 12, three and a half months after the assassination, the conspirators—five assassins and 20 accomplices—were brought to trial. Most of the defendants testified during the two-week trial that they had acted out of love for their country and their people. Since Austrian law forbade capital punishment for anyone under 20, Princip, and the two other assassins who had come from Belgrade, were each given the maximum sentence of 20 years in prison. Čubrilović got 16 years and Popović 13 because they seemed less involved. "Vaso would also have gotten 13 years," said Doctor Popović, "but he spoke rudely to the judge, so he added another three years." Of the 20 other defendants, eight were imprisoned, nine acquitted, and three hanged, including Danilo Ilić.

Popović and Čubrilović were shifted back and forth between two prisons. "They were terrible," Doctor Popović recalled, "but that was natural for Austria. And we were treated worse than any of the other prisoners. The food was so coarse you could not eat it."

In his cell, Popović read philosophy, wove baskets, sifted wheat and beans, and waited for Austria's defeat. It took four long years before he was finally freed on November 4, 1918. Of the six assassins, three, including Princip, had died in prison of tuberculosis. For the others, however, their dream was realized with the birth of a Slav state now known as Yugoslavia.

Today, only two of the original group survive. Čubrilović is a professor of history at the University of Belgrade. Popović, after he was released from jail, went back to school, won a degree in philosophy and education, and then taught in Yugoslavia. During World War II he worked as a director of a teacher's college in Belgrade.

"After the war," he said, "people who came from Sarajevo were asked to return to help rebuild it. I didn't want to teach anymore, so I went to work in the museum." Doctor Popović today looks more like a retired professor than a retired assassin. He can afford glasses now, and he sports a long black cigarette holder. He is married, has three children and four grandchildren. He speaks German and French, but he is so totally devoted to his country that he has never left it except, as he said wryly, "when I was in prison."

Looking back on the event, Doctor Popović feels "the assassination would not have happened" if the youths had foreseen the consequence of their actions, but he does believe that World War I solved Bosnia's problems. Still filled with patriotic fervor, the museum curator and a dozen old men, all surviving members of Mlada Bosna, meet once a month at the Hotel Central to sip slivovitz and share their memories. Except with his friends, Doctor Popović does not like to discuss the assassination. He is tired of correcting the distortions and myths that have enveloped it. Last year the radio station in Sarajevo commemorated the event by broadcasting a special program. With the air of a patriot whose countrymen have misunderstood him, Doctor Popović angrily declared, "They got the names all mixed up."

Sarajevo today remains almost as it was a half century ago. The town hall is still there and so is the building where the Archduke died. Schiller's grocery store, where Ferdinand's car suddenly halted, has been turned into a Mlada Bosna museum. A tourist will find a pair of footsteps imprinted in the sidewalk. They mark the spot where Princip fired the two fatal shots.

For Dr. Cvjetko Popović there remain the memories of 1914, and his family, work and hobbies. He plays chess for relaxation and—50 years later—practices shooting at still targets. Does he ever go hunting? Never. In fact, the question irritated him. THE END

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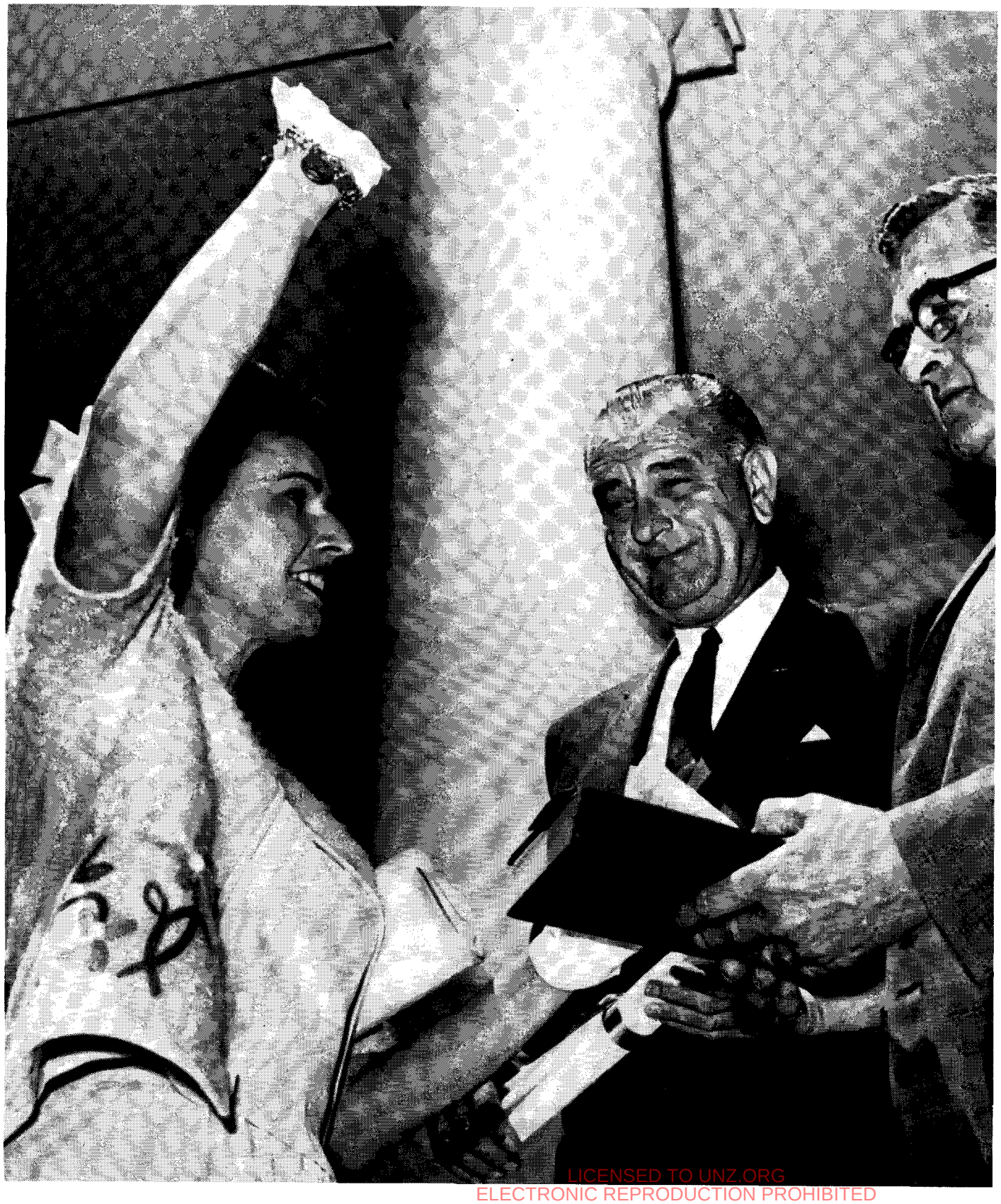
President's mother proudly wore "Love that Lyndon" badge to 1956 convention.

L.B.J.'S HUNT FOR WOMANPOWER

By Peter Lisagor and Marguerite Higgins

"Men will always have a place in Government," the President cracks about his



The President smiled happily as Virginia Mae Brown was sworn in as the first woman on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

A woman's place is not only in the home," President Lyndon Johnson remarked recently, "but in the House, the Senate and throughout government service." And he wasn't kidding. More than any previous President, Lyndon Johnson is routing women out of their homes and turning them into diplomats, economic advisers and members of government commissions. So far this year he has appointed more than 230 women to top-level government jobs and promoted another 730 already in Government to jobs paying more than $10,000.

Women strolling through Washington these days should be "extra careful," observed one local newspaper columnist, because "if they don't get mugged, they may get drafted for a job in Government." But for anyone who feels that the standard male bureaucrat is becoming obsolete, President Johnson had words of reassurance: "Men will always have a place in Government, as long as there are no women to fill the jobs."

Politicans have long professed themselves in favor of better opportunities for women—partly because 60 million of them are eligible voters—and there have been previous efforts to recruit women into executive positions. But the results have been almost invisible. Although the Government is full of secretaries and receptionists, only two women have ever served in the Cabinet, and only six have ever been ambassadors; of the 307 federal district judges, only two are women. Even the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which deals with problems of special interest to women, numbers only 16 women among its top 278 officials. In the past three Administrations, in fact, women received less than four percent of the appointments to federal jobs paying more than $10,000.

At a Cabinet meeting last January, the President made it clear that he felt the Government was wasting a "national resource" by treating women as second-class citizens, and that he wanted things changed. The memo from the White House to department and agency heads was explicit: "It is imperative that an

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Top Johnson appointments are Margaret Joy Tibbetts (left), ambassador; Esther Peterson, consumer aide; Jane Hanna, civil-defense chief.

earch for a new kind of official talent, "as long as there are no women to fill the jobs."

intensive effort be made to fill top-level vacancies in your agency with women who, but for the historical bias against their sex, would be considered well-qualified." The reaction at first was a mixture of apathy and amusement, but as Johnson kept pressing for results, he got recruits from nearly every state.

Mrs. K. E. White left her post as chairman of the New Jersey Highway Authority to serve as ambassador to Denmark. Dr. Mary I. Bunting left her job as president of Radcliffe to become the first woman member of the Atomic Energy Commission. Mrs. Frankie Freeman, a Missouri attorney and one of three Negro women appointed to top jobs, is a new member of the Civil Rights Commission. Margaret Joy Tibbetts of Maine, a career officer in the foreign service, is patiently waiting for the State Department to find her a country so she can assume her new rank as ambassador. Mrs. Virginia Mae Brown moved her husband and his law practice and their children from West Virginia to Washington to become the first woman commissioner of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mrs. Elizabeth S. May is the first woman director of the Export-Import Bank. Jane Hanna, once head of the Junior League, is now deputy assistant secretary of defense for civil defense. The list is long and spans virtually all government offices—from the Annual Assay Commission to the water-pollution advisory board.

Not many men in public life can stand up and declare that they are "unabashedly in favor of women" without sounding like old-fashioned sentimentalists. President Johnson is no exception to this. "But what a lot of overbred sophisticates overlook about the President," says one of his associates, "is that he is, more than most men, maybe, women-oriented. Remember that he called for Judge Sarah Hughes down in Dallas to swear him in after the assassination. That was the most natural thing in the world for him to do."

Women have played an unusually prominent role throughout Johnson's life. The President credits his mother with being the greatest single influence on him. As his memory reconstructs it, Rebekah Baines Johnson taught him the alphabet from ABC blocks before he was two years old, and had him reciting Mother Goose and Longfellow by the time he was three. In the mornings, if she learned he hadn't studied his lessons the night before, she would get out his books and prop them up in front of him and make him devote the whole breakfast period to homework. She would walk him to the gate, drilling him from the spelling or arithmetic book. "It was my mother who awakened me to learning and the world," he says.

Johnson reminds people that he grew up in a family of three sisters and today presides over a family of three women. He describes his wife, Lady Bird, and his two daughters, Lynda and Luci, as strong, individualistic and creative personalities. They are, to use one of his favorite terms, "can-do women." Indeed, he credits Lady Bird with the "faith and stick-to-itiveness" that made him stay in politics after losing his first statewide contest in Texas in 1941.

The President stands in admiring awe of women who "are interested in the improvement of human beings and the quality of life on this planet." And through his memories, like a spool of film, run a succession of such women—Ma Ferguson, woman governor of Texas; Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt; Jacqueline Cochran, the aviatrix and businesswoman, who came to Dallas when Johnson was stricken by a kidney attack during his 1948 campaign for the U.S. Senate. Johnson faced an almost certain operation that would have taken him out of the race, but she flew him to the Mayo Clinic, where the kidney stones were dissolved without surgery.

"Most people are either courtin' me or cussin' me," he says. "But women tend to tell me exactly what they think." The President might have been alluding to Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter, a former Texas newspaperwoman who serves as Mrs. Johnson's press secretary. Happily married and the mother of two children, "Liz" is a key force behind the recruiting drive, and a remarkably forthright assistant herself. Once Johnson expressed annoyance with Liz and asked sharply, "Why don't you use your brains?"

"Because," replied Liz, "I'm too busy trying to get you to use yours."

The women who work for Johnson are either busy using their brains full-time or explaining why they're not. Only a few weeks after the President appointed Mrs. Esther Peterson to her post as Special Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs, she stopped by after one of his speeches to congratulate him. The moment she came within hailing distance, the President said, "Hello, Esther. What have you done for the consumer?"

The campaign to find women for top jobs in Government has not been free from difficulties. For one thing, the long-time lack of opportunity has prevented thousands of women from acquiring the skill and experience needed to cope with a high-level post. Although 42 percent of college freshmen are women, the number drops to less than one percent in the nation's medical schools, law schools and engineering schools. Of the 20 million working women, only one in five holds a professional or managerial post.

Even when a qualified woman is found, she faces the same problem that confronts the male being considered for a Washington appointment—is she politically acceptable? Columnist William Shannon wrote a piece of whimsy in which three anonymous White House staff assistants engage in an imaginary conversation about a Federal Trade Commission vacancy and how to fill it. They rule out all Texans until after the November election, scratch all Republican women because they are, in the words of one staff member, "all Goldwater nuts," dismiss anyone suspected of ever visiting Bobby Baker's motel, and disqualify friends of Robert F. Kennedy.

And finally, the President discovered that many of the women he sought to take important jobs were either unwilling or unable to come to Washington. Their reasons varied: They were still raising a family, their husbands remained the chief breadwinners and could not leave established positions, or their community obligations were too demanding. The President offered both philanthropist Mary Lasker and art critic Aline Saarinen the post of ambassador to Finland, and both turned it down because of commitments at home. In the words of a White House assistant, "The President learned that a lot of qualified women are not bachelor girls or old maids or widows."

There was one notable exception to the rule that most husbands won't resettle in Washington to accommodate their talented wives—the case of James Vernon Brown, a West Virginia attorney. Mrs. Brown, a former assistant attorney general of West Virginia and public-service commissioner of her state, had two daughters, eight and four years old, but she felt she could not decline appointment to the ICC. "I did not want to let anybody down—my own sex or the President—and my husband completely agreed," she says. A woman from Michigan turned down a job because of similar obligations, and then surprisingly appeared in the White House a few weeks later. She said, "My husband came home the other day and handed me a plane ticket. He said, 'You go to Washington. If they need you, then it is important. Besides, we're proud of you.'"

For those women who cannot escape their duties at home, Johnson has other solutions—jobs requiring their presence for short periods of time. These include appointments to ceremonial affairs in foreign countries, or commissions that meet periodically in the capital. Women come as consultants for daily fees ranging from $38 to $100.

Although nearly 1,000 women have been given increased professional status by President Johnson's order, the search for "can-do women" is far from over. Liz Carpenter says the White House switchboard operators "are getting a reputation to match the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. They always track their woman down when the President wants to offer her a job. Once they spent thirty-six hours tracing a lady to a yacht somewhere in the Caribbean. When she said she couldn't accept the job, the switchboard crew was as disappointed as we were."

Despite that failure, President Johnson and his staff are determined to end "stag Government," no matter what problems they may encounter. Fears about his program, he says, "are entirely unjustified. We have not had to install more than one powder room in each federal building. And our Bureau of Husband Complaints needs only three people to handle the calls." THE END

(For Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's views on women in public life, see the next page.)

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On a tour through areas of poverty in eastern Kentucky, Mrs. Johnson eats a 10-cent lunch in a one-room schoolhouse.

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson's challenge to women

The First Lady urges the nation's women to take a more active part in public affairs, to make better use of their talents and thereby become more interesting to their families.

The horizons of women are widening from home to humanity—from our families to the family of man. A quiet revolution has been taking place in the lives of women all over the world, from Detroit to Delhi. In our country women no longer seek to win something for themselves by marching through the streets, carrying placards, demanding the right to vote. Today our larger purpose is to win the ancient battle over the enemies of freedom and happiness: poverty, disease and ignorance. Today American women have learned to master washing machines, typewriters and station wagons. Most of us, whether in cities or still on farms, command immense power at the flick of a switch or the turn of an ignition key. And, as American women, we exercise far greater force than we realize when we mark a ballot, teach our children or work for a better community.

We have achieved the right to vote. Now we are moving, in a thousand different ways, beyond the rights of citizenship, to see the duties and obligations, the challenges and opportunities of citizenship. We are more concerned, in what my husband calls "The Great Society," with the quality of our goals rather than the quantity of our goods. Today the nation cannot afford to waste the talents of American women. With the lengthening of the life span and the shortening of the hours needed to run the house and raise the children, a great deal of talent and time is available. I would like to see these new hours used—and well used.

The life of the American woman is no longer a simple one, for our society has become complex. A woman can no longer simply rock the cradle, churn the butter, hem the skirts and leave everything else—all the change and difference between a pioneer society and our fast-moving world of today—for men to struggle with. *We must help. We must use our talents, our energies, our ambitions and our dreams.*

This country is our responsibility, along with our husbands'. It will be handed down, for better or for worse, to our children. I am proud of this country, and what it means and stands for in the world. And I want my children to be just as proud, maybe even a little prouder, if that is possible.

Ernest Hemingway once said, "Write about what you know," and Socrates said, "Know thyself," so let me tell you briefly how I wound up where I am today. As a girl, my home was in East Texas. It was a place where Spanish moss was draped from age-old cypresses, where alligators slithered down muddy banks into dark, enchanted bayous. While we fished through the long summer days, we enjoyed the illusion that time was standing still. But time never stands still. I grew up, went to college and married a tall Texan. My horizons have been broadening and my involvement getting deeper ever since.

In the past few years my participation has included travel with my husband to all corners of our own land, to Thailand and India, to Senegal and Iceland, and a score of other countries. This spring I have been traveling some by myself. I have been to areas of American poverty, such as Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and Breathitt County, Ky. I expect to continue to make these trips. I think it is important to meet the people behind the statistics. I am anxious to understand in human terms the objectives my husband is trying to achieve in his war on poverty.

I believe that the nation should know more about these problems of our society. Perhaps when I visit, it helps draw the curtain open a little more. Perhaps it gives national attention to a local problem. Perhaps it exposes us to ourselves and says, "This is the other side of America. Look! And act!"

I am only one of 65 million American women. Almost all of us are involved, one way or another, in practicing the best citizenship we know. Actually, none of us just sat down and said, "I'm going to get involved." It just happens gradually, inspired by husband and family, sometimes triggered by crisis, always influenced by circumstance and opportunity.

For example, let me tell you about one woman who has made a mark on her community and on the lives of many people around her. I went to college with her at the University of Texas. She was—and is—a beautiful girl, gay, filled with character and grace. Then, after she married, she was hit by one of life's hardest blows: Her second child was born with cerebral palsy. After several years of fighting this fact, and carrying her child to many, many doctors, she accepted it. She discovered that there were different degrees of this illness, and that some victims could be helped. So she went to work. Largely through her untiring persuasion, she brought together the Crippled Children's Society, the Junior League, a church and the city fathers. We now have a clinic in Austin where children come for treatment and training. Hundreds of youngsters come from hundreds of miles around to be helped. Behind every achievement or success is one dauntless person who keeps gathering together the strength that makes the web of success.

It wasn't easy for this mother to overcome her shyness and reluctance and ask other people to involve themselves in her problem. But she did it. She turned her personal misfortune into an advantage for hundreds of other affected parents and for a whole community.

I know another girl, living in Philadelphia, whose child was born with cataracts on her eyes. This child's eyes are so bad that she has to sit within a few inches of the TV screen to be able to see. Normally a child like this might be institutionalized. But this mother did not want her child set apart. So she organized a group of women who spend their summers typing school textbooks in extra-large type, so that this child and others with a similar problem can sit in class with normal children and follow the lessons in their special books.

No American women are practicing citizenship more fully than our teachers. Recently I have met two teachers who particularly stand out in my mind. One is the principal of a crowded, six-story public school in Harlem in New York City. The other is a county school superintendent whose job includes several consolidated schools and twenty-five little one-room schoolhouses in a valley in Kentucky. One teaches amidst asphalt and grimy brick, the other surrounded by green leaves and mountain brooks, but both deal with the most grinding poverty and lack of opportunity. The children who come as grist to the mill of the school in Harlem come from crowded tenements and shattered families. Above all else, the one thing this teacher tries to give these children is self-respect. That is the thing the children do not get at home and miss the most and need the most. For self-respect is a basic ingredient of character and citizenship. Sometimes, this woman admitted to me, progress seems slow, and she gets discouraged. But she also told me, "I would rather teach there in that school than anywhere else in the world."

I can think of many other examples of women I know who are practicing citizenship in so many ways. One is a woman in New York. She is wealthy, intelligent, charming and she has devoted much of her life to aiding medical research. I know several women in Washington, one the wife of a cabinet officer, who spend many hours going into homes to teach reading to children who are having a hard time keeping up in school.

But what I am talking about, teachers are actually doing every day of their lives. Someone once said, "When you teach a man, you teach an individual; when you teach a woman, you teach a family." And these days I would add to that ". . . and you also teach a nation and a world."

The last 15 years have witnessed a vast migration from the country to the cities. These days we need trained specialists to go into the public-housing units, into the slum areas of our cities to help these people cope with apartment living.

One of the great joys of such work is that you can see the results. My husband has often told me that the years which gave him the most intense personal satisfaction were those in which he served under President Roosevelt as a regional director of the National Youth Administration. Boys were taken from the streets

This article was adapted from an address to be given by Mrs. Johnson before the American Home Economics Association in Detroit on June 24.

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of crowded cities and dusty towns, from lonely highways and empty boxcars. They were sent to school, taught a skill and given back their self-respect. To watch this happening, to have a part in its happening, was an experience we shall never forget.

There are, of course, some areas in which the result is not immediately clear and some times when it is not entirely happy. One such area is politics. There was a cynical feeling some time ago that politics is an ugly business in which no woman should soil her hands. I like to think that this viewpoint is evaporating. I hope that the very best of our people will go into politics, and I am sure that some of our best are women.

One of the most difficult problems in government today—federal, state or local—is recruiting really superior minds for the highly professional public offices. One solution to this problem is to tap the immense reservoir of talent that lies among American women. Women are particularly suited to resume professional careers as public servants. Their presence assures a more representative approach in our public affairs, for the simple reason that half the American citizens are women. It was for this reason that the President began his effort last winter to bring more women into government. As a start, he asked 150 talented women to accept positions at the executive level of government. It was not always easy for these women to come to Washington. Seventy-five percent of them are married, many of them have children. Some could come only on a part-time basis. But all wanted to serve the nation. This spring, when the first women came to Washington under the President's program, we decided to give a White House reception for them. I was going to invite the women only. But the President said, "Invite the husbands too. Their husbands are prouder of them than anybody else." I am sure that this is true. A woman who is interested and involved in things outside her home becomes more interesting to her family.

Some women obviously cannot leave their home for long periods either to follow a career or to work as volunteers. But almost every woman has some free time that she can devote to others—to citizenship. We can read to sick children in hospitals, we can ask a foreign student to dinner, we can work to make the organizations we belong to relevant to our modern society. We can use telephones, write letters, even sometimes make a speech to rally community action. We can remember always that the emphasis should be on doing rather than joining, on quality of effort rather than quantity.

For me, and probably for most women, the attempt to become an involved, practicing citizen has been a matter of evolution rather than choice. Actually, if given a choice between lying in a hammock under an apple tree with a book of poetry, watching the blossoms float down, and standing on a platform before thousands of people, I don't have to tell you what I would have chosen 25 years ago. But 25 years and the invention of the nuclear bomb have wiped out hammocks and apple trees for most of us except for a few short, cherished moments.

Edmund Burke said, almost 200 years ago, "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing." I hope he would forgive me if I modernize and amend his statement to say, "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men *and good women* to do nothing." THE END

Mrs. Johnson at graduation exercises at University of Texas, where she was awarded an honorary Doctor of Letters degree.

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WILL THE G.O.P. COMMIT SUICIDE?

Ever since Franklin D. Roosevelt established the Democrats as the majority party in America, pundits have been saying that the Republicans are forever doomed to play a minority role on the nation's political stage. In recent weeks, the divided and irresolute leaders of the G.O.P. did about everything they could to fulfill these prophecies of doom.

One hundred years after the nomination of Lincoln for a second term, his political descendants approach their national convention seriously split over whether to select Barry Goldwater or William Scranton as their standard-bearer and whether to adopt a reactionary or progressive policy toward the challenges of today and tomorrow. It is clear to all but the vocal and dedicated minority backing the Arizona senator that the nomination of Goldwater would bury the Republican Party as totally as did the Roosevelt landslide of 1936. Despite this knowledge, the moderates who have long run the party wasted months in bickering among themselves instead of uniting behind a candidate who could stop Goldwater.

The one man who could and should have given them leadership months ago was Dwight Eisenhower, but the former President, too, was curiously indecisive, first issuing a statement against Goldwaterism, then denying it had anything to do with Goldwater, then encouraging Scranton to make himself available, then washing his hands of the whole business. Eisenhower has always said, of course, that he would not deal in "personalities," and that he would not try to dictate a nominee. Nonetheless, he entered politics in 1952 to prevent Senator Taft from winning the Republican nomination and campaigning for isolationism. If Taft was a threat to Eisenhower's beliefs in 1952, surely Goldwater is a greater threat in 1964.

We applaud Governor Scranton for emerging at last as an avowed challenger to the forces of reaction within the party. Though by his own admission he "waited dangerously long" before acting, even at this late hour he has provided responsible Republicans with a rallying point for a final effort to stave off what Governor George Romney has called the "suicidal destruction of the Republican Party."

Scranton himself is no less ominous in viewing his party's future if Goldwater leaves the San Francisco convention as the Republican Presidential candidate. "Today the nation—and indeed the world—waits to see if another proud political banner will falter, grow limp, and collapse in the dust." The Pennsylvania governor repeats the question that has often been heard in the three decades since the Great Depression: "Has the Republican Party outlived its usefulness?"

We submit that the Republican Party has not, and there is ample evidence to prove it. Though it has not controlled Congress for 10 years, the party has regularly provided the votes and the leadership to assure passage of the most vital legislative action of our time. There would be no nuclear test ban without the contribution of Republican leadership in the Senate. Republicans in both houses were instrumental in the passage of the Trade Expansion Act of 1962 and the tax cut of 1964. Without them the historic civil-rights bill would never have had a chance. It required more than just a few big-city Republicans from the industrial East to give the Democratic majority in the Senate the votes to shut off the civil-rights filibuster. Western and Plains States Republicans also sounded resounding yeas for cloture.

Somehow the delegates convening in San Francisco must catch the same spirit of progress that the party has displayed on Capitol Hill. Even with a progressive candidate and a progressive platform, they will face a hugely difficult task in overcoming President Johnson's prestige and popularity. But if they don't even try, the result can only be the confirmation of reports of death that up to now have been, in Mark Twain's words, "greatly exaggerated."

LET THE PEOPLE PICK THE WINNER

The decision by the TV networks and wire services to pool their resources in future elections makes good sense. It will be a big step forward if it eliminates the silly competition to see who can be first in proclaiming election winners.

This sort of daredevil performance was carried to absurd lengths in the California primary. CBS proclaimed Barry Goldwater the winner 22 minutes after the polls closed in Southern California. The polls were still open in the northern part of the state. The final result showed Goldwater winning by a mere 59,000 votes out of the more than two million that were cast. CBS lucked out. No one can accurately predict an election as close as the California primary no matter how many computers, pundits or experts are at his side.

The Republican primaries this spring were a nightmare of pollsters. Most of them were wrong on all three of the hotly contested primaries: New Hampshire, Oregon and California. The only one who came off well was the old reliable Sam Lubell. He predicted Lodge's upset victory in New Hampshire and Nelson Rockefeller's surprising win in Oregon. He missed California, but at least he said it would be close.

We hope the pollsters have learned their lesson from the primaries. It would be refreshing to return to the old system of letting the people pick the winners, instead of the networks and the pollsters.

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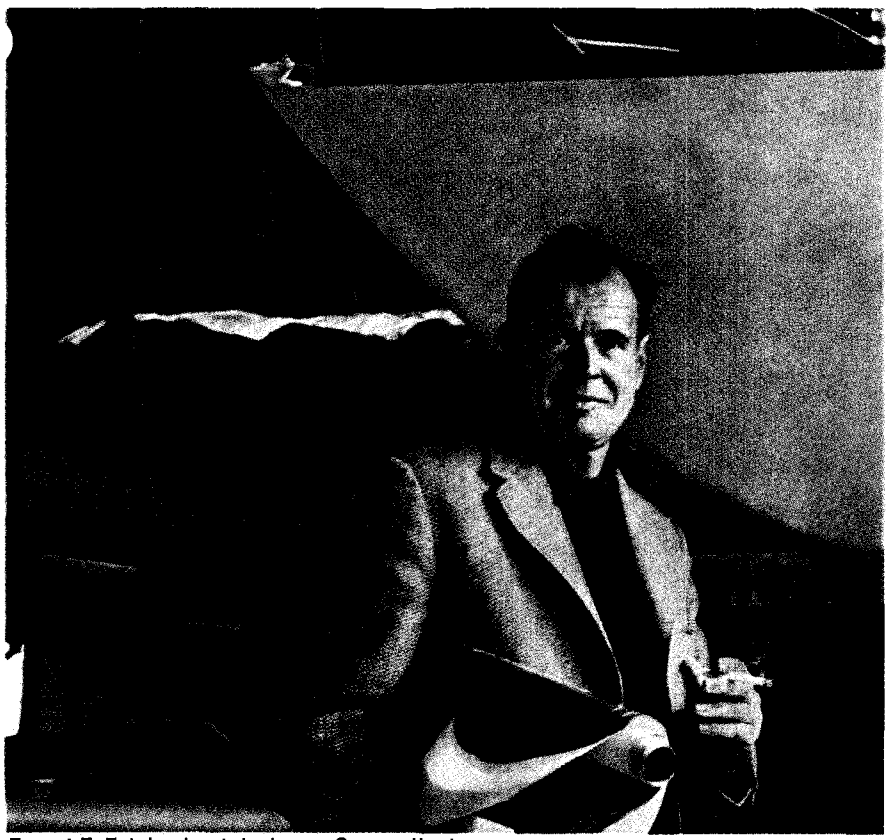
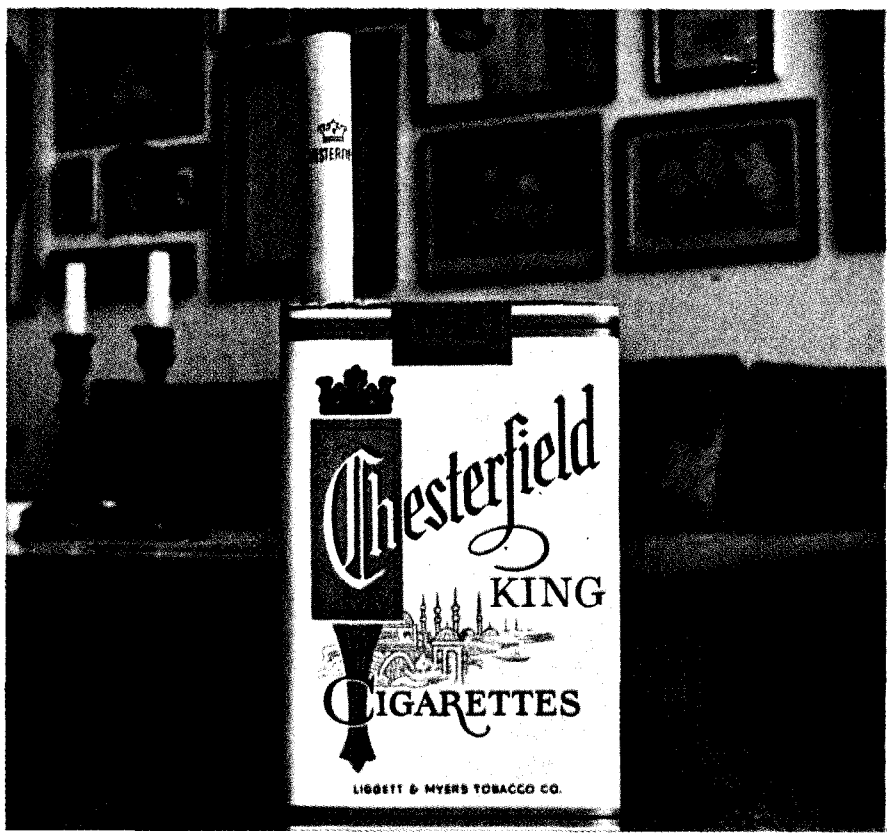


Ernest F. Fetske, boat designer, Connecticut

Jean Russell, concert pianist, California

Richard N. Pudge, mining engineer, Nevada



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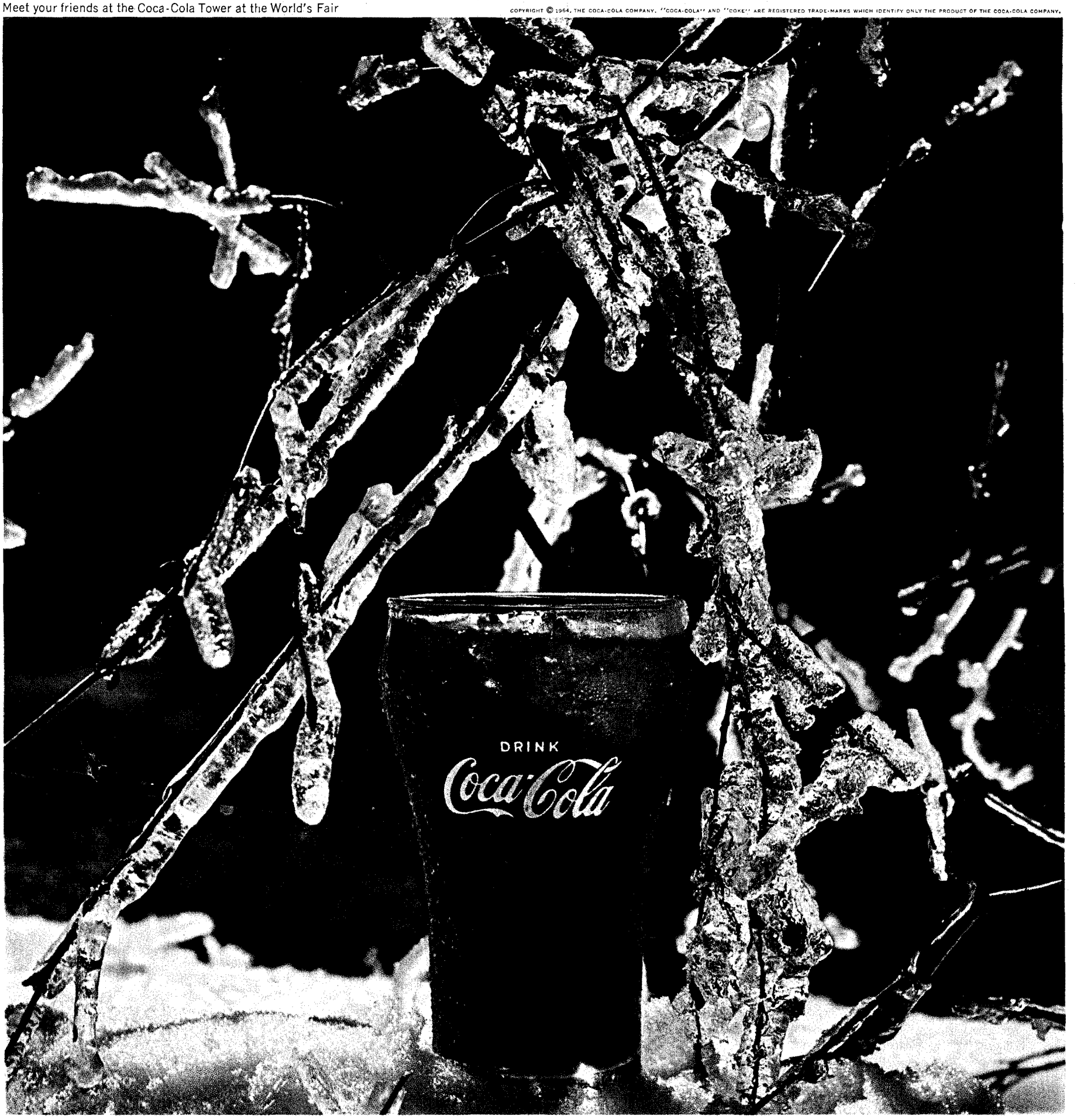

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